



A LIFE OF GRANT

for Boys and Girls

WARREN LEE GOSS

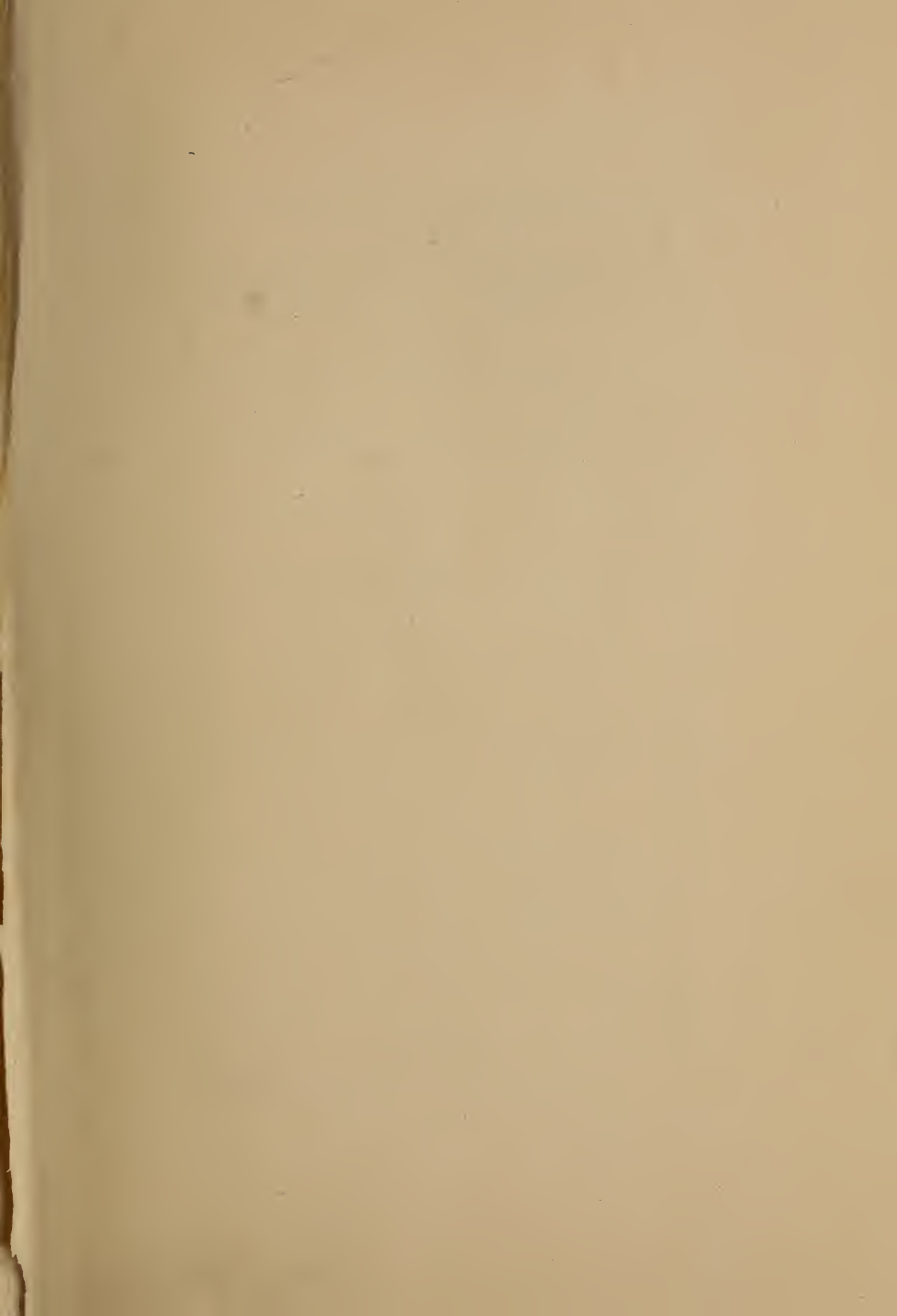


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A LIFE OF GRANT

for

BOYS AND GIRLS

BY

WARREN LEE GOSS

AUTHOR OF "JED," "JACK ALDEN," "RECOLLECTIONS OF
A PRIVATE," "THE SOLDIER'S STORY OF ANDERSON-
VILLE," "TOM CLIFTON," "IN THE NAVY," ETC.

"For of illustrious men the whole earth is the sepulcher."

—*Pericles.*

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DEDICATED TO
THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF AMERICA

PREFACE

JUST fifty years ago, in the spring of 1861, this country was entering upon a war to test, in the words of President Lincoln, "whether a nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal, can long endure." The fate, not only of the nation but of civilization, hung in the balance; for if the force that would break up the union of states prevailed, not only would human slavery be perpetuated in a large section, but the weakened fragments of the nation would fall an easy prey to foreign powers that had long watched with jealousy the great power growing up in the Western hemisphere.

In this crisis hundreds of men sprang to the defense of the Union, leaving their farms and workshops for the hard life of the camp, comforting their wives and children with the assurance that it was better to have a country without husband or father than husband or father without a country. Of this army so swiftly gathered, the majority were young men, many mere lads of high school age.

So suddenly did this war break upon an unprepared country that it was difficult to find competent officers to organize, drill, and command these volunteer soldiers, much more to plan campaigns and lead them to victories. General after general was tried, till at length the attention of the country was turned towards a simple, silent, steadfast man in the Army of the West who was win-

ning victories; who seemed to know how and when to strike, and who was able to follow up one telling blow by another. This man was promoted from one rank to another till he stood at the head of an army of a million men and led it to such a victory that every inch of its territory was restored to the nation and every man who had raised his hand against it laid down his arms.

That silent soldier not only proved himself one of the greatest generals of all times, but in all his life, whether as a private citizen or as the country's Chief Magistrate, showed such high and manly qualities as to make him worthy of being studied by all American youth.

The boys of this day have the same mettle as those of fifty years ago; and in the problems they will meet it will be well for them to know what was done by those before them. They know those boys of '61, but they know them as gray-haired veterans to whose tales they have loved to listen. Those veterans, who once served their country on the battle-field, can best serve now by instilling lessons of patriotism in the minds of the younger generation.

This offering of an old soldier is addressed to girls as well as boys, since the women on both sides of the great war for the Union showed devotion as great and self-sacrificing as did the men. The girls also will find the life of General Grant worthy of study as an example of the virtues of patience, faith, and patriotism, and it will be of advantage to all young people to contemplate a character so honest, simple, and devoid of pretense as that of our greatest commander.

W. L. G.

NEW YORK CITY,

July 1, 1911.

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A Life of Grant for Boys and Girls

CHAPTER I

BOYHOOD AND EARLY TRAINING

SEVERAL hundred years ago, there lived among the hills and heaths of Scotland a family named Grant. All Scotchmen are supposed to be hard-headed, but since this family (both in England and in Scotland) took for their motto "Stand Fast," we may suppose that they were a bit more hard-headed even than their neighbors. In 1630 Matthew Grant turned away from his native land and set his face towards the savage wilderness of America, a much more arduous undertaking than could be found now short of a trip to the North Pole. As yet there were but two colonies between which to choose, Virginia and Massachusetts, and he reached the latter in 1630.

In 1636 we find Matthew Grant settled in Windsor, Connecticut, where he lived for over forty years, serving his generation like a good man and true. He was a surveyor at a time when every rod of land had to be measured and allotted to the settlers as they arrived. He chopped and plowed and grubbed a

farm out of the wilderness, or fought Indians with his flintlock musket, whichever happened to be in the day's work. And he left sons and grandsons, a long line, all such hard workers and good fighters and honest men, that the one who became the greatest general of his time and President of his country had no need to be ashamed of his forebears.

The Grant family seems never to have missed any opportunity for fighting, but there was a great deal of it to be done in those pioneer days. In the war against the French and Indians in Canada, both Noah and Solomon Grant held commissions in the English army and both were killed in that contest. Noah Grant's son, also named Noah, was a captain in the Continental Army, serving at Bunker Hill and thereafter to the close of the Revolutionary War at Yorktown. At the close of the war the Continental Congress had no money with which to pay its soldiers, but it could offer them grants of Western land. Captain Grant, like many others, took his family to Ohio, then the far West. Before he could make provision for the support of his family, Captain Grant died, and his children passed into the care of his friends and neighbors. Of these, Jesse Grant found a home in the family of Judge Tod. The boys of that day were expected to work hard enough to pay for their keep, which young Grant faithfully did. When old enough he learned the tanner's trade, and soon set up in that business for himself.

Jesse Grant married Hannah Simpson, and on April the 27th, 1822, their son Ulysses was born.

In many respects the parents were opposites in person, temperament, and character. The father was tall, almost six feet, energetic and shrewd, much given to talk, dogmatic and aggressive in manner, making enemies and friends in about equal degree. The mother was slim, handsome, but not vain, patient and uncomplaining, self-poised, little given to talk, gossip, or bragging; she made many friends and no enemies. Of her ancestors but little is known, though she was said to be as proud of them as her husband was of his, and that they were as martial as the Grants. All accounts agree in saying that Ulysses got his qualities of patience, reticence, and good nature from his mother. It is said by her neighbors that she never cried and seldom laughed. Her husband said in after years, "Her steadiness and strength of character have been the stay of the family through life."

At the time of Ulysses' birth Mr. Grant had a tannery at Point Pleasant, Ohio, and a year afterwards removed to Georgetown, the county seat of Brown, where he established a tannery, and bought a farm, part tillage and part woodland. One of the evident reasons for this change was that bark was plentiful and cheap. It was here that Ulysses, the future general and President, lived until he went to the Military Academy at West Point.

Georgetown is situated on a plateau ten miles back from the Ohio River, and is a big clearing hewed out from the virgin forest. It was a farming community, largely made up of people who had come from Virginia and Kentucky, bringing with them

Southern prejudices and sympathies; though there were a few who, like the Grants, were Northern by birth or in sentiment. The village consisted of about twenty dwellings, with farm buildings and shops. The houses were small, with few conveniences and no luxuries. The house where the Grants first lived here had but two rooms and an attic. It was warmed by a large open fireplace, where the cooking for the family was done in pots, kettles, and other primitive contrivances. In a few years, however, Jesse Grant, by economy and sagacious business tact, got rich for the times and place, and built a brick house and wore gold spectacles. From the foregoing it will be seen that the environment in which young Grant was brought up was without great refinement, and his life hard and laborious.

Jesse Grant, it is said, had had only six months of schooling in all his life; but by reading and self-culture he had become an intelligent and well-read man. He saw, however, the great advantage that educational training gave, and was grimly determined that his son should have it. There were no public schools in the village or near there, so he sent Ulysses to a school kept by John D. White and supported by subscription.

The teaching in this school was primitive; there were no graded classes, and of some thirty or forty pupils some were learning their A B C's, others arithmetic, writing, and reading, and all were taught by the same teacher in one room. The better to enforce discipline and instruction, the teacher kept a formida-

ble sheaf of long beech switches, of which he sometimes used on his pupils as many as a whole bunch in a single day. Such, however, was the general practice of the teachers of his times! It was then firmly believed that a boy's reverence for his teacher, his obedience and deportment, as well as his general education, were greatly improved by the use of the rod. There is but little doubt that the future general got the full benefit of this "beating in" of information and loving kindness; it is possible that it may have influenced his conduct afterwards when he chastised his enemies of the great Civil War. In this school he remained and became well grounded in the elementary branches of study, until he was fourteen years of age.

At an early age the little Ulysses showed great fondness for horses. It is said that when he could scarcely walk, he was seen playing around them, getting under their feet, hanging by tail or mane, or trying to get on their backs by aid of a box or the manger. He was also getting, in addition to going to school, another kind of education by work. He began driving a team when seven years old, drawing all the wood for the house and shop and bark for the tannery. He also broke the bark for the big coffee-mill-like hopper of the tannery. The boy did not, however, like any kind of work that belonged to a tannery and he avoided it all he could, without positive disobedience to his father, though ever ready to do any work which required the use of a team of horses. He seemed intuitively to understand them,

and horses appeared to love, obey, and have confidence in the gentle firmness of the boy. The father allowed him, when still quite young, to have almost the entire control of those he owned, and even allowed him to sell and buy them. At an early age he became wonderfully proficient in training, breaking to harness, and riding horses.

When he was eight years of age an incident occurred which, though trivial and amusing, had its significance. A neighbor had a colt that Ulysses wanted very much. His father offered twenty dollars for it, that being all he thought it worth; but the owner stood for twenty-five. As the boy wanted it very badly, the father finally yielded, telling him to go and bargain for the colt, and, if the owner would not take less, to pay twenty-five dollars for it. So when Ulysses went to buy it he said, "Father says I may offer you twenty dollars, and if you won't take that I am to offer you twenty-two and a half; and if you won't take that for your colt, I am to pay you twenty-five dollars." Of course the boy got the colt that his little heart coveted, and the owner got his price.

When this story got out the boys of the village teased and ridiculed the little trader unmercifully, causing him heart burnings which he could not soon forget. This showed, however, a characteristic in Ulysses that he carried through life. He meant to have that colt, as he meant to have Donelson, Vicksburg, and Lee's army, when he wanted them; and he conducted all his negotiations therefor with the same straightforward candor. All through life he

disliked indirect or crooked methods of dealing with men; and, as this narrative progresses, it will be seen that this was the cause of some of his failures, as well as of his great successes.

Another characteristic which young Grant showed during these early years was his dislike to turn back (in his Memoirs he calls it a superstition). When driving a team, if by accident he passed a place he was looking for, he kept straight on until he came to a fork in the road that carried him back by another route. This characteristic is shown in all his battles and marches from the beginning to the close of the great Civil War, where he commanded larger armies, fought more battles, and won more victories than any other general of modern times,—victories that gave to this great Empire of States of which we are so justly proud, union and peace.

Ulysses Grant was not thought to be a remarkably bright boy—but he was one who did things! A small circus had come to Georgetown, which he, with other boys of the village, attended. One of the attractions was a trick pony, whose back was so round that there was little chance to find a seat there, and its mane had been cut off so there was nothing to hold to. A reward of five dollars was offered to any boy who could ride it without being thrown. Ulysses did not care to try to catch a kangaroo, for which a reward also was offered, but after looking on at the performance of the trick pony, and seeing him throw every boy that tried to ride him, he wanted to try that. The pony, trained for this purpose, tried

all his tricks to throw him, but Ulysses threw his arms around the pony's neck, and stuck to his back and conquered. He walked off with the five dollars, saying: "That pony was as round as an apple."

When eleven years of age the boy learned to plow, and from that time forward did all the work done with horses on the place. He furrowed corn and potatoes, brought in the crops when harvested, besides taking care of two or more horses and one or two cows, as well as sawing wood and attending school regularly.

He was not only an industrious boy, but an obedient one. In his Memoirs he records the fact that neither his father nor mother ever whipped or scolded him, which is quite remarkable, considering the methods of those times. He learned to obey, however, and I have never been able to learn where he disobeyed an order from a superior put over him, in all his subsequent eventful life.

With all his tasks, the lad still found a little time for swimming and fishing and for visiting his grandparents, fifteen miles away. He loved to travel and to see new things. When quite young he drove his father's horses alone to Cincinnati, over forty miles from home, several times to Maysville, and once to Louisville, Kentucky. At eleven years of age he had driven over most of the country for forty miles around, and a little later as far as seventy miles away.

The boys who read this must remember that in those days there were no macadam or other good roads, such as most of our boys are accustomed to.

The roads over which he drove were mostly wide, rough pathways cut through virgin forests, dusty when the weather was dry, and muddy when it was wet. They were lonely journeys, with but little companionship. It took a stout-hearted boy to drive through these dark woods by night, or even by day, where houses were so far apart and the silence was unbroken save by the chippering squirrels by the roadside, the hoot of owls, the song of birds, or the melancholy sighing of the wind in the treetops. All this must have left an imprint upon his impressionable, reticent nature. But I am not sure that in the development of courage, self-reliance, and powers of observation, these experiences were not equivalent to the best kind of college education.

At one time he carried a family seventy miles on their way to Toledo, and returned alone over the lonely roads.

One of his many experiences was amusing, though characteristic of his courage and ingenuity in finding some way to do difficult things. He made an excursion, accompanied by a Mr. Payne, to visit a person who lived at Flat Rock, a place seventy miles from home. The man where he visited had a saddle-horse which Ulysses coveted so much that he offered one of his carriage horses in trade for it. He knew that the horse had never had a harness on him, but, finding him docile, he believed he could manage him. So he hitched him to the carriage with his other horse and drove on with his passenger.

The new horse went along quite well, until a sav-

age dog ran out, barking and snapping at his horses' heels. The saddle-horse, unbroken to harness, ran, kicking and rearing, as frightened horses will. Ulysses finally brought his horses to a standstill on the very verge of an embankment twenty feet high. The horse was frightened and trembling, but not so frightened as his passenger, who refused to go any further, and took passage by some other means.

Ulysses, nothing daunted, calmed his fractious horses and started for home alone, forty miles away. But the saddle-horse couldn't get over his fright; he ran, danced, and kicked so hard, that for a while he threatened the safety of both the driver and the carriage. The boy finally blindfolded the frightened horse with his handkerchief and, after a lively time and a day's journey, reached Maysville, to the surprise of Mr. Payne, who had preceded him by another conveyance to this point. Here he borrowed a horse from his uncle and reached home in safety.

When Ulysses was fourteen years of age his father, with the determination that his son should receive the best education that he could afford him, sent him for one term to the academy at Maysville. It was kept by a college-bred man, and here he studied, took part in the work of the debating society, saw something of social life and of manners more refined than those of his home village. It is recorded, however, that he would rather pay a fine than "speak a piece." He never liked to do anything for self-display.

When nearly seventeen young Grant received his appointment to the Military Academy at West Point.

A neighbor's boy, living near the Grants and friendly with them, had received an appointment the year before, but had failed in his examinations, and resigned. Showy and with surface talents, he was considered by the townspeople a brilliant boy and of great promise.

Jesse Grant, in his grim, determined soul, had made up his mind that his son should have an appointment to the Military Academy — and *go there*. Young Bailey's failure and resignation were not known to him, so he wrote to one of the Senators of his State inquiring about an appointment for his boy, and was informed by the Senator that there was a vacancy in his own district, which his own Representative could, if he chose, give to Ulysses.

Jesse Grant was a Whig and the Representative was a Democrat, and, though they had formerly been good friends, they had quarreled over politics, so that they did not speak when they met. Grant, however, wrote at once to Mr. Harmer, the Representative, saying, "If you have no other person in view and feel willing to consent to the appointment of Ulysses, you will please signify that consent to the Department."

Mr. Harmer knew the boy, and liked him so well that he did not allow the quarrel with his father to stand in the way of Ulysses, and gave him the appointment. This generous act of Mr. Harmer not only healed the breach between the former friends, but gave to the nation a future general and President.

Now the boy had never shown any preference for the life of a soldier, and when his father told him about his appointment to West Point, Ulysses thought that he didn't care to be a soldier; that he had rather be a trader. The father grimly persisted that he should go to the Military Academy, until his son changed his mind. But it is evident that at this time he did not care for a military life.

When the people of Georgetown learned that Ulysses had got his appointment, many thought that Mr. Harmer might have made a better selection. One man of the village, meeting Mr. Grant on the street, said, "I understand that Ulysses has got the appointment to West Point," adding, "Why didn't our Representative select some one who would be a credit to this district?" It is very curious to observe that in the little village where this great man had been raised the folk thought him dull. The ideal of these people was a person with surface talent; a boy that could talk, declaim; had the "gift of gab," and other showy qualities. This boy with uncommon ability to do things; who, at an early age, could load a team with big logs without other help than his horses; who had great independence of character; who never failed to do anything that he undertook, from riding a trick pony to getting hard lessons; this boy the people thought of as dull!

It is possible, however, that Jesse Grant by his dogmatic manners, and political antagonism, had made enemies for his son as well as for himself. The mental atmosphere of this little hamlet was Southern,

while the Grants were Northern in sentiment and sympathy. His pride in his boy and his talk about "my Ulysses" had brought upon him ridicule, if not dislike, from which his son may have suffered.

When it was decided to send Ulysses to West Point, the better to prepare him for its examinations he was sent to an academy at Ripley, Ohio, superintended by the Rev. William Taylor. It is said by those who knew him there, that though not considered brilliant, he was a good student, and particularly good in mathematics. He never took any part while here in mischievous pranks, was never punished or reprimanded.

In person at this time Grant was a little over five feet tall, stocky, with a large head, small hands and feet, a round face, straight nose and firm chin, calm blue eyes, and a very earnest expression.

Ripley was Northern in its sympathy and atmosphere; it was here that Mrs. Stowe laid that dramatic scene of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" when Eliza escaped from slavery. This atmosphere may have biased the people who knew young Grant while at school there in his favor.

One thing that reconciled Ulysses to going to West Point was that he would thereby see new places. When he started he had about a hundred dollars, which he had mostly earned by carrying passengers and by teaming. He went to Pittsburg by steamer, and from thence to Harrisburg by canal boat, as that method of travel was slow and gave him an opportunity to see the country. The first steam cars that

he had ever seen, or traveled on, were from Harrisburg to Philadelphia, and we can imagine his interest in them.

He stopped in Philadelphia five days, passing through all its streets, and visiting Girard College, then unfinished. In New York he stopped long enough to see the sights, and then took steamer to West Point, where he arrived on the last of May, having been fifteen days in making the journey.

CHAPTER II

YOUNG GRANT AT WEST POINT

ULYSSES was about seventeen years of age when, on the 1st of July, 1839, he was enrolled as a cadet at the National Military Academy. He had feared that he might not be able to pass the examination. It was, therefore, a gratification to him when he easily passed this searching ordeal that has blasted the hopes of so many dull boys.

I have hitherto neglected to inform my readers that young Grant's name was originally Hiram Ulysses instead of Ulysses S. The change happened in this way: When Mr. Harmer sent his name to the War Department he had always known him as Ulysses, and, thinking by inference that his middle name was Simpson, his mother's name, he gave the name as Ulysses S.

After signing his own name on the adjutant's record, Grant was informed that the name had been sent in as given above. Upon requesting to have the change made, he was told that it could not be changed without the consent of the Secretary of War.

"Well," he is represented to have said, "I came here to enter the Military Academy, and enter it I will; one letter more or less does not matter." Hence it was that three months later he signed that name to

his enlistment certificate, it became his army name, and he has been known by that name ever since.

After signing the adjutant's roll he was sent to the barracks to report to the cadet officers, and soon after went into the encampment that precedes academic studies. He was given a broom, a pail and chair and two blankets, which he carried to his quarters amidst the usual hoots, jeers, and witticisms that are bestowed on a "plebe." He was saluted with all sorts of questions, from: "Does your mother know you are out?" to "Who made your breeches?" and "Where did you get that hat?"

He was thenceforward obliged to sweep the floor of his quarters, was taught to arrange his outfit, and had to sleep on the bare floor without a mattress and with only the two blankets, one for his covering and the other under him.

The duties of a cadet are much like those of a raw recruit in the regular army. He was instructed, during his drill, in the "first position of a soldier:—Heels equally on the same line, knees straight without stiffness, palms of the hands outward, the little finger in rear of the seams of the trousers, eyes straight to the front, chest thrown forward, and the body resting on the soles of the feet."

All this he was obliged to do with tiresome repetition until he had learned the "first position" and was sick and tired of it.

Then he was possibly made to stand on one foot, swinging the other and depressing his toe as the foot swung forward. Then he was taught his facings;

"right face," "left face," "right about face." Then there is squad drill, company drill, guard mount, all of which has to be performed with painful exactness.

This does not look very formidable on paper, perhaps, but if any of my boy readers will take an hour's drill with a regular drill master, he will find to the contrary. Every position of body and hand has to be mathematically exact, for a soldier is but one of the parts of a huge marching machine controlled by a single will. The cadet has the tactics drilled into him by wearisome repetitions until the evolutions are almost automatically performed. And he is expected to go through these exercises with "snap" and keep time in so doing as if it were music instead of tedious drudgery.

When he gets through with two hours of this drill, every muscle is sore and, unless he is a very humble person, and such are not fitted to be soldiers, he is mad all through and questions to himself, "Why did I come for a soldier?"

In this preliminary drill of three months that precedes the January examinations there is no glitter of military uniforms; the "plebes," as they are called, wear their citizen's clothes, which naturally as a whole are of a great variety of styles and colors. To make this drill still more exasperating, their superior officers—who are cadets of the upper classes—give their orders in a sarcastic tone, with a plentiful sprinkling of side remarks, such as, "I'll have to put *you* in the awkward squad, you clown," or, "Dress up there!" or, "Draw your belly in," or, "If you do

that again I'll skin you alive." These men of the third class had been through with the same tortures themselves, and were repaying themselves for the humiliations they then endured by practicing them on the "plebes."

All sorts of tricks are played off on the "plebe." Perhaps he is soused with a pail of water while asleep, or trying to sleep, under his small outfit of blankets; and the "plebe" must not resent it unless he is looking for more trouble.

It is said that Ulysses, on account of his small size and great good nature, escaped with but little hazing.

Time had, however, dragged along very slowly and tediously for him; he was disgusted and heavy-hearted, and no doubt would have sold out his share in West Point for much less than it had already cost him. He afterwards said that when this encampment broke up, he felt that he had been at West Point forever. There was but little doubt that he was homesick, as well as chagrined — though he did not confess it in his letters to his friends.

The January examinations came and he passed them with credit; standing very high in mathematics, and almost at the foot of the class in French. Mathematics came very easy to him, and, as one of his comrades among the cadets afterwards said, he had a way of solving difficult problems by hard sense rather than by rule.

This, we think, showed penetration unusual in one of his age. It also foreshadowed a characteristic which he developed in his military career, that of

solving difficult military situations by application of good common sense.

The quarter that followed was tedious to a boy accustomed to much liberty of action. The routine life was governed by strictest rules, and from "reveille," when he got out of bed in the morning, to "taps," when lights are out at night, every hour was filled by some duty to which he was called by the tap of the drum or the querulous shrieking of a fife. There are "feed calls," "drill calls," "sick calls," "roll calls," dinner, supper, and breakfast calls, "guard mounts," and so on through a routine of daily duty.

During his first year a bill was discussed in Congress which proposed to abolish the Military Academy. Grant's sentiment, during that time, is shown by the fact that he read the debate with great interest, hoping it would pass, as he afterwards said, so that he might honorably leave the Academy.

In September he signed his "Certificate of Enlistment," in which he pledged his "word of honor as a gentleman that I will faithfully observe the rules and articles of war, the Regulations of the Military Academy, and in like manner obey the orders of the President and the orders of the officers over me." On this he wrote, for the first time, his signature as U. S. Grant, and by that name he has since been known.

As there were two Grants in the class, the cadets nicknamed him first "Uncle Sam," afterward abbreviated to Sam, a name by which he was known by his classmates while there.

If my boy friends think his studies easy let them

scan this list of which the course of instruction consisted: Algebra, plane, spherical, descriptive, and analytical geometry, differential and integral calculus, natural and experimental philosophy, mechanics, chemistry, mineralogy, geology, French language and literature, rhetoric, logic, constitutional, international, and military law, ordnance and gunnery, architecture, industrial and topographical drawing, civil and military engineering, besides, as I have already instanced, the hard and practical drill of artillery, cavalry, and engineering tactics.

Grant has recorded in his Memoirs that he seldom read his lessons over more than once. This shows that if he had cared to do so he could have easily taken higher rank in his studies.

There was a fine library of books at the Academy and, unaccustomed to such wealth of literature, these attracted him. From the first he spent the leisure he gained by his quickness in learning his lessons, in reading, not only substantial books, but the novels of Sir Walter Scott, Bulwer, Washington Irving, Cooper, and many others.

The second year was much pleasanter than the first. The cadet of the second year can, if he chooses, in turn order and lord it over the "plebes." It is not believed, however, that he did this, as he never cared to inflict pain for the sake of fun.

After two years at the Academy, he was granted the customary furlough and went home to his proud father and loving mother. The mother noted that he had grown taller and straighter. "Yes," said

Ulysses, "they teach us to stand straight at the Academy."

At this time the Grants were living at Bethel, where Jesse Grant had established a large tannery. It was nearer Cincinnati than Georgetown, though not a great way from the latter place. The doting father had bought a new horse for his new-fledged soldier.

Gold lace goes a great way with young ladies, and the young cadet, with his splendid carriage and soldierly bearing, wearing his undress uniform of blue jacket with gilt buttons and white duck trousers, evidently made a sensation among the girls and found favor in their eyes. It is recorded that he took them to ride and visited them.

On his new horse he often rode over to Georgetown to visit his acquaintances, and among others a Miss King, who is supposed to have been his first sweetheart. Here the people noticed his improved manner and soldierly bearing and began to make favorable comments about young Grant. They began to think that, after all, the young fellow was a "right smart" young man.

The days passed quickly away, as days of youth do when full of pleasure. He was undoubtedly a sorry boy when his three months' furlough was over and he returned to the prison-like barracks and stringent exactions of the Military Academy once more. He said in after years that he never enjoyed anything in his life so much as he did this short vacation.

The corps of cadets at the Academy was divided into four companies for their military exercises.

These were officered by the cadets, who were selected for their military qualifications. Upon his return Grant found that he had been promoted to be sergeant.

Why it was I do not know, but during the year that followed, though his standing in his class was twenty in general merit, and but a trifle below the average in artillery and infantry practice, he was reduced to the ranks as a private and served as such until he graduated. He intimates in his Memoirs that as he had not been "called out" as a corporal previously, this sudden jump to promotion as a sergeant turned his head. He stood, however, tenth in mathematics in a class of fifty, his general average was good, and in "conduct" stood high.

Demerit marks were easily obtained by cadets. Five were given for not attending church; marks were given for failure to salute officers, for carelessness in dress, for being late to the calls, and for so many trivial causes that it would seem as though none but an angel could graduate. Two hundred demerit marks against a cadet, during a year, call for his dismissal.

Grant was now accustomed to Academy life; it was healthful, and in his third year he began to enjoy more of its privileges. There are also indications that he began to feel the stirrings of ambition. General Scott had visited the Academy and he was much impressed by the record and martial bearing of this grand old soldier, and afterwards said in his Memoirs

that he had a premonition that some day he would stand in his place.

Though not liking the artillery or infantry drill, the cavalry exercises, which had now become a part of practice, were more to his taste. The rattle of the saber and the evolution of the horses appealed to him. He especially delighted in his riding exercises, and at the riding school was a favorite with the master. It is told that at one time, when there were a number of spectators present, the riding master — old Herschberger — called out in guttural tones — “Cadet Grant!” At this call a slender youth, mounted on a powerful horse, came riding like a thunderbolt down the hall, holding his seat as though rider and horse were one, and cleared the bar. It is on record at the Academy that at one time he leaped his horse over a bar five feet six and a half inches high; a record which, it has been said, has never been surpassed at the Academy.

At last his four years at the Military Academy were over and he graduated. He was now twenty-one years of age, had grown six inches since he entered, and was straight and slim, but with muscles like iron and nerves like steel; he was inclined, however, to pulmonary disease, from which his younger brother afterwards died. His habits were good; he was never known to use a profane or vulgar word. While not a prig, he had a scrupulous regard for truth, and always kept his word. A member of his class said of him: “He is a splendid fellow — a good, honest

man, against whom nothing can be said and from whom *everything can be expected.*"

He was ready for any kind of fun that did not inflict pain on some one nor require him to tell a lie. He had a keen sense of humor.

At one time he was almost caught by a tactical officer while cooking in his room. Ulysses hid his chicken and pan just as the officer appeared at his door, and standing at attention saluted with impassive face.

"There is a funny smell in your room," said the officer.

"I have noticed it myself, sir," replied Grant.

"Don't," said the officer, "set the room afire."

"Thank you," said Cadet Grant, and the officer retired, carefully avoiding seeing the cause of the odor.

It has been said by his detractors that Grant was slow and dull. The fact that there were originally a hundred men in his class and that only thirty-nine of these graduated; that among these were such men as Sherman, Thomas, Meade, Reynolds, and other men afterward known to fame; and that at graduation he stood twenty-first in his class, seems to indicate that though unassuming and not brilliant or showy, he had substantial qualities.

It is not always the brilliant student in college or school who takes the prizes in after life.

CHAPTER III

A LIEUTENANT IN THE MEXICAN WAR

It was July 1st, 1843, when young Grant was appointed to the Fourth Infantry. He received a three months' furlough and spent the time in visiting his home at Bethel, Ohio.

During this visit a country muster was held, one of those wonderful occurrences, all fuss and feathers and noise, at which the people from miles around congregated to take part and to take in the sights. Here young Grant was invited to drill the militia, and acquitted himself with such credit as to find still greater favor with his elders, or such of them as were not prejudiced against the Grants. His clear, high-pitched voice rang across the parade ground and was plainly heard, in marked contrast to those of the militia officers.

The possibility of a war with Mexico over the annexation of Texas was the all-pervading topic of conversation and discussion at that time, and the militia was excited over the possibility of winning honors on the battle-field.

After his three months' leave of absence was over, Grant reported for duty at Jefferson Barracks, near St. Louis, which was then the most important military station in the West. The routine of duties here

was quite light to one accustomed to Military Academy exactions, and he found time to visit at the home of his classmate, F. D. Dent, whose father lived only five miles from the barracks. He there became acquainted with Miss Julia Dent, then a miss of seventeen, to whom, shortly afterwards, he became engaged to be married. His ambition at that time was to settle down as a professor in some college, and he was encouraged by his professor at West Point to believe that he might get an appointment as assistant professor of mathematics under him.

With this in view, he applied himself to study for the position which Professor Church had encouraged him to expect.

This life of military routine, study, and social pleasure was interrupted by a call to more active duties in anticipation of the war with Mexico. In anticipation of this war he was ordered, with his regiment, to Camp Salubrity, Natchitoches, Louisiana, there to await the action of Congress over the annexation of Texas, then being discussed. The officers of his regiment were generally indifferent as to whether or not this annexation was consummated, but Grant was bitterly opposed to what he believed not only an unjust attempt to acquire territory which of right belonged to the Mexican republic, but a deliberate plan to extend slave territory.

Early in September he accompanied his regiment, which had been ordered to Corpus Christi, and on the 30th received promotion to the full rank of second lieutenant.

The Army of Observation, as it was called, then assembling under General Zack Taylor, consisted of about three thousand men and was, ostensibly, for the purpose of preventing filibustering in Mexican territory; but in reality it was intended to bring on a war by provoking a fight with Mexico. But the presence of this force on the borders of the disputed territory was not sufficient to produce the desired hostilities — it being the plan that Mexico should begin them. So this little army began preparations for its advance to Matamoras, a place about one hundred and fifty miles from Corpus Christi. Fresh water was scarce over this route and there was not a single house or a cultivated field in the country to be traversed. Hence it was necessary to have large wagon trains to transport garrison equipage and rations for the army. The army was poorly supplied with horses or mules; but wild mules, unbroken to harness, were to be had of Mexican traders for a small price. Before making the contemplated march, the little lieutenant went with the paymaster's outfit to San Antonio. Game was abundant, but this interested him less than the large herds of wild horses that roamed over these plains.

During this trip, while young Grant was alive to the beauties of the wilds, he also was drawing lessons from the incidents of the journey. One afternoon while he was out with a comrade he heard a pack of wolves howling and yelping. He was somewhat alarmed, for there seemed to him, judging from the noise they were making, enough wolves to eat horses,

harnesses, and himself and comrade. His friend, more accustomed to wolves than he, kept right on. Young Grant, determined not to show his fears, followed closely after him.

"Say, Grant," said his friend, "how many wolves would you think there are in that pack?"

"Well," said the little lieutenant, desiring to set the number low so as not to show his alarm, "about twenty."

"Let us see," said his comrade. They came to a little elevation, and saw, in a cleared spot below them, the pack. There were only two! They had their noses together doing all that terrific howling.

He learned then that noise does not always indicate strength in numbers, and when, in after life, he heard politicians noisily claiming a big following, he remembered those wolves.

When at last preparations were completed, the march began. The teams consisted of wild mules bought of Mexican smugglers. Mules that are broken to harness are at best refractory to a surprising degree, but these wild creatures, which had never before seen a harness, much less had one adjusted to them, were naturally more so. Five of them in a team made it lively for the drivers. Sometimes the mules of a team would all be in the air together, as if trying to fly; or perhaps one would be seated, or lying down, others prancing or bucking, and the rest uttering melancholy laments. The teamsters had a slipnoose around the neck of each mule, to shut off

bad music by drawing it tight, or to correct and discourage their refractory manners.

On the march all officers having horses were permitted to ride them, though, strictly speaking, an officer of infantry is supposed to go afoot with his company.

Young Grant had bought a three-year-old wild mustang, lately caught with a lasso from a herd. Though feeling that he should march with his regiment, he could not resist a horse. It was some time before the youthful rider could agree with his horse as to which part of the column they were to march with, or which road they were to take; but, with his usual skill in breaking horses, he soon had him as tractable as any in the army.

It was with these wild horses and mules that the army at last reached the Rio Grande. Here the mules had, for a time, little to do but practice their music and get their living while picketed on the prairie.

It was about the middle of March when the army reached the Rio Grande and went into camp opposite the city of Matamoras. This little army of three thousand men, with its base of supplies fifty miles away, was surrounded by hostile people. Two officers, who had ventured away from their companies, were killed by Mexican marauders, also two whole companies were captured, though war had not yet been declared.

The supplies brought by team were running short,

so, after building a fort opposite the town, which was provisioned with the rations that remained, the rest of the army, under General Taylor, with all the wagons, marched to Fort Isabel, twenty-five miles away, to obtain supplies. Two days' journey brought them to the mouth of the Rio Grande, where provisions were awaiting them.

While lying in his tent on the shore, our little lieutenant heard the sound of artillery announcing that the Mexicans were attacking the garrison opposite Matamoras. The war had actually begun.

On the 3d of May, as the army on its returning march approached Palo Alto, they saw the enemy, greatly outnumbering the Americans, and consisting mostly of cavalry armed with lances, drawn up in line in front of some timber. About 3 o'clock P. M. the engagement opened with artillery from both sides, and continued until after sundown. The Americans encamped on their own ground, expecting to resume the engagement there in the morning. But the enemy had retreated during the night to a stronger position.

They were found, fortified with logs and brush, on the opposite side of a long, narrow pond. The captain, having been sent to some other duty, gave Grant the command of his company when the order for the advance of the whole army was given. Bullets were humming and whistling around him as he led his company through the thickets, and no doubt the little officer wished himself at home with his mother. He rushed forward, directing his company,



GENERAL TAYLOR AT MONTEREY.

where the woods were so dense that an enemy could be within five feet of them and they not know it. The Americans drove the enemy from their artillery, shooting their gunners and shouting as they advanced. Grant led his men through these entangled woods until, seeing that he was too near the enemy for safety, he commanded his company to lie down; this, as the bullets came very thick, they were quite willing to do.

At last, extricating his men from this position and finding a cleared spot leading between two ponds, he ordered his company to charge. He captured a colonel and a number of men and was just sending them to the rear, feeling very proud of his achievement, when he discovered that the ground had been charged over before and that there was some of the American army ahead of him.

After two hours of hot fighting, the enemy, panic-stricken, broke and ran, leaving eight pieces of artillery, two thousand stands of arms, numerous pistols, lances, swords, a quantity of provisions, and five hundred mules in the hands of the victors. About two hundred men were killed and wounded in this two days' action. It was the little Lieutenant's first battle, and also his first command of a company.

After this the army advanced up the river to its old position, where they had built the fort. The siege of this little fort had, during the army's absence, been continued for several days without great loss to the garrison. In these battles the Americans had fought with flintlock muskets and their artillery had been drawn by oxen.

Now that the war had really begun, volunteers began to arrive. One of the officers of these volunteers was Mr. Harmer, the Representative to Congress who got Ulysses his appointment to West Point. He was taken ill at Monterey, and died soon after; in his death young Grant lost a good friend.

Soon after the battle General Taylor transferred his army to the west side of the Rio Grande. It had now become the army of invasion.

In August, sufficient reënforcements having arrived, Taylor began his forward movement to Cumargo, the head of navigation on the Rio Grande. This route enters a pass through which runs a road to the city of Mexico.

On August 19th the army advanced to Monterey; the infantry was conveyed by steamers, while the artillery and cavalry marched down the south or Mexican side of the Rio Grande. It was very hot and the marches were made mostly by night.

On arriving at Camargo, our little lieutenant was made quartermaster and commissary of the regiment. He thereafter held that responsible position and discharged all its duties with promptness and energy until the army was withdrawn from Mexico.

The teams, that had hitherto proved sufficient for transportation of supplies, now had to be reënforced by pack mules. The young quartermaster found his duties with these animals to be very lively. A quartermaster, among other duties, has charge of trains; and camp equipage, such as sheet-iron kettles and mess chests and tent-poles, made grotesque and

clumsy bundles for contrary mules. When a mule thought he had carried these burdens long enough, he would throw up his hind legs until he almost stood on his head, or prance and buck, until he had scattered his load. It speaks volumes for young Grant's patience and forbearance that he got his trains over the difficult roads, for it took pluck and an equable temper.

On the 19th of September the army went into camp about three miles from Monterey, then the principal town in northern Mexico, having a population of about twenty thousand people.

The Mexicans had made ample preparations for the reception of the invaders. Between the American army and the city was a plain on which stood a fort of stone, called the "Black Fort," whose guns commanded the approach to the city at the north and northwest. The city was also strongly fortified. The town is on a stream, and back of that stood the foot-hills. The hills at the north of the city, on one of which stood the Bishop's Palace, were fortified to sweep the Saltillo road with cannon. Within the city all streets leading to the plaza were swept by cannon from behind strong intrenchments. On the flat-roofed houses were stationed men with muskets. Such was the formidable position, held by ten thousand troops commanded by General Ampudia, which the audacious little American army of six thousand was about to attack.

The little lieutenant, as regimental quartermaster, was entitled to remain out of the fight; his position,

if he chose, was with the mules and camp equipage. But he was made of different stuff from the average quartermaster, and had been taught at home that "the post of danger is the post of duty." He was with the eastern division of the army.

General Worth was ordered to dislodge the enemy on the north and east. When the fight began, young Grant mounted his mustang and rode to the front. The order to charge was just being given as he arrived and on horseback he charged with his regiment. The pop, pop, pop of musketry from the tops of the houses and the shriek of cannon balls saluted the charging column. On the passage was a deep ravine across which were bridges, on one of which stood a figure of the Virgin; here the Mexicans, who were devout Catholics, defended the statue with splendid valor until it was destroyed. After reaching to within a single street from the plaza, near its last barricade, it was found that the ammunition was exhausted. They could not advance, and they scorned to retreat.

"We must have reënforcements or ammunition," said Colonel Garland, who commanded the brigade. "It is a duty I don't care to order any one on, as it is a chance that he ever gets back alive. Who will go to General Twigg with my message?"

I can imagine the old regulars growling under their breath, "We are not volunteers; we are regulars, and go where we're ordered!" The little lieutenant, saluting his colonel, said, "I will go; I have a horse."

"You are just the man," said the colonel, "but ride fast, or they'll get you."

The cross streets were swept by musketry. Grant mounted, swung himself over the side of his horse farthest from the enemy, with one arm around the mustang's neck and his heel holding to the cantle of his saddle, like a Comanche Indian, and started his horse at a dead run. He reached General Twigg safely, although the cross streets on his passage were swept by musketry from the tops of the houses and by artillery. Before, however, the necessary ammunition could be collected the regiments came pouring back. They had found it too hot to hold their advanced position.

The daring feat of the little lieutenant was much talked of among the men, though his name was not mentioned in the reports.

General Worth, with his small division on the north of the city, had resorted to an ingenious expedient. Instead of exposing his men to the fire from the tops of the houses, he cut through the adobe walls of the houses and so passed from house to house the whole length of the street until he reached, with his command, within a short distance of the plaza. The Mexicans, seeing that the citadel was doomed, surrendered before another morning.

It was a sad sight to young Grant to see the Mexicans, humiliated and beaten, marching out from the city. Their cavalry was mounted on little half-starved horses, and he naturally had sympathy for a defeated foe.

After the surrender property and person were protected and a market given to products of the country.

The American soldiers made friends with the citizens that remained in the city, and the relations between them were very pleasant.

There was now a pause in military operations for six months. It was a war for the extension of slave territory and President Polk and his cabinet were in a dilemma. General Zack Taylor by his victories, which were heralded in the newspapers at home, had become a popular hero. He was a Whig, the Administration was Democratic. If he was allowed to win more victories upon those already gained, it was likely to make him President of the United States. General Scott, also a Whig, was head of the army and a soldier already crowned with the laurels of Lundy's Lane and Chippeway. He had submitted to the Administration a plan for the conquest of Mexico which they had rejected. He, too, might become better presidential timber than any candidate the Democratic party could produce. If, on the other hand, they abandoned the war they would not only lose prestige, but the coveted territory for the spread of the "peculiar institution," as slavery was called. They finally decided to divide the glory between Scott and Taylor by adopting Scott's plan of a campaign and putting him into the field.

Taylor and Scott were both able military commanders, but entirely unlike in manner. Taylor seldom wore a uniform, and when in battle saw to the position of his troops himself, by riding up and down his battle lines. Scott, on the other hand, got his information of the progress of a fight through his staff

officers. He wore his uniform on all occasions, with as much gold lace and gilt buttons as military law would allow. He was very able, though pompous in person and language. He was popularly known as "Fuss and Feathers," while General Taylor was called "Old Rough and Ready."

With Vera Cruz for a landing place, the city of Mexico was to be attacked; and Scott, with this in view, called for all regular troops from General Taylor, leaving him only the volunteers.

CHAPTER IV,

COMMISSIONED A CAPTAIN

WHEN General Scott assumed command, the regiment to which our little lieutenant belonged was transferred to General Worth's division and ordered to join General Scott's forces, now assembling at the mouth of the Rio Grande to embark for Vera Cruz.

The passage was by sailing craft, steamers not being much in use in those days, and was tedious and long. Many of the troops were on shipboard over thirty days. No wonder young Grant, after the passage, wrote to his father that he was heartily sick of the war.

Finally this army of less than twelve thousand men that was about to invade a nation of eight millions, reached their destination. They began their perilous landing, some three miles south from Vera Cruz, the Mexicans occasionally firing shot at the surf-boats that were making the landing.

Vera Cruz was a walled city extending to the water in front and in rear, and with formidable fortifications all along the line. The American army advanced their guns under cover of night and intrenched them. The siege, which was begun on the 7th of March, continued until the 27th, when, a breach having been made by our guns in the walls, General

Morales, the Governor of Vera Cruz, began negotiations and surrendered the city on the 29th of March.

More fearful of the yellow fever than of the enemy, Scott hastened to get his little army from the vicinity of the conquered city. It was needful that the army should carry with them enough supplies to last until Jalapa, sixty miles away in the interior, above the fever district, was reached.

On the eighth of April, with Worth's division bringing up the rear, the little army began its march into the interior. It was soon confronted by the enemy behind fortifications at Cerro Gordo. General Scott began preparations for the capture of this position, held by Santa Anna, with fifteen thousand men. Cerro Gordo, which is twelve miles from Jalapa, is situated on the spur of a mountain, sugar-loafed in shape and very difficult of access. Santa Anna had made a march of over a thousand miles, after a battle with General Taylor at Buena Vista, to reach this place before the American army. His troops, though ragged and worn, were under good discipline, and he thought it impossible for the Americans to capture it.

Nothing daunted, General Scott sent his engineers to see if it could be approached by some other than a front attack. (Two of these engineers were George B. McClellan and Robert E. Lee.) Under the direction of the engineers roads were built over chasms, where the walls were so steep that they had been deemed by the enemy inaccessible. These roads

were made at night without the knowledge of the enemy.

On the 18th the attack began. Over steep declivities and upward, the cannon were drawn by hand, until the rear of Santa Anna's intrenchments were reached. Then with shouts and yells the Americans rushed upon the Mexicans, to whom the attack was like a clap of thunder from a cloudless sky. It was a complete surprise. The Mexican general afterwards said he did not think a goat could have reached them from that direction. The enemy beat a hasty retreat.

Our little lieutenant, in a letter written soon after, said, "As soon as the Mexicans saw this height taken they knew that the day was up for them. Santa Anna vamoosed with a small part of his force, leaving about six thousand to be taken prisoners with all their arms and supplies. Santa Anna's loss could not have been less than eight thousand, killed, wounded, taken prisoners, and missing. The pursuit was so close upon the retreating foe that Santa Anna's carriage and mules were taken and with them some twenty or thirty thousand dollars in money."

The prisoners were paroled, their arms destroyed, and the march resumed. The country was beautiful and supplies plentiful as they reached Jalapa, far above the fever district.

Here, as the time of enlistment of four thousand of his volunteers was almost up, Scott discharged them. (He evidently did not value them much more than General Taylor did some Mexicans that he had

captured; he set them free, saying, "I'd rather fight you than feed you.") This left Scott only about five thousand men.

On the 15th of May the army, with little resistance, entered Puebla, the most populous and beautiful city, with the exception of its capital, in Mexico. General Worth was in command, and he was nervous and fussy; at one time he kept his men under arms three days, and rode around proclaiming that Santa Anna was about to attack them. When General Scott arrived nothing more was heard of the enemy; and had Santa Anna attacked, it would not have ruffled the calm old soldier.

While here, young Grant was sent out, as quartermaster, on a two days' march to gather forage. He was accompanied by an escort of only about a thousand men. He procured full loads for all his wagons and returned safely.

Although very active in his military duties, young Grant found time to see things of interest. To him the march across the dusty plains had been full of instruction, and he drew military lessons therefrom. He also found time to write letters to his parents. In one of these he writes: "I have been delighted with the Mexican birds, . . . their plumage is superlatively splendid; . . . they beat ours in show, but to my mind do not equal them in harmony. . . . I have written this letter with my sword fastened to my side, my pistols within reach, not knowing but that the next moment I may be called into battle."

Reënforcements for the army had at last arrived and, on the 7th of August, the march toward the Mexican capital was resumed. The route followed took the army over the highest point of the Rio Frio Mountains, the mightiest range on the American continent. An army has been likened to a serpent that moves on its belly. This is another way of saying that it can move only so far as it can be fed. Scott took no food or forage for men and horses, but gathered his supplies from the country; to use a military term, he "cut loose from his base of supplies."

Our little soldier noted Scott's confidence in subsisting his army in a hostile country, and it was a lesson which he profited by in his campaign against Vicksburg. He was receiving a supplementary military education for his greater career.

It was August, the rainy season, when the little army arrived in sight of the Mexican capital and looked down upon the beautiful valley of Mexico, with its three crystal lakes at the western base of the mountains. It was a difficult task for this little army to capture this city surrounded by dikes and ditches and fortified by nature as well as by the Mexicans, with an army outside of the city three times as numerous as the Americans who were about to attack it.

The three lakes mentioned were Chalco, Texoco, and Xochimilco. Between the first two there is a narrow strip of land over which there is a road to the city. But the Americans could not safely

march over this road, because on its right was a high rocky hill called El Penon, where the Mexicans had mounted cannon both on top and at its base. These cannon were to sweep with shot and shell an enemy marching over the road to the city. The engineers at last found a safer way by passing around the south side of Lake Chalco, and by the 18th of August the brigade to which young Grant belonged had reached a town called St. Augustin Tlalpan, within eleven miles of the city. Between this place and the capital is the village of Cherubusco, and southwest of this place is Contreras, on the side of a mountain. At the foot of this mountain is a huge mass of rock so heaped and confused by volcanic action that neither artillery nor cavalry could get over it.

The brigade to which young Grant belonged was sent opposite the estate of San Antonio, three miles from St. Augustin Tlalpan, which is on land almost level with the lake and surrounded by wide ditches. The only way our soldiers could reach San Antonio was by a narrow road over level ground, every bit of which was swept by cannon and musketry. If, however, they could capture the village of Contreras they could flank (go around) the other places held by the Mexicans between them and the city.

The assault on Contreras was made on the 20th, and in less than a half hour the place, with many prisoners and all kinds of stores, guns and ammunition, was captured. The next stronghold in the path of their progress towards the city was a church and convent in the village of Churubusco, with high walls and

with breastworks built around it. But nothing could daunt the American army. They went over the breastworks and then scaled the walls of the convent. The Mexicans, demoralized and bewildered, fled before an enemy which nothing seemed able to resist. The army could then, it is thought, have gone into the city. But General Scott made a truce with the Mexicans and, through Mr. Trist for the United States, began negotiations for a treaty of peace. One of the conditions of this truce was, that during its continuance neither party should strengthen its position.

The terms of peace proposed by Mr. Trist were that the Mexicans were to give up Texas and cede New Mexico and California to the United States. This so outraged the Mexican leaders that they at once began preparations for defense without notice, thus breaking the truce.

General Worth's division was now occupying Tacubaya, about four miles from the city of Mexico. A wooded piece of land slightly above the level extends into the flat land and terminates in a precipitous hill or mound three hundred feet high. On the top of this mound was a fortified castle, and around and at its base were cannon behind intrenchments. To even an experienced soldier it would look, as it did to young Grant, impossible to capture. Back of its fortress, which was surrounded by an aqueduct whose arches had been built up with stone, was an old mill. The battle for this mill is known as the battle of Molino del Rey.

By daylight the men of Worth's division were in line for attack. A charge was made, the place carried, and the Mexicans beat a hasty retreat.

Our little lieutenant, who was in the thickest of the fight, was with the foremost of those to enter the mill. In the rush he stumbled over a wounded man whom he discovered to be his friend Dent. Stopping to see how badly his friend was hurt, he encountered a Mexican. Grant shouted to a lieutenant who was between him and the door just in time to save Dent from being shot.

His sharp eyes soon saw some Mexican soldiers on the top of the building, and using the shafts of a cart for a ladder, he got on top, only to find there a private American soldier guarding some of the officers and privates, "that he had surrounded." Grant disarmed the officers and men, taking their pistols and breaking their muskets.

The loss in this battle was very heavy, but not so great as that of the enemy. Had this victory been followed up at once, our men no doubt could have gone into Chapultepec without further loss. It is always in order to follow a beaten and retreating foe, but as this was neglected, the Americans were obliged to make another fight.

During the night of the 11th batteries were established within firing distance of Chapultepec, and in the morning the guns opened fire upon the citadel. Two assaulting columns of two hundred and fifty men each charged and captured the position with heavy loss. This battle removed another ugly ob-

struction to the American advance into the city of Mexico.

When Chapultepec was in the possession of the Americans, they began an advance along the two aqueduct roads. Young Grant was on the road to San Cosme and was with those nearest the front. To keep out of the enemy's fire they sheltered themselves under the archways of the aqueduct, skipping from one to another. Coming to a road that joined that on which they were, they found it defended by a piece of artillery at the angle of the two roads, and by Mexicans with muskets on the tops of near-by houses. Our little lieutenant, seeing a house occupying an angle of the roads, watched his chance and got across to it. From behind a wall which ran along each of these roads, forming an enclosure near the house, he began to reconnoiter. He found that the road running east and west could from here be safely reached, and went back for help. About a dozen returned with him, keeping a close watch on the Mexicans behind their intrenchments, and shooting at any head that appeared.

When they reached a safer position, at trail arms the men cautiously advanced with their leader.

On the way he fell in with a company going north through a shallow ditch under command of Captain Horace Brooks and told him what he was trying to do. The captain said: "Go on, you know the way; I'll follow." So they advanced until the San Cosme road was reached on the flank of the Mexicans serving the gun at the angle of the roads, which as I

have mentioned, had stopped the advance of the Americans.

As soon as the Mexicans saw they were flanked, the men serving the gun retreated, followed by those on the house-tops. The American troops from under the archways now joined them and followed the Mexicans in close pursuit, capturing a second line that was formed across the road. As no other reinforcements came up, they reluctantly had to abandon the position. But was it not quite a piece of generalship for the little lieutenant to execute? The position was retaken later, but not without considerable loss.

Later in the day, after the Americans under General Worth had advanced farther towards the city, young Grant did another gallant and courageous deed. He saw a church at the south of the road and, with his clear eye, saw that if a piece of artillery could be got to its belfry he could make it uncomfortable for the Mexicans. He soon got an officer with a mountain howitzer and his men to serve it. As the Mexicans held the road, the party had to go through the fields where there were deep ditches to cross. To do this the howitzer had to be taken to pieces and carried by hand to the church.

Grant knocked and a priest came to the door.

"Will you please let us in, sir?" said young Grant politely, in his best Spanish.

The priest politely, but firmly, refused to admit the party.

"Then I shall be obliged to make you my prisoner,

and go in whether you are willing or not," said the little lieutenant.

The priest understood, though Grant may not have spoken the best Spanish, and concluded to let them in.

They carried the howitzer to the belfry, put it together, and began to drop shot among the enemy in the houses back of the San Cosme Gate. The Mexicans were astonished and panic-stricken and scandalized when shot came so unexpectedly.

General Worth saw from his position the great effect this gun had upon the Mexicans, and was so pleased that he sent Lieutenant Pemberton (the same who, during the Civil War, surrendered Vicksburg to General Grant) to bring the little lieutenant to him.

"It is very fine work, Lieutenant; every shot tells! I will send you another gun."

Now military etiquette does not allow an inferior officer to make reply to a suggestion of his superior. So Grant, standing at attention, saluted, saying: "Thank you, General," though he knew there was not room in the belfry for another gun.

These exploits of young Grant were much talked of among the soldiers and he was mentioned with high compliments in the reports. General Worth made his "acknowledgments to Lieutenant Grant for distinguished services"; Captain Horace Brooks, in his report, says: "Here Lieutenant U. S. Grant found me. By a joint movement, after an obstinate resistance, the strong field work was carried and the enemy's right completely turned." Major Francis

Lee of the 4th Infantry said in his report, "Lieutenant Grant and Captain Brooks, 2nd Artillery, with a few men . . . made a handsome movement and turned the right flank of the enemy. . . . Lieutenant Grant behaved with distinguished gallantry." Colonel Garland also says, "Lieutenant Grant acquitted himself most nobly upon several occasions under my observation."

But for all this, our little lieutenant was made only a first lieutenant and afterwards a brevet captain. But it formed a post-graduate course of military instruction of great value in after years, when we were fighting for the very life of the nation and he commanded the Union armies.

CHAPTER V

A SOLDIER IN PEACE

THE treaty of peace between the United States and Mexico was at last ratified. It took a long time for it to reach Washington and to return, for there were no railroads across the continent in those days. During this interval the young soldier saw as much of Mexico as possible. He saw one bull-fight, which is the popular sport of the Mexicans. It was sickening to him, for he could not understand how any one could enjoy the sufferings of animals. Among other points of interest he visited the volcano of Popocatepetl, the highest on the American continent; also the great caves of Mexico. Through all his after life it was a pleasure for him to talk about Mexico and its people.

While still quartermaster the regimental funds ran low and there was need of money; so he resorted to an ingenious expedient to get it. A ration of flour, when baked into hard bread, made more than a ration, and so he got a contract to bake bread, hired an oven and Mexican bakers, and soon had made more money for the regiment than his pay amounted to while in Mexico. It seemed through life that he could do better for an army, or his regiment, than he could for himself.

At last the news of the ratification of peace came. His regiment marched to the coast and, barely escaping the yellow fever then prevailing, embarked for home. On its arrival it was sent to the barracks near New Orleans.

The young soldier, impatient to see his intended wife, got a furlough of four months and went to St. Louis. He was now a brevet captain, twenty-five years of age, bronzed by the sun of Mexico, distinguished for courage and ability, but very shy in manner and little given to talk.

On the 22d of August he was married to Miss Julia Dent, the sister of his classmate, whose life he had saved, and the daughter of Mr. Frederick Dent of St. Louis. As a wedding tour he took his bride to visit his home in Ohio. His father, proud of his hero son fresh from the victorious fields of Mexico, was delighted. It is said that, however busy, he would stop on the street, even in the rain, to talk of "my Ulysses." The young soldier had a delightful time at home, and no one there sneered at young Grant now. He was Captain Grant, mentioned in army bulletins for gallantry in battles, distinguished for courage and coolness in the presence of dangers. It is said that during this visit he was full of boyish joyousness, and spent some of his time practicing with the lariat; and that he tried it on the pigs, cows, and other farm animals.

After this care-free vacation he rejoined his regiment, then at Sackett's Harbor, near Detroit. He occupied here modest regimental quarters which his

wife brightened with womanly touches. He attended church regularly, was boyish in looks, and kept himself in the background except in speeding a horse which he owned, when he usually got to the front in a race. At that time he was heard to refuse to join a drinking party and gave his reason for the refusal by saying, "I have become convinced that there is no safety from ruin by liquor except by abstaining from it altogether." At that time the habit of using liquors was almost universal, especially among army officers, and it took courage to say this. The only time when he seemed to lack courage was when called on for a speech. On one occasion, when he was called upon for a toast at dinner, he rose, blushing and diffident, and said, "I can face the music, but I can't make a speech." This is the only time on record when young Grant was known to indulge in what might look like self-praise.

A merchant at one time expressed surprise that such a man should be made regimental quartermaster. The officer who heard the remark replied, "He may not be much on papers, but you'd ought to see him in a fight!"

While quartered in Detroit in the early spring, he had a bout with a young shop-keeper named Zack Chandler, because he did not keep the walk in front of his shop clear of ice. Several officers had fallen on the sidewalk, but did not care to complain of the big, burly shop-keeper, who was reputed to be rather fond of a fight. Grant, who feared nothing, at last

made a complaint. Chandler went to trial, and was quite abusive. Young Grant's friends thought Chandler would surely whip him; but the quiet little officer had a way with him that showed that such a proceeding would be dangerous to the one who undertook it. He never provoked a fight needlessly, but he had a way of keeping rowdies and roughs at arm's length. This same Zack Chandler was elected mayor of Detroit while young Grant was there, and afterwards became a noted man in the politics of the nation.

In the spring of 1851 the regiment was again ordered to Sackett's Harbor, and in the following spring was sent to the Pacific coast. In July eight companies of about seven hundred officers and men sailed on a steamer called the *Ohio* for Aspinwall. The steamer was full, even before these seven hundred men came on board, and the additional number crowded it to suffocation.

When Aspinwall was reached, the streets were found two or three inches under water. July is the height of the rainy season, when heat and moisture make the atmosphere extremely uncomfortable and unhealthful. At that time the Panama Railroad ran no further than the Chagres River, and the rest of the passage to Panama was made on mules and boats propelled by natives. On young Grant rested the difficult task of transportation and care of public property. The contract for the transportation of the regiment had been made with the steamship company in New York. All of the regiment except one

company took boats, propelled by the natives, for Gorgona and from there marched to Panama and were soon on the steamer anchored in the bay.

Young Grant, with one company of the regiment and all the soldiers with families, together with the tents and baggage, was sent to Cruces, higher up the treacherous Chagres River. There the shiftless person who had contracted to take them to Panama had no means to fulfill his agreement. To make matters worse, the cholera had broken out and men and women were dying every hour. In this emergency Grant sent the company ahead to Panama in order to preserve them from the cholera, while he stayed alone with the sick and those who had families. With grim determination, he battled with disease and adversity and finally, making a contract for transportation in behalf of the government, grimly fought his way to Panama, where he at last arrived with a loss of about one-third of his party by death.

Although on the Pacific side of the Isthmus, the steamer could not proceed until the cholera had abated. In the midst of the frenzy and fear young Grant was cool and patient and seemed to think only of his duties and not of himself. His iron resolution and endurance were tried to the uttermost. The cholera had broken out on shipboard, and Grant had the responsibility of providing for accommodation of hospital quarters there. The baggage and clothing were fumigated and vigorous measures adopted which finally exterminated the cholera.

The regiment arrived at last in San Francisco Bay

and went into camp at Benicia, a short distance out from San Francisco. From this place they took steamer for Oregon and were soon at Fort Vancouver, where he remained one year.

The quarters of the regiment were log huts, and the furniture was made of green wood with an ax. It was a dreary period for him. There were intervals of months when he did not hear from his wife and the dear ones at home. There was but little comfort in the garrison life, and the price of every necessity was high. A cook could not be hired for the pay of a captain; flour was twenty-five cents a pound; potatoes were sixteen cents and everything else proportionately high. To send for his wife and support her on the Pacific coast was impossible.

All attempts to make money in addition to his pay failed. With three of his officer friends, a team of horses was purchased for the purpose of raising a crop of potatoes for themselves and selling the surplus. Grant plowed while his two friends planted the potatoes.

They had an enormous crop. But everybody seemed to have planted potatoes, and the only ones they disposed of were to themselves. The Columbia River overflowed, saving them the trouble of digging the potatoes. It seemed as though fate had determined that the young officer should fail in everything he undertook for himself, and succeed in all he undertook for the government.

He performed his duties faithfully and well; he built barracks, repaired wagons. It was a dreary

year, separated from his wife and his children; for another child had been born since he left home.

One whom he knew at this time tells the story that Grant once showed him the last page of a letter from his wife, where she had traced in pencil the baby's hand to show its size. Tears were seen in his eyes as he put it quickly away.

Rufus Ingalls, with whom he had quarters at this time, said of him, "He was the perfect soul of honor and truth, and believed every one as artless as himself." This quality of belief in the integrity of others continued to be a quality which he carried all through life and was the cause of many of his failures in life.

His duties did not fill his time and enforced idleness was not to his taste. Though separated from those he loved he did not complain, yet he grew more grim and silent and somber. In August he was promoted to command a company and ordered to Fort Humboldt, two hundred and forty miles from San Francisco.

Here he did not get along well with Colonel Buchanan. His duties were irksome and he took little interest in his new associates or their amusements. There is much to show that he was heart-sick. He could not hope to support his family on a captain's pay, and had not money enough to get them to the Pacific coast in case he could.

He acknowledged the receipt of his commission and accepted it on the 11th of April, and on the same day wrote his resignation.

When he started for home he had but little money, but expected to collect a debt owed him by a man in San Francisco, probably borrowed money; but the man who owed him could not or would not pay the debt. He was consequently left without money in a strange city. One of his army friends found him at a little hotel in a poorly furnished room. He was badly discouraged. His head was bowed in sadness and grief. These trials are, as is often proved, the fires through which all great natures must pass to refine and strengthen them for their higher destinies. Lincoln carried such a shadow on his sad and thoughtful face during all his career as President of this nation, and to his grave. It is the signet stamp of destiny, the impress of those that rise from lowly life to highest destinies.

His friend, who was United States quartermaster of the Pacific coast, arranged for his passage to New York and loaned him money enough for his other expenses. Arriving in New York he was again without money. He had expected to get money from another man that owed him, but failed even to see him. Captain Buckner, afterwards General Buckner of the Confederate Army, and other army friends at last loaned him money enough with which to get home.

CHAPTER VI

WORKING FOR A LIVING

HIS home-coming was not pleasant. Jesse Grant was a grim, hard man who had fought his way upward from poverty to comparative prosperity, and had but little sympathy for his son in his troubles. His son Ulysses was, apparently, a failure and he manifested but little pleasure at his home-coming. His mother, however, was glad to have him leave the army.

Grant spent but a short time at his old home and soon went with his wife to her home in St. Louis. This was in the summer of 1854. He was then thirty-two years of age, without capital, and without training for any pursuit in civil life. Any one beginning life with a family to support under such adverse conditions would have found as hard a struggle for existence as Grant did.

His father-in-law gave Mrs. Grant about sixty acres of land five miles from St. Louis. Farm work, horses, and cattle appealed to him. It was the work of his boyhood,—a life no doubt which, if left for him to choose as a boy, he would have preferred to that of a soldier. To this land he went to take up the hard life of a farmer who toils with his hands. He built himself a log house of four rooms,

with chimneys at each end and with wide fireplaces. He hewed the logs and carted and scored them, and did most of the other work in building it with his own hands. With a grim humor he named this place on the Gravois "Hardscrabble." He had bought a pair of horses from a friend, and these were a great pleasure to him.

This small, thin man, now doing the work of a farmer, with his trousers tucked into his boots, hauling wood and railroad ties to St. Louis, mowing and reaping, plowing and planting, was undoubtedly regarded as a failure. Such rugged employment was regarded by gentlemen slaveholders of the locality as beneath them, though poorer men there often worked in the fields with their slaves. I doubt if this life, however, was not more congenial to him than army life on the frontier, separated from his wife and children and subjected to the petty exactions of military life.

He loved his horses, made pets of them, and did good work with them. At one time it was reported to a neighbor that he had hauled to St. Louis sixty bushels of wheat at one load. The neighbor, thinking it impossible, asked Grant about it as though he doubted the story. Grant offered to put sixty bushels on each of their teams and the one not getting into St. Louis with the wheat was to forfeit his load to the other.

He often met his old army friends in St. Louis and was not ashamed to be seen with whip in hand, dressed in rough farmer style. General Beal, sitting

on the veranda of a hotel one day, recognized him and called to him, "What are you doing here?"

"I'm farming on a piece of land my wife owns ten miles back from here."

"Come in and have dinner with me," said the general. Grant looked down at his rough garb, saying, "Hardly the dress for dinner, General?"

"Oh, that doesn't matter. Come in!" Grant never forgot a generous act like that, though in his self-poised manner he did not show it at the time. His army friends generally met him cordially, for they were gentlemen and recognized him as such. But they evidently regarded him with pity as a broken, unfortunate man.

Grant worked very hard, never losing a day on account of the weather, and managed to get a living for his little family; but his hands were calloused, his shoulders bent, and his face care-worn and toil-worn.

It was a period of great political excitement and discussion over the slavery question. His father-in-law was a slaveholder, and all his neighbors were the same. The air was seething with political unrest. Grant never provoked or took part in the discussions, yet he was known to be a Northern man with Northern sympathies. If his opinion was asked, his answer was clear and decisive and there he let it drop. The discussions waxed hot and angry, but Grant minded his own business and went about his work. There was an impending struggle between the North and South and Grant saw the coming storm with dread. He voted for Buchanan for

President, hoping that with his election the conflict of arms might be postponed and the South have a chance to cool off.

In the autumn of 1858 he had chills and fever and could no longer work steadily in the forest and damp low land. His ambition was simply to earn enough to support his family and educate his boys. Finding he could not work on the farm effectively, he took a partnership with Henry Boggs in a real-estate business in St. Louis. He lived in the city, in a little back room, going home Saturday nights to remain over Sunday with his family.

In the following spring he sold his stock and farm tools and moved his family to a little house in St. Louis. He had had no training for such a business. He could never dicker, went straight ahead with candid propositions in a trade, had no disposition to get the best of a bargain, or to sell a man something he did not want. He could not conduct small affairs. As there proved to be not enough money in the business for two, the partnership was soon dissolved.

Shortly after this Grant got a situation as clerk in the Custom House; but the Collector, who was his friend, died and his successor, who had his own friends to reward, put another man in his place.

He next applied for the position of county engineer, a kind of work for which his education eminently fitted him. His petition for this place was endorsed by Professor J. J. Reynolds of Washington University, and by D. M. Frost, who was for three years in West Point Academy with Captain Grant.

He was defeated. It shows how bitter this defeat was to him, when, in his Memoirs, he says: "My opponent had the advantage of birth over me (he was a citizen by adoption) and carried off the prize." He had now been for about four years struggling with adversity in this locality.

His position at this time, which at best was hard to bear, was made the more so by the fact that he was a Northern man and was known to have Northern sympathies. His father-in-law, hotly Southern in sentiment, was given to sneering at Yankees, and most of his acquaintances were of the same kind. A Northerner among such was looked upon as an interloper, and the invectives then showered upon Northern men were hard to bear. Many who should have known better seemed to think that Northern men were not only all abolitionists, but were in favor of giving their slaves social equality with their masters. The Republican party, then forming, was looked upon with horror. It was believed that, in case they elected their candidate for President, the South would be subject to a slave insurrection, negro equality, and all sorts of other evils. Treason was openly advocated, and even moderate men were in favor of secession in case of the ascendancy of the hated anti-slavery men of the North.

Grant had failed to succeed in getting a living in St. Louis and was looked upon as a dead failure. It might be said of him that he was despised of men; many, whom he well knew, shared so deeply the increasing bitter sectionalism that they refused his hand.

There came, however, an unexpected turn in his fortunes. In the spring of 1860 his father offered him a place in the leather business with his brothers, and Captain Grant thankfully accepted the position, and again went to his father's home with his wife.

While in Galena he was a clerk on a salary of fifty dollars a month; but, though nominally a clerk, it was the intention of his father eventually to give up the whole business to his sons. The older brother, who had mostly built up the business (it was not the tannery; that was in another place), was sinking with consumption, of which he died a year later. Captain Grant was bill clerk, collection agent, and indeed turned his hand with unremitting diligence to whatever was required of him. He had a little house on the outskirts of the town, had his brother as a boarder, and was sure of a roof over his head, a plain living, and a chance to educate his boys.

When his work was done at the leather store he spent his evenings reading to his wife or in playing with his children. He wore his army overcoat about the town and was known to the townspeople as Captain Grant. He formed no intimate acquaintances, but would talk if questioned, and was looked upon as an interesting talker.

At one time he made a business trip into Wisconsin and Iowa, talked with the people, and was an interested listener to the political discussion going on at the groceries and hotels, and in this way got a deeper insight into the methods of thought among the plain Northern people.

There was great excitement attendant upon the election of a President in the fall of 1860. The real contest was between Abraham Lincoln, who was the candidate of the new Republican party, which was in favor of keeping slavery out of the territories; and J. C. Breckinridge, the presidential candidate of the Democratic party, which was in favor of carrying slavery wherever the flag of the nation went in the United States. There were two other candidates, but the contest was really between these two opponents. We all know that Abraham Lincoln was elected President, and that the South, claiming that her Constitutional rights were thereby endangered, began to withdraw from the Union.

That Captain Grant was watchful of the situation is shown by a letter to a friend in St. Louis about this time. He wrote: "With my new employment I have become pretty conversant and am much pleased with it. I hope to be a partner soon. How do you feel on the subject of secession in St. Louis? . . . It is hard to realize that a state of states should commit so suicidal an act as to secede from the Union, though I have no doubt from what I hear that five of them will do so."

In reply to an assertion by a Galena acquaintance that there were more brag and bluster than fight among Southerners, he replied, "You are mistaken; they will fight." He understood the situation, both North and South, better than most men. He was an interested listener to the discussions going on in Galena. Though he did not take part in them, if he was asked his opin-

ion he gave it, clear and sharp, and that ended his talk about it: he would not argue.

The young people who read these pages have studied in school the causes of the great Civil War which was waged in this country from 1861 to 1865, but perhaps they would like to take another look at it in connection with this story of its greatest general, for it was the greatest war ever waged in any country and Grant was one of the greatest generals known to history. Let me, therefore, digress to explain the situation.

In old times before the Revolution, the thirteen colonies were entirely independent of each other, except that they were under the common government of Great Britain. As they had found that government oppressive, they had no mind to put themselves again under any power which could interfere with their dearly bought independence. They had, to be sure, a Continental Congress and some Articles of Confederation; but Congress could do nothing more than advise these very independent states what they would better do. The states did quite as they liked about taking advice.

This loose confederation, that looked so free and independent, worked very badly. As a united people Americans could keep peace at home and ward off an outside enemy; but as thirteen separate states they quarreled among themselves and could easily have been conquered, one by one, by any foreign nation.

Very reluctantly, therefore, the states formed a new general government with sufficient power to protect

their interests at home or abroad. But no sooner was it formed than people began to dispute as to how much power they had already given to the new government. One party claimed that the states were still "sovereign"; that is, that they need only obey this central power when it pleased them to do so. The other held that the Federal Government or the "Union," as they called it, was supreme. Naturally, when anything displeasing came up, as there did on several occasions, these "State Sovereignty" folk would threaten to leave the "Union" and set up anew for themselves.

Of all the various bones of contention between these two parties, nothing caused so much trouble as slavery. When slaves were brought here, slavery was common everywhere. But people generally came to think it wrong, and they not only freed their slaves but condemned slave-catchers to the same punishment as pirates.

At last slavery was given up by all civilized peoples except those in our own Southern states. Naturally, the people in the free states tried to have slavery abolished from this free country, but every effort to this end incensed the South, and when, at last, the Republican party, which stood for the restriction of slavery within the states where it then existed, elected Abraham Lincoln President, the South declared their "peculiar institution" was threatened and that, as sovereign states, they should use their rights to secede from the Union. This they did, eleven of them joining in a new government which they called the "Confederate States of America." To prevent the provi-

sioning of Fort Sumter, they fired upon that fort, and the battle of words gave way to the battle of arms.

Abraham Lincoln called for "seventy-five thousand men to suppress rebellion against the laws, maintain the honor, the integrity, and the existence of our National Union, . . . and to redress wrongs already too long endured." This appeal to arms was answered with an enthusiasm that never wavered until the states were restored to their allegiance again.

When this call reached Galena, a meeting was called at the Court House. The mayor, who was a "peace-at-any-price Democrat," made a speech. Representative to Congress Washburn replied, introducing a resolution to "support the government of the United States in the performance of all its Constitutional duties in the great crisis." John Rawlins, a young lawyer, afterward Grant's chief-of-staff, made an impassioned speech, appealing to the patriotism of those present. Captain Grant, silent but observant, was there. Some one after the meeting said to him, "We had a good meeting, after all." "Yes," replied Grant sharply, "we are about to do something!"

The next evening a meeting was held to raise volunteers for the war. Grant was present and was elected chairman. He hesitated, but finally went confidently to the desk. "Platform! Platform!" shouted the crowd. He made a brief speech, saying: "The army is not a picnic nor an excursion. . . . You may be obliged to sleep on the bare ground in rain or snow and make long, disagreeable marches. The orders of your superiors must be obeyed, without

question, though they may seem unjust. I intend to reënlist myself and will aid the company you form all I can." Captain Grant's speech had brought the meeting down to the realities of war and had taken the bombast all out of it.

A company was formed. Captain Grant drilled them, superintended the buying of cloth and the making of their uniforms, and, a week after, the company was ready for service.

When the company went to Springfield, Illinois, Grant was seen, with a lank carpet-bag, following them. They had offered to make him captain of the company, but he had refused, saying, "I have been in the military service fourteen years and think I am competent to command a regiment."

He had heard his country's call, and never went back to the leather store again.

CHAPTER VII

COLONEL OF THE 21ST ILLINOIS

AT the time of Captain Grant's arrival in Springfield the capital was crowded by those who had answered Lincoln's call for volunteers. The men were there, but there was little knowledge on the part of the state authorities of how to organize them. That my young readers may more fully understand the meaning of the term "military organization" I will explain: A mere crowd of men is not an army, any more than a mass of steel and iron is a steam engine. They are not useful as a military machine until the whole have learned to answer to commands as a single person. First, each man must be taught his duties as a soldier; then, a hundred of them are taught to act together; then, ten of these companies must be taught to move all together at the word of command, as though it were one man instead of a thousand. To do this, not only each soldier in the ranks, but each officer, must learn to do his part in controlling this machine made up of men; and, over all, there must be a controlling mind which has both knowledge and power to make this machine act together as companies, regiments, and brigades.

Captain Grant was, possibly, the only man in all that throng of would-be captains, colonels and gen-

erals with the needful knowledge to make this throng into a military machine.

In his rusty citizen suit of clothes he called upon the Governor to tell him that the company which he had helped to organize was ready to be mustered into the service, and also to tender his own services to help the government.

There was an extraordinary session of the legislature at the capital, and the office of the governor was thronged with those who wanted office or favors. Some wanted to be made captains, others colonels or generals, and all these seekers for place were backed by social and political influence. Grant had none of these to help him, and among this throng of pushing, self-seeking men the thin little ex-captain, in his rusty citizen dress, was seemingly of not much importance. When he offered his services to the Governor in his modest, unpretentious way, the Governor said, "I am sorry, Captain Grant, that we have nothing for you," but added, as public men will without meaning anything by it, "Call again!"

Grant remained in Springfield until he felt that there would be no call for his military services. He said to an acquaintance: "I'm going home. There is no chance for me among these politicians. The government educated me, and I have had some experience that ought to be of use, and so have felt that I must offer my services again."

At that time there was not a clerk or official at the capital who understood how to make, in proper form, requisitions (orders) for food, clothing, or arms. The

Governor may have been told that Captain Grant understood such business, for, just as Grant was ready to leave, the Governor spoke to him, as he was standing at the door of the hotel, saying, "Captain, I understand that you are going to leave Springfield?"

"Yes, sir," replied Grant, "that's my intention."

"I wish you would stay and call at my office to-morrow morning," said the Governor.

Grant called, and was assigned a desk in the adjutant-general's office.

Necessity, rather than choice, had compelled the Governor to ask for his services. Here the ordnance department first called for his attention; then the adjutant-general's; then the quartermaster's; and in turn all others. He soon proved his efficiency. All the army forms were at his fingers' ends, and when they were filled out he knew where they were to be sent. While attending to these duties, some one inquired who he was and was told, "He's a dead beat military man, a discharged officer of the regulars." While ruling blanks one day he said to an acquaintance, "A boy could do this work." It was found, however, that when military information of any kind was needed he could give it clearly and concisely; and he soon became, in his quiet, unassuming way, military adviser to the Governor and his officials. His attention was less and less required in the offices. He did his work thoroughly and well and order took the place of confusion. The ease with which the state of Illinois settled its accounts after the war is evidence of his efficiency at that time. He then assisted in drilling

the volunteers and in mustering them into the service.

Captain Grant went home to Galena for a day or two and while there wrote to the adjutant-general of the United States Army, saying:

“SIR: Having served for fifteen years in the regular army, including four years at West Point, and feeling it the duty of every one who has been educated at the government expense to offer his services for the support of the government, I have the honor, very respectfully, to tender my services, until the close of the war, in such capacity as may be offered. I would say, in view of my present age and length of service, I feel myself competent to command a regiment if the President in his judgment should see fit to intrust one to me.”

One would suppose that, in the great need of educated and experienced soldiers, the adjutant-general would have hastened to avail himself of such services, or at least acknowledge the letter. But no answer was ever made to it. On one occasion Grant was sent to muster in a regiment in camp at Belleville, near St. Louis. While in that city he witnessed the unwilling removal of a rebel flag from a prominent building at the order of Union men of the city. On the cars a young Southern swell, full of rage and swagger about the removal, and seeming to be in no doubt of Grant's sympathy, said to him, “We'd hang a man where I came from if he dared to say a word for the — Union.”

"We are not as bad as that here," said Grant. "I have not seen a single rebel hanged in St. Louis, or heard of one; but there are a plenty that ought to be." This was said in such crisp, clear, calm tones that the swell winced, and had the captain pointed to the door the swell would, undoubtedly, have left the car.

After all the regiments authorized by the state of Illinois had been mustered into the service, Captain Grant visited his parents at Covington, Kentucky, opposite Cincinnati. His real purpose, however, was to see George B. McClellan, who had been appointed major-general with headquarters in that city. He had known him at West Point and in Mexico and hoped that if he saw him he would offer him a place on his staff. He called, sent in his name, but did not see him. He called the next day with the same result.

"It is strange," he said to an acquaintance, "that a man of my education and experience cannot secure a command."

Possibly the reason for this was that Captain Grant was lacking in that kind of talent which advertises itself and by words and wire-pulling pushes itself into notice.

One of the regiments that he had mustered into the service was the 21st Illinois. Originally it had elected for its colonel a young man who, though at first very popular, soon showed himself to be a person with more show than substance and unfit for the place. He was good-looking, had abundance of assertion and swagger, posed as a sort of Napoleon, but had neither the ability nor training for his position. Now that there

was a prospect of fighting, officers and soldiers felt that they should have a man to command who understood the business. It seems that Grant had made an impression on the regiment, for they had named the rendezvous "Camp Grant."

Some of the officers waited on the Governor, requesting him to appoint Captain Grant as colonel of the regiment. The Governor consented and telegraphed to Grant, "Will you accept the command of the 21st regiment?" Captain Grant joyfully accepted and reported at once for duty in Springfield.

On taking command he found the regiment disorderly and without a proper sense of subordination. The guard-house had been burned, and there had been a riot about poor rations. The farmers complained that their chickens had been abducted, and the citizens of the soldiers' drunken and uproarious conduct on the streets.

There was a little ceremony in introducing the new colonel to his command. John A. McClernand and John A. Logan were both present and made fervid and patriotic addresses. Grant was in shabby citizen's dress and had sat quietly, in his self-effacing way, back from the audience, unnoticed. As Logan closed his eloquent appeal for loyalty and devotion to the Union, he led Captain Grant forward, saying, "Allow me to present to you your commander." Many of the men had not noticed him before, and were disappointed with his looks. One of them said, "What, is that little chap our colonel?" "Looks like he didn't amount to shucks," said another; "sort of looks like an under-

taker." But three cheers for the new colonel were proposed and given, and then the men clamored for a speech. "Grant! Grant! speech! speech!" they shouted. Grant's thin, steel-trap-like lips came together as he made his speech, which was a command: "MEN, GO TO YOUR QUARTERS!" That speech expressed Colonel Grant. It meant obedience, action, not words.

A noticeable change took place in the regiment. His orders were given calmly and with decision; and disobedience brought a sure punishment. There was no bluster or threatening. Drunkenness was checked and liquor forbidden in camp, foraging and absence from duty without leave were stopped. The officers were instructed in their duties.

When one of the men persisted in bringing liquor into camp and was abusive and profane, Colonel Grant whirled him around by the shoulder, pointing him out of camp, and kicked him into the road, saying, "Get out of here; I won't have you in my regiment. If you come here again I will order you shot!" Another rough he punished by having him tied up. The man threatened and abused him, saying, "For every moment I stand here I will have an ounce of your blood." Grant finally released him with his own hands to show his men that he was not afraid of him. This may seem very rough to my young readers, but in the army order and obedience must be enforced, and such men must be sometimes violently dealt with, or they contaminate the others. There is no argument like force to that kind of men.

The men saw that it was good for them, and good for the reputation of the regiment, to have a colonel who could exact obedience.

At this time Grant had neither horse nor sword; he was obliged to go home and borrow money to buy them. The regiment was ready to move. The Governor had got orders to send a regiment to the northern part of Missouri, and Colonel Grant said, "Send me."

"I have no transportation," said the Governor.

"The order gives us ten days; I'll march my regiment there," said Grant.

The march began. The regiment was now under fair discipline.

When on horseback the colonel was admired by his men; he could ride. On the march he taught them how to make themselves comfortable; he instructed them in many things that an old soldier knows, but which a recruit has to learn. When they arrived in Missouri the regiment was under good discipline and was proud of it. They began to say, "We've got the best regiment and the best colonel there are here."

Leisurely marches were made until they had crossed the Illinois River, when there came an order changing their destination. Before this order could be carried out, another order arrived sending him to the relief Illinois regiment that was said to be surrounded by rebels near Palmyra, in Missouri.

When advancing to what was thought might be a battle-field, Grant in his Memoirs depicts his feel-

ings as anything but agreeable. His anxiety was, however, relieved when, before crossing the Mississippi River, he found that the enemy had run away.

Shortly after this he was sent in pursuit of a band of men under Ben Harris, who were said to be encamped at the town of Florida, twenty-five miles away. On the road they found every house deserted. The people had fled before the hated and feared Yankee invaders. Grant kept his men in the ranks and did not allow them to enter the deserted homes or take anything from the premises. He felt uneasy and nervous, until at last he arrived on the brow of a hill in sight of where the rebel camp was supposed to be. The place was there, but Ben Harris had decamped. He learned that when the rebel leader had heard of the coming of the 21st Illinois, he had left at about the time it had started in pursuit. It occurred then to Colonel Grant that the enemy had been as much afraid of him as he of them. In his Memoirs he says, "It was a view of the question I had never taken before." After that he never forgot that the enemy had as much cause to fear him as he had to fear the enemy.

While still a colonel he was put in command of several other regiments, at a place called Mexico. The men of these regiments were in the habit of entering houses and ordering food and drink, and committing other depredations. He soon had these regiments under good discipline, a thing that the citizens soon recognized. Colonel Grant won his way gradu-

ally, not by outside influence, but by his ability as a soldier; he was the right man in the right place, and had the quality of doing the right thing at the right time.

CHAPTER VIII

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GRANT

WHILE Grant was absent from his headquarters, there came a telegram addressed to "Brigadier-General Grant." His officers and men, taking the hint from this, upon his return were drawn up in line and received him with cheers for "General" Grant. It was peculiarly appropriate that the regiment that he first commanded should first acclaim him as general.

Upon receiving this appointment he wrote to John A. Rawlins, the young lawyer whom we have previously mentioned as having made an eloquent speech at the first war meeting in Galena, asking him to be his assistant adjutant-general. Rawlins accepted and remained with Grant until he became his chief-of-staff with the rank of brigadier-general.

Grant was now sent to command a military district at Ironton, Missouri. Thence he was ordered to report for special instructions to General Frémont, in St. Louis. He found Frémont's headquarters so guarded by aids, officers in gold lace, and guards, and orderlies, that Grant was twenty-four hours in trying to reach him before he succeeded.

Frémont assigned Grant to the command of the district of Southeast Missouri. This brought him

within the sphere of great campaigns. He was to fight, henceforth, for the possession of the Mississippi River and its tributaries. In war the possession of roads and navigable rivers is of vast importance. Should the Confederates get undisputed control of the Mississippi and its tributaries, they could not only greatly embarrass the business of the great West, but could defeat any attempt to subdue them by the United States. If the Union army and navy could hold the Mississippi they could inflict a terrible blow by splitting the Confederacy in two.

After fitting out an expedition for the capture of Colonel Jeff Thompson, Grant removed his headquarters to Cairo. This town is situated in southwestern Illinois, at the tip of a V-shaped piece of land formed by the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, and thrust in between Kentucky on one hand and Missouri on the other.

On Grant's arrival at Cairo he found Colonel Richard Oglesby in command. His office was crowded by citizens making complaints or asking favors, and Colonel Oglesby did not catch the name of the modest visitor in citizen's dress. Grant, however, seated himself at the desk, wrote an order assuming command and handed it to the colonel before Oglesby understood who his visitor was. "He looked," said Grant afterwards, "as though he would like to have some one identify me."

It was not chance that had brought him to the command of this great military depot and rendezvous, with its several outlying posts and districts and all its com-

plicated duties of forwarding and collecting supplies. He had demonstrated continually his fitness for such a position. His reports to the War Department had been clear and sharp as the crack of a rifle. He was always accomplishing something. He made no complaints or excuses, but always found a way to accomplish whatever he undertook. He made his way step by step, not by favor or influence, but by what he did. He demonstrated continually that he was the right man in the right place.

At that time the Confederates under General Polk held Columbus, a strong point on the Mississippi River twenty miles below the Ohio, and also controlled the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers; and they were threatening to control the Ohio River by seizing Paducah, a place on its banks in Kentucky.

Grant at once, upon learning of this design, telegraphed to Frémont asking permission to take the place. Receiving no answer, he again telegraphed, saying, "Unless I hear from you to the contrary, I shall move on Paducah at once."

With his usual energy he chartered river boats, got his troops on board, and in the early morning arrived at Paducah, taking possession without firing a gun. It was none too soon, for there was a Confederate force of four thousand men within two hours' march of the town.

It was the first place Grant had ever entered in sole command. Consternation prevailed among its people upon learning that the "Yankees had come." Women and children came to the doors of their houses, pale

and frightened at sight of the invaders of whom they had heard dreadful things.

He at once relieved their fears by the following

PROCLAMATION

To the Citizens of Paducah:

I have come among you, not as an enemy, but as your friend and fellow-citizen; not to injure or annoy you, but to respect and defend the rights of all loyal citizens. An enemy in rebellion against our common government has taken possession of and planted its guns upon the soil of Kentucky and fired upon our flag. Hickman and Columbus are in his hands; he is moving upon your city. I am here to defend you against this enemy, and to assert and maintain the authority and sovereignty of your government and mine. I have nothing to do with opinions. I deal only with armed rebellion and its aiders and abettors. You can pursue your usual avocations without fear or hindrance. The strong arm of the government is here to protect its friends and to punish only its enemies. Whenever it is manifest that you are able to defend yourselves, to maintain the authority of your government and protect the rights of all its loyal citizens, I shall withdraw the forces under my command from your city.

U. S. GRANT.

This proclamation, with the capture of the place, turned the tide of popular opinion against the rebels and saved Kentucky to the Union; it also drew atten-

tion to General Grant. Representative Richardson said in Congress, "I wish that proclamation could be written in letters of gold on the sky, so that everybody might read it." Abraham Lincoln read it and said, "A man who can write like that is fitted to command in the West." This decisive act was an exasperating blow to secessionists in Kentucky.

After providing for the defense of Paducah and leaving a proper garrison, Grant returned to Cairo.

New troops from the Northwest were now pouring in. These were undisciplined and had to be organized and drilled. As Buell and other generals had with them nearly all the educated military officers, this work was not the least with which Grant had at this time to contend. The new recruits had to be taught their duties before they could be of use.

By the first of November he had about twenty thousand men who were fairly organized and drilled and who were eager to fight. Some of the most ambitious among them feared that the war would be over before they got a chance to win sufficient glory to make them successful candidates for political office.

Grant had several times requested of Frémont permission to take Columbus, but had been refused. About this time, however, General Frémont, who had taken the field to fight the enemy under General Price, ordered Grant to make a diversion to prevent the enemy from sending help to Price. Movements were in progress for this purpose, when it became apparent that the Confederates at Columbus were preparing to send soldiers to Price, and Grant determined to stop

them. After sending Colonel Oglesby with a force sufficient to hold in check three thousand men who were reported as being about fifty miles southwest from Cairo, he completed his preparations for a move.

With about three thousand men on river boats, under protection of gunboats, he started. It had not been his intention at this time to attack, but simply to alarm the Confederates by his movement on the river. While on his way, however, he received information that determined him to break up the Confederate camp at Belmont, opposite Columbus.

To make the situation clear it is necessary to explain that the Confederates had surrounded Columbus with strong fortifications, in order to close the navigation of the Mississippi River from the north and to make themselves masters of the locality. Powerful artillery commanded every point of the river's course, and the place was considered by them impregnable — a Gibraltar. On the opposite bank was Belmont, which Grant had resolved to attack.

On the morning of the 7th of November, 1861, he landed his men in front of a cornfield, three miles below Belmont, at a place called Hunter's Point. To assist the gunboats in protecting the transports in which they had come, he stationed one of his regiments in a hollow, where he instructed them to remain until further orders. Grant, at that time, had no staff officer that he dared to intrust with placing these men, so he did it himself. About eight o'clock in the morning he began his advance on the rebel camp. After marching about a mile he deployed skirmishers, who

soon encountered the enemy advancing boldly to meet them.

The fight was sharp. Grant's horse was shot from under him, but he got another and kept up with the advance fighting line. For three hours the fight continued. Grant was at every part of the line directing and urging his men. The enemy broke and were pursued so hotly that, panic-stricken, they abandoned their camp and took refuge from sight and shot under the river banks. The Union soldiers, who had never been in battle before, behaved like veterans and Grant was pleased with them. But their victory demoralized them, as success often does raw soldiers. They were frantic with joy and began shouting and singing and plundering the rebel camp instead of summoning the Confederates, who were cowering under the river banks, to surrender. Some of the officers rode among the men making patriotic or self-glorifying speeches.

Grant saw the gray lines forming on the opposite shore and knew that the batteries of Columbus would open on him as soon as they could tell which were their own soldiers and which the enemy. He rode among his men, ordering them into line, saying to his officers, "We must get out of here"; but they were too disorganized to obey. Grant ordered the camp to be set on fire and when the flames rolled up the Confederates at Columbus opened fire on the camp with their heavy artillery. Meanwhile the rebels under the river banks, seeing that they were not called upon to surrender, had got between the Union men and their transports and gunboats. Then the cry came from

Grant's soldiers, "We are surrounded; we've got to surrender." "I think not," said Grant. "We cut our way in, and I guess we can cut our way out!"

These decisive words produced an instantaneous effect. The Union lines were speedily re-formed, skirmishers thrown out, and the blue line again advanced, driving before them the rebels, who were too demoralized to fight bravely and were soon scattered in flight.

The Union wounded had been carried to some houses near the transports and, after ordering these carried on board, Grant rode out alone to withdraw the guard which he had established over the approach to his transports. He had seen the enemy crossing from Columbus and feared they might attack his men while they were getting on board of the boats. He was astonished to find that every man of the guard he had left there was gone. He rode back, found the officer and sternly ordered him and his men back to the position they had deserted; but soon finding, however, that there was not time to get the men together, he rode out alone, as a rear guard and to observe the movements of the enemy.

The cornfield through which he rode was so thick and high that it shielded him from observation. Seeing a large party of Confederates marching in that direction, he hurried back to the transports. With that command of a horse for which he was noted he drove his horse to the steep banks of the river, for there was no path, and the horse, who seemed to take in the situation, doubled his hind legs under him and slid

down the bank. The boat had pushed off from the shore, but the captain stopped it and ran out a plank; over this single plank the horse trotted, fifteen feet, to the boat. For a time Grant had been the only Union soldier on shore between the transports and the enemy.

Before Grant was aboard the boat the Confederates had opened fire on the transports; but the river was low and the men on the upper decks were below the banks of the river, so the fire of the Confederates did but little harm. One of their shot, however, entered the cabin and struck a spot where Grant had been lying but a moment before. The gunboats now opened fire on the enemy and as they were in a favorable position did great execution.

The loss to the enemy, according to their official report, was much larger than that of the Union army. The object for which the battle was fought, that of preventing the Confederates from sending troops to Price, was fully accomplished, though the Confederates claimed it as a victory. Grant had attacked with only about two thousand five hundred men and the Confederates had more than that behind their defenses at Belmont. If the battle had not been fought Colonel Oglesby, who had been sent southwest from Cairo, would have been captured with his three thousand men.

This engagement had one important effect on Grant's little army. It taught them the value of discipline, and especially of obedience to orders. You can teach men theories, but they may not see the use until shown by practice.

CHAPTER IX

UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER GRANT

GENERAL GRANT had now begun to receive some recognition. Acquaintances who had once disparaged him began to think that there might be, after all, something in the quiet, unassuming little Grant. His father visited him and gave fatherly advice, saying, "You have got a good position; now let well enough alone."

On the 6th of January, 1862, Grant visited General Halleck, then his department commander, to lay before him his plan for the capture of Fort Henry on the Tennessee River. Halleck gruffly refused to listen to him.

Grant did not, however, give up his purpose. He interested Flag-Officer Foote, and when both joined in urging his plan for the taking of Fort Henry, Halleck finally consented.

One reason for this consent may have been, that Lincoln had become very impatient at the delays of his generals. He had so many soldiers and so few battles to save the Union, that he had proposed to borrow them and try to do something himself. He had just ordered an advance of all the Union armies.

Upon receiving the consent of Halleck, Grant began to move at once. On the 2nd he started his army of fifteen thousand men on transports (steamers) and

Foote, on the 4th, followed with his gunboats to protect and to assist in the fight.

After a reconnoissance, Grant landed his men below the fort, which occupied a bend in the Tennessee River, to march upon the foe. Fort Hindman, on the opposite side of the river, surrendered without firing a shot. Foote's new iron-clad gunboats steamed up to within four hundred feet of the fort and opened fire with all their guns. Confederate General Tilghman, in command of the fort, hauled down his flag and surrendered and Grant moved in and took possession.

He at once reported to Halleck, "Fort Henry is ours," adding with a confidence not before shown by any Union general, "I shall take and destroy Fort Donelson on the 8th."

Fort Donelson was on the Cumberland River within about a twelve-mile march of Fort Henry. When this dispatch was sent the weather was fine; but a great storm rising, flooding the roads between the two rivers, he could not make such a swift march as he had anticipated. While infantry might move, the roads were impassable to artillery.

Confident and alert, on the morning of the 12th Grant moved out from Fort Henry, to meet an enemy of nearly twenty thousand men behind strong defenses. The weather was springlike and balmy. His men, unaccustomed to marching with heavy knapsacks, sweated and toiled over the roads, throwing away blankets and overcoats, as raw soldiers will. At noon they were within two miles of the enemy and began closing relentlessly around Fort Donelson.

While Grant was directing this investment of the enemy, he received an order from General Halleck to "strengthen the land side of Fort Henry and transfer guns to resist a land attack." This illustrates the timidity of many Union generals, when compared with Grant's indomitable courage and confidence.

To understand the merits of his final victory, the conditions under which the battle began must be mentioned. The little army of fifteen thousand men under Grant were raw soldiers; only those that had been with him at Belmont had ever been in battle. Fort Donelson was very strong. It occupied the end of a high ridge, protected by Hickman Creek on the left and the Cumberland River in the rear. Seventeen heavy guns were mounted on this fort, and there were thirty-eight field pieces of artillery for general defense. Around this, in semicircular form, was a three-mile line of rifle pits and intrenchments, protected from approach by abattis (fallen trees with the branches pointing outward) supplemented by dense tangled woods; and behind these defenses were twenty thousand men. One man behind breastworks is reckoned as being equal to five men attacking from outside.

Think, then, of the confidence and courage of Grant, beginning the investment of this stronghold with an army of only fifteen thousand!

At the gray of dawn on the 13th Grant's little army moves into position. Sharpshooters seek places in tree-tops, or behind rocks or ridges, within long rifle range, to shoot, annoy, and hinder the enemy. Skir-

mishers advance to find out where the enemy is lurking. Behind them the Union batteries follow to find good positions from which to reach the enemy with shot and shell. Behind these the infantry regiments with colors flying move into place. The sharp crack of the sharpshooters' rifles now begins. The pop, pop, pop, of the skirmishers is heard; then one battery after another opens fire on the enemy.

Along the line, from point to point, rides the indomitable but quiet general. He likes to see things for himself. He gave his orders in conversational tones. His aides were little more than messengers for conveying his orders to distant points. There was no military splendor about his dress; he wore a battered hat, his trousers were tucked in his boots, and none of his soldiers were more muddy than he. His horse was always a good one; it was his one luxury. General C. F. Smith, an old soldier, commanded the left of the Union line. McClernand's division partially encircled the right; he had not men enough, however, to encircle the enemy from the river, and it was Grant's design to capture the Confederate army as well as his defenses. The Union line was, at best, a slender one.

On the afternoon of the 13th, while the army under Grant was taking positions around the Confederate intrenchments, the thermometer went down, a winter storm of rain and snow and sleet set in, and a bitter northwest wind made the poor soldiers who had thrown away their blankets and overcoats on the march, regret their folly. But a common thought and

courage animated the little army. They were in the flush of an exalted heroism, which makes raw soldiers the equal of veterans. It was this spirit that helped them undauntedly to face cold, hunger, and storm, as well as the enemy.

A terrible night followed; no fires could be permitted, as it would discover to the enemy their locations and draw the fire of their guns. They had no tents, and lay on the bare ground, shivering with cold, during the long, bitter night.

Up to this time there had been but little fighting. During the night Foote's fleet of gunboats steamed up the river, and with the dawn Grant confidently ordered the attack to begin. The plan of the battle was for the troops to hold the enemy within his lines and, if possible, the navy was to dismount and silence the artillery.

Foote steamed to within four hundred yards of the rebel fort and, holding his boats in the swift current, opened a terrific fire upon the fort. The fort bravely answered. For an hour and a half the rain of shot and shell continued. The enemy's fire was slackening, when suddenly two of Foote's gunboats were disabled, Foote himself was wounded, and the fleet dropped down stream out of range of the Confederate fire.

Grant had been observing the attack from the shore, and saw that it had failed. The situation did not look favorable, but his confidence did not falter. The enemy were jubilant and telegraphed to Jefferson Davis that they had won a great victory.

Meanwhile, Lew Wallace with two thousand five hundred men had come from Fort Henry to take part in the fight. He was put in the center, between McClermand and Smith. This enabled the former to extend his line of men to the river.

During the day there was but little actual fighting of the land forces except an attempt by General McClermand to capture a rebel battery that had been annoying him. He made this attack without orders, and failed to capture the enemy's guns.

The sun went down on the night of the 14th, leaving the little army under Grant with a gloomy outlook. The attack of the navy had failed, and the intrepid general was debating with himself if it were not best to bring up tents and begin intrenching for a siege.

Early on the morning of the 15th he got a note from Foote requesting to see him on board of his flagship, saying he had been injured in the fight of the previous day and could not come himself.

Up to this time, though there had been a constant exchange of shot and shell, there had been no fighting of infantry in line. This was soon changed. The chances for success against the outnumbering foe would have looked doubtful to a veteran soldier.

While Grant was absent, the enemy massed ten thousand men on the thin lines of the Union right. The reveille was just sounding. Not a company of McClermand's men had fallen into line. Suddenly there were shots from his pickets, who fired and fled. Regiments formed; mounted officers summoned their men with loud commands; there was a sharp crack of

rifles and volleys, and the woods rang with the crash of musketry. The attack at first fell on Oglesby's men on the extreme Union right, but he stood fast. The Confederate cavalry was trying to get in their rear, but they clung to their ground. Then the attack became general on the right. The clangor of muskets rang through the forest like ten thousand boilers being pounded by a million of steel rods. Men fell by the scores. John A. Logan, raging like a lion, held his regiment in line till it could endure no longer and gave way.

Hard pressed, McClernand sent to Lew Wallace for help. His soldiers had clung to their colors, but were disorganized and were falling back. In the midst of the confusion an officer rode down the road, shouting "All is lost; save yourselves!"

General Grant, returning from the interview with Foote, was met by one of his staff, white with fear and excitement, who told him of the disaster that had befallen the right wing of his army.

Grant rode forward to the scene, cool and self-possessed. When he reached Wallace and McClernand they confirmed and explained the intelligence that he had already received. There was no doubt but that he understood the full significance of the repulse and disaster. It was a new test of his courage and ability to command men. At the intelligence his face slightly flushed and his hand tightened on some papers which he held. Then, in his ordinary calm, level tones, he said: "The position must be retaken. Retire your

men to the heights and intrench. I will order an attack on the left." And then he rode away.

Finding some of his men were talking excitedly, he reined up and listened. "These rebs," said one, "are going to put up a big all-day fight; they have got their knapsacks full of rations!" "Bring one to me," said the general. He examined it, and said decisively, "The enemy are trying to escape! Fill up your cartridge boxes and get into line!" This he repeated to officers and men as he rode to the left.

To Colonel Webster of his staff he said, "Some of our men are badly shaken, but the Confederates must be more so; for they have tried to cut their way out. If we can attack before they distribute their forces the day is ours."

He hurried to the left and gave instructions to the veteran General Smith to assault as a diversion in aid of the assault about to be made on the right.

General Smith threw out a heavy line of skirmishers and, forming his lines, advanced. The enemy, on account of the ground, could concentrate a double fire on the advancing column. General Smith, erect and soldierly, rode at the head of his men as though on parade. One of his men afterwards said, "I was weak in the knees and scared out of my boots; but I saw the General with his white mustache over his shoulder, and I went on!" They left a trail of dead behind them. When his men faltered before the murderous fire, the general put his cap on the point of his sword, exclaiming: "No flinching! Come on, men!

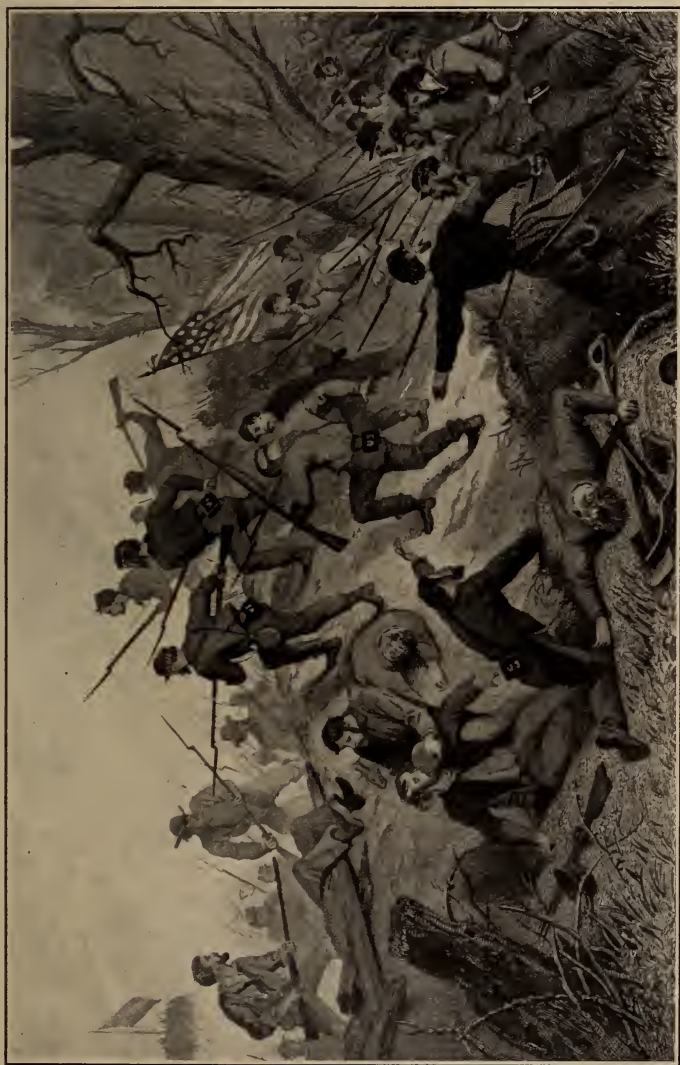
Here's the way!" Up the hill he rode amid shriek of shot and bullets. His men tore away the abattis and swarmed up the fort. Four regiments planted their colors upon the breastworks, while the enemy scrambled out and ran. All efforts to dislodge our men failed.

On the right the Union soldiers had re-formed their lines. On learning of the success of the attack, just detailed, on the left under General Smith, Grant ordered an advance by Lew Wallace and McClelland on the right. This order was executed and, by night-fall, the ground lost to the enemy in the morning was regained.

The Confederates, finding that the Union army had not only retaken the ground lost in the morning but had advanced their lines beyond, were cowed and disheartened.

Another morning dawned; the Union army was forming for a final attack, when a single bugle rang out and a flag of truce appeared. The Confederates during the night had met in council and decided to surrender.

Floyd, who was first in command, was under an indictment at Washington for complicity in an embezzlement of public funds. As Secretary of War under Buchanan he had traitorously sent arms from Northern arsenals to the South, and had so distributed the army that they would be of little use in case of war. He feared to surrender, so he resigned his command to General Pillow and, during the night, escaped with his Virginia regiment across the river. Pillow



THE CHARGE ON FORT DONELSON.

in turn resigned and got away, leaving General Buckner in command.

While the Union army was preparing for a final assault, a note came from General Buckner proposing an armistice and the appointment of commissioners to make terms of surrender.

General Grant's reply was: "No terms except immediate unconditional surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works."

The rebel general returned a reply, accepting what he termed the "unchivalrous terms."

That day General Grant reported to Halleck, "We have taken Fort Donelson and from 12,000 to 15,000 prisoners, including Generals Buckner and Bushrod Johnson; also about 20,000 stands of arms, forty-eight pieces of artillery, seventeen heavy guns, from 2,000 to 4,000 horses, and a large quantity of commissary stores."

This victory was a staggering blow to the Confederates and its moral effect on the Union cause was immense. When the news flashed over the land many considered it the downfall of the Confederacy. They began to inquire, "Who is this general who fights and wins great battles?"

There was at this time a certain amount of jealousy among Grant's superiors. Halleck claimed credit for the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson, while McClelland claimed that he had done most of the fighting. Halleck thanked every one concerned except Grant for the victory.

Secretary of War Stanton, however, saw clearly

where the credit belonged. He wrote a letter to Horace Greeley, saying: "The glory of our recent victories belongs to the brave officers and soldiers that fought the battles. No share belongs to me. What, under the blessing of Providence, I conceive to be the true organization of victory and military combination to end the war was declared in a few words by General Grant's message to General Buckner, 'I propose to move immediately on your works.'"

In spite of detractors, this letter fixed the fame of "Unconditional Surrender Grant" in the minds of the public; though, as we have seen, Halleck, in maneuvering for fame, gave credit to all concerned but the real general who had achieved the great results by his indomitable spirit. He sent congratulations to Commodore Foote and to General Hunter in Kansas; had asked Stanton to make General Smith a major-general; but had not sent one word of congratulations to the real hero who planned and fought the battle, and gained the victory.

He possibly believed that it meant the end of the rebellion, as many did at that time, and did not want Grant to become a national hero. That he claimed the lion's share of this great victory, the plans for which he had reluctantly consented to, is shown by the telegraph dispatch which he sent to Washington, "Give me command in the West. I ask this in return for Forts Henry and Donelson."

Grant was made a major-general, for the Secretary of War and the President were not blind to Grant's part in the triumph of our arms.

CHAPTER X

THE BATTLE OF SHILOH

THE fall of Donelson gave to the Union full possession of the Tennessee River, and divided the armies of Johnston and Beauregard. At one blow their network of strategy had been broken. Grant believed that this opened the way for the advance of the Union armies all over the Southwest. His opinion, as expressed in after years, was, that if a general who would have taken the responsibility had been in command of all the troops west of the Alleghenies, he could have marched to Chattanooga, Corinth, Memphis, and Vicksburg with the troops we then had.

In his eagerness to take advantage of the divided Confederates, Grant telegraphed to Halleck that, if not ordered to the contrary, he would go to Nashville, whither he had just sent General Nelson with his troops to meet General Buell, who was marching on that city from the east. Upon this Halleck charged Grant with absence from his command without leave and virtually placed him under arrest by the order: "You will place General Smith in command and remain at Fort Henry. Why do you not obey my orders to report strength and position of your command?"

Grant, deeply hurt, replied: "I have averaged

writing more than once a day since leaving Cairo to keep you informed of my position, and it is no fault of mine if you have not received my letters. Believing that there are enemies between you and myself who are trying to impair my usefulness, I respectfully ask to be relieved from further duty in the department." In reply General Halleck repeated that Grant had not stated the number and position of his command. Grant in reply wrote: "You had a better chance of knowing my strength while surrounding Donelson than I had. Troops were reporting daily by your orders. . . . I renew my application to be relieved from further duty."

On March 11th, General Halleck got the prize that he desired, the command of the Western armies. His ambition had been gratified.

Lincoln's keen eye was, however, observant of the fact that the man who had won the most substantial victory in the West was under arrest, and kept from duty. He ordered an investigation.

Halleck at once changed front. Was it because *he* feared an investigation that he wrote to General Grant, "You cannot be relieved of your command. . . . I wish you, as soon as your new army is in the field, to assume the immediate command and lead it to new victories"? He hastened then to write to the War Department: "Grant has made the proper explanations and has been directed to resume his command in the field. There has never been any want of military subordination on the part of General Grant." Grant was grateful, for he did not know

that Lincoln had ordered an inquiry before Halleck had changed his mind. Thus ended for a time the attempt of General Halleck to subordinate Grant and to destroy his reputation and his usefulness.

On the 11th of March, Grant took command of his army. Finding two of its divisions at Savannah, and three at Pittsburg Landing, nine miles apart and divided by a river, he hastened to unite them at Pittsburg Landing. General Smith, Grant's predecessor, had selected this place, not as a battle ground, but as a convenient point from which to attack Corinth, twenty miles from Pittsburg Landing. It was Grant's custom to spend the day at Pittsburg Landing and return at night to Savannah, where he expected to meet General Buell, who was within a few days' march of that place.

The armies under Beauregard and Johnston that had been almost hopelessly divided by Grant's victory at Donelson, had been united at Corinth. Knowing that Buell was marching to form a junction with Grant's army, they determined to attack him before this could be effected.

On the 5th of April, under command of A. S. Johnston, the Confederates arrived within two miles of the Union army at Pittsburg Landing, and were ready to attack on the coming morning.

The position of Grant's army was, on the whole, well chosen. It lay upon a V-shaped peninsula. The right arm of this V, two or three miles in length, was formed by Snake and Owl Creeks, and its left by the Tennessee River and Lick Creek. The ground within this V was undulating table-land, rising from

the Tennessee about one hundred feet and covered with thick underbrush and tall trees, with here and there a clearing. Along the lower left arm of this V, formed by the Tennessee, the ground is broken into abrupt ravines; while at Lick Creek, which forms its upper part, there is a range of hills sloping toward the battle-field.

The Union army, as I have elsewhere said, was formed across the top of this V-shaped peninsula. Three brigades, under General W. T. Sherman, filled the space between Owl Creek and to and beyond a log building known as Shiloh Church, which stood on a ridge dividing the waters of Snake and Lick Creeks. On Sherman's left was Brigadier-General Prentiss's division of seven regiments, all green men, and one of his regiments was without ammunition (powder and bullets); at the extreme left were three regiments of Sherman's division under Colonel Stuart. In the rear of this first line, and a half a mile from the center, was Major-General McClelland's division, with General Hurlbut's in rear of the left center. In rear of all these was General W. H. L. Wallace.

There were no defenses of any kind. Grant had twice beaten, with equal or inferior numbers, armies behind intrenchments and was, no doubt, inclined to believe that artificial defenses made new men cowardly. He had, however, instructed his engineer to lay out a line of defenses, but that officer reported that they must be made in rear of the encampment, which would be too far away from either creek or

from the Tennessee River to be easily supplied with water; and in battle the water would be in the hands of the enemy. We believe, however, that Grant was over-confident; that he expected to attack rather than be attacked by the enemy.

On the morning of the 5th Grant had written to General Buell from Savannah, five miles on the river from Pittsburg Landing, "Your dispatch received. I will be here to meet you to-morrow." Sherman informed him the same morning, "All quiet along my lines," and a little later, "I do not apprehend anything like an attack on our position." Yet at that very time the Confederate army of 40,000 men was within two miles of the Union army, and ready to strike.

Grant was at breakfast, when he heard the sound of cannonading. His leg and foot were bandaged and in great pain from a sprained ankle, caused by his horse's slipping and falling on him.

"That's cannon," said one of his staff.

"Sounds like it," said Grant, still eating his breakfast.

"Where is it?"

"That's what I am trying to make out," said Grant, listening intently as he ate.

Sending immediate word to Buell that on account of heavy firing at Pittsburg Landing he could not meet him as agreed, but requesting him to hurry his march, he said to his staff, "Gentlemen, it is time we were going." Then, quietly ordering the horses to the boat, he limped painfully to the landing.

He was ashore at the fall of the gang-plank, was helped to his horse, and riding at a break-neck speed was off to the sound of battle.

Let us turn to the scene of the conflict.

A little after 5 o'clock in the morning, the quick pop, pop, pop of the Union pickets' firing told of the advance of the Confederates. The latter soon struck a reconnoitering party, which broke at the first assault of the enemy, but rallied and returned fire while falling back to the main lines of the Union army.

To avoid a deep ravine, the enemy followed the level land on which a road forked, right and left, near Shiloh Church. This brought them to a weak part in our line between Sherman and the right of Prentiss, whose front was formed by one brigade thrown out nearly a mile in advance. There is evidence that Prentiss was rash and over-confident, but none that he was surprised, as has sometimes been said.

With yells and shouts of exultation, the Confederates rushed upon Prentiss's lines and steadily drove them back to their camp. Here the enemy's advance was checked by a line of men drawn up in front of their camp. These, from behind logs and bales of hay, delivered a deadly fire which drove the Confederates back. The desperate nature of the fighting here is shown by the fact that the Sixth Mississippi afterwards reported that they lost three hundred killed and wounded out of an effective force of three hundred and twenty men.

The long roll sounds along the whole line. Sherman's men form, some of them trying to eat morsels

of their breakfast as they adjust their belts and cartridge boxes. With coolness and insight for which he is afterwards known, the general forms his lines to receive the enemy, sending word to McClelland to hurry up his men to fill the gap between his lines and Prentiss. His men are raw recruits and a few regiments break under the terrible fire, but he inspires them by his example and others take their place. The enemy comes on with furious yells and shouts, determined to retrieve the disaster and disgrace of Donelson. Sherman, though wounded, successfully resists the first attack and the enemy have failed in the surprise on which they had counted.

It was about 8 o'clock when Grant, spattered with mud and his horse flecked with foam, rode up, returned Sherman's salute, and said, "How goes the battle, General?" "It has been a very heavy attack, but we have held our own," was his reply.

"I have ordered General Lew Wallace to march to your right."

"I will look out for him; I think we may need him," said the cool old soldier.

Grant rode away to visit Prentiss and other parts of the line of battle on the left.

No pen can describe the conflict of that day. Over muddy roads and the checkerboard-like clearings and tangled thickets and abrupt ravines, the battle raged from morning until darkness fell.

Grant, knowing that the enemy were paying dearly for their successes, rode his lines all day. Wherever the battle was the fiercest, the Union lines wavering,

there was he, advising his generals, rallying and encouraging his men.

Steadily the Union lines, contesting every foot of ground, were pressed back towards the landing. As they were forced slowly back there were yells of attack and answering cheers of defiance. Albert Sidney Johnston, the Confederate general committed the duties of his headquarters to General Beauregard, and led his men.

About 11 o'clock Sherman fell back and took up a position on McClernand's right. His division was reduced, his list of killed and wounded was large, he had lost important positions, and the Confederates had captured some of his artillery; but he had gained precious time. He still rallied his men and held them to the terrible work with iron resolution.

In the afternoon notable incidents occurred. The rebel leader, Albert Sidney Johnston, while leading a charge in person fell, mortally wounded, in front of Hurlbut's division. On the extreme Union left Stewart's brigade bravely held its ground against fierce attacks by superior numbers until two o'clock, but was finally driven back.

By two o'clock Grant began to show anxiety. His men were fighting in independent bodies difficult to bring into order. Lew Wallace had failed him; Buell's expected vanguard had not arrived.

Grant had instructed Prentiss and General W. H. L. Wallace, who held an important position on the Union left, to hold their ground at all hazards. But the forces on their right and left were driven back,



GENERAL GRANT AT SHILOH.

leaving their flanks exposed. The enemy charged, enveloped, and partially surrounded them. Wallace was wounded and Prentiss, with his two shattered divisions of 2,200 men was taken prisoner. It was past 5 o'clock in the afternoon of the long and bloody day. The gap left open by the capture of Prentiss seemed irreparable. The Union army was now a mile and more from where their lines were formed in the morning.

Along the last line of hills that terminate with the river, a park of artillery had been landed. The ridge is nearly at right angles with the Tennessee River. Colonel Webster of Grant's staff got together artillerymen and put them in charge of these guns. Here the Union army rested, their front protected by a ravine which could be swept by a cross fire from the gunboats. This checked the enemy until darkness. Wallace and Buell came. The day was saved. It had tested the manhood of both armies. Southern dash had been met by Northern endurance and pluck.

Surprise has since been expressed by many that an army, the most of whom had never been in battle, should have fought so tenaciously and long, with such slightly connected formations, and in many cases in disorder. But they do not sufficiently estimate the miracle of confidence and courage that Grant's presence gave to the fighting line that day. It was the man, his faith in his cause and in final victory, that infused confidence and courage into every part of the Union line. His determined persistency in the face of the terrible difficulties is expressed by an anecdote

which, whether it be true or not, shows his grim determination. It is said that upon his arrival General Buell said, "General, what arrangements have you made for retreat in case of your defeat?"

"There are the transports," said Grant, with a gesture towards them.

"They won't carry more than ten thousand men," replied Buell.

"They will be all that's needed if I am whipped," he is said to have replied.

A newspaper correspondent who was one of Grant's critics says: "The tremendous roar of battle to the left, momentarily nearer and nearer, told of an effort to cut him off from the river and from retreat. Grant sat his horse, quiet, thoughtful, almost stolid. Said one to him, 'Does not the prospect look gloomy?' 'Not at all,' was the quiet reply. 'They can't force our lines around these batteries to-night,—it is too late. Delays count everything with us. Tomorrow we shall attack them with fresh troops and drive them, of course.'" The correspondent adds, "I was myself a listener to this conversation, and from it I can date the beginning of my belief in Grant's greatness."

Before Beauregard had learned of Buell's arrival he had given orders withdrawing his troops from the fight for the night.

That night the intrepid Union commander slept on some hay thrown down in the mud under a tree. It rained, and the chill of the morning hours caused him to move under the porch of a log hut in which

wounded men had taken refuge. The sound of their cries and moans were more terrible for him to bear than the rain and the cold and he moved back to the protection of the tree again. Yet this sensitive and gentle man, who could not endure the cries of wounded men or the sight of blood, or even to see a dumb beast abused, could order columns of men reluctantly to the attack for the country he loved.

Morning came and Grant, anxious for the attack, ordered every division to move up to the battle line. His voice was calm and his whole aspect breathed of confidence and courage. Where ordinary men would have planned to save themselves from further defeat, he was planning for victory.

Buell's fresh men came up. The enemy, outnumbered, fell back fighting, and at last retreated. The battle of Shiloh was over. The Confederates, who began the battle with such assurance of victory, were defeated.

A new kind of commander had appeared; a man who fought almost against hope, and won victory in the face of despair.

CHAPTER XI

GRANT IN COMMAND OF THE DEPARTMENT OF TENNESSEE

THE victory of Shiloh, like all great victories in war, left its sting as well as its sweets. The triumph of the Union arms upon that field cost a terrible sacrifice in human life; at many a hearthstone, North and South, there sat a Rachel weeping because her children were not. The nation was now beginning dimly to realize that the path to national triumph, for the restoration of the Union, must be a bloody one. Grant, who had at first thought the war would be short and sharp, but decisive, also realized after Shiloh, that it was to be long and sanguinary.

Grant became the storm center when this conclusion was gradually reached by all classes. He was both abused and praised for his part in that victory. There was a class of men at the North at work as allies of the enemy, who took every occasion to discourage the vigorous prosecution of the war. That part of the press sympathizing with this disloyal element, execrated him as a butcher, reckless of human life and suffering. Few knew that with all his iron resolution, he was a man of singular gentleness. General Buell, accused of purposely delaying his arrival at Shiloh, hinted at Grant's demoralization and

failure. Among other things Grant was accused of drunkenness. Lincoln, who saw more clearly than most men, was urged to remove him. He is said to have replied:—

“No; I can’t spare Grant; he fights.” When they brought to Lincoln’s notice the accusation that Grant was a drunkard, he knew that a man with such habits could not command men as Grant had, and in his humorous manner of exposing a sham or falsehood inquired:—

“What kind of liquor does that Grant use?”

“What do you want to know for?”

“I want to send some of the brand to the rest of my generals to see if it will make them fight like Grant!”

Grant, on his part, showed that he had learned a valuable lesson in war. He reported to Halleck that the enemy was again gathering in large numbers at Corinth and added, “I do not like to suggest, but it appears to me it would be demoralizing to our troops here to be forced to retire upon the opposite side of the river, and unsafe to remain on this side many weeks without large reinforcements.”

Halleck resolved to take the field in person to show how victories should be won, and gathered together an army of over a hundred thousand men. Grant was given command of the Army of the Tennessee, which formed the right wing of Buell’s great army. But though he commanded the Army of the Tennessee in name, he really had no command. Every suggestion he made was ignored.

At last Halleck was ready for his grand advance against the Confederate army at Corinth. He moved slowly. To use the words of Sherman, an army of a hundred thousand bayonets "advanced with pick and shovel." With amusing caution, Halleck threw up intrenchments as he advanced slowly to Corinth, his instructions to Grant and to his other generals being to avoid any general engagement until reinforcements arrived.

Grant was fretted by this foolish caution and snail pace. He said: "If I were in command I would push on and win; I believe in an aggressive campaign."

Halleck was thirty-seven days marching twenty miles! He wanted reinforcements, for he was going to fight a great battle. Grant believed the Confederates were leisurely leaving Corinth with all their stores and munitions of war. Finally, Halleck reached Corinth and took possession of an abandoned city with its empty rifle pits and warehouses, without an enemy in sight! He covered his chagrin with brave words, but his officers and soldiers laughed in their sleeves.

Mr. Lincoln and the Secretary of War began to have suspicions of the real fact, that Halleck was an office soldier and that his genius fell quite short of his lofty pretensions.

Grant's position had, meanwhile, become unbearable. Orders were given to the army he commanded without consulting him, and the officers at headquarters turned their backs on him. Determined to

throw up his command, he obtained permission to visit Washington.

Sherman recognized Grant's great qualities as a soldier and hearing that he was going to leave, hastened to his headquarters. He was dismayed to find him striking tents and packing his baggage ready to go.

"What does this mean, Grant?"

"I am going to leave."

"Blame it! Don't you know when you are well off, Grant?" said Sherman. "This Western army is yours; the men know you and you know them. Stop right here. Halleck is going to leave for the East soon." General Grant saw the wisdom of his friend's advice and stayed.

On the 10th of June, Halleck restored Grant to his separate command and allowed him to move his headquarters to Memphis. He still continued to play second to Halleck's first, but he was free from other annoying humiliations.

Halleck finally went East, as Sherman had predicted. He was given the office of commander-in-chief in name, but in reality was the chief-of-staff, or military adviser to the President.

Grant was placed in command of the "Army of the Tennessee" again, with his headquarters at Corinth, but the huge army of 120,000 men which Halleck had gathered together was dispersed by him to various parts. Grant believed they should be held together for united action against the enemy in an aggressive campaign.

Grant had now the difficult task of guarding the territory acquired by the fall of Corinth without sufficient men to protect its different points; a long line to protect against a vigilant and active foe. He was in a country, you must understand, where the people were unfriendly to the Union cause, who constantly gave help and information to the enemy. On the other hand, Grant was obliged to get his information through his scouts, or by advancing in force with cavalry or infantry, or by questioning prisoners captured from the enemy. In an enemy's country, where the people are hostile, as they were there, spies and the cavalry were its eyes. The Confederates had eyes wherever there was a citizen.

The Confederate generals, Price and Van Dorn, were in Grant's front, one on his right and the other on his left. In the middle of September they attempted to join their forces, for the purpose of attacking the Union army. In order to form this junction of their forces, Price seized a little village twenty-one miles southeast from Corinth, called Iuka.

Grant, to prevent the junction of the forces of the foe, acted with his usual promptness and energy. He ordered General Rosecrans and General Ord, each of whom had about 8,500 men, to make an attack on opposite sides of the town at the same time. This concerted movement failed. Rosecrans was furiously attacked when two miles south of the town, but Ord, owing to a strong north wind, did not hear the sound of the conflict, and hence did not attack in time to call off the attention of the enemy. He

received the news during the night, however, but reached Iuka to find that the Confederates had escaped. They finally succeeded in passing around the rear of Rosecrans and joined Van Dorn, in the latter part of December.

Grant soon found that another attack was to be expected, this time on Corinth. Rosecrans held the place at this time with about 23,000 men. Ord was at Bolivar with about 12,000, and there were a few men at Grant's headquarters at Jackson.

General Van Dorn commanded the Confederate army of about 22,000 men. His plan was to attack the Union army under Rosecrans, cut them off, then turn upon Ord at Bolivar and upon Grant's headquarters at Jackson, then to overrun West Tennessee and establish communications with Bragg.

October the 3d he attacked Rosecrans at Corinth, and forced him back into his inner defenses. That night the enemy went into bivouac within a short distance of the Union men. They were jubilant. They expected with the dawn to begin the fight and achieve an easy victory.

But their plans failed. Their attack was without that unity which is needful for success. They fought, however, with great bravery and forced the Union troops back into the city, but were here brought under the fire of the Union artillery and were compelled to get out with terrible loss. The battle did not last long; but Rosecrans took 2,263 prisoners and reported that the enemy's killed was 1,423. He failed, however, to follow Grant's in-

structions, twice repeated, to follow up the enemy at once. The Union loss had been but about one-half that of the enemy, and their demoralization was less, as they had fought from behind breastworks.

Though Grant had repeated his order, after the battle began, to start after the beaten and retreating enemy at once, Rosecrans rested until noon of the 4th, and when finally started in pursuit, took the wrong road.

Grant knew that under such circumstances of delay, Rosecrans would meet a larger force than his own, for the enemy had had time to get reinforcements. So he ordered the pursuit to be discontinued. He was much dissatisfied with Rosecrans for not obeying his orders, but gave him praise for the fighting he had done.

He had directed the battle that had resulted in the enemy's defeat, but felt that he had not reaped the full fruits of it by reason of Rosecrans' failure to obey his instructions. President Lincoln wrote him a letter of congratulation, and once more popular attention was turned to the soldier who had won decisive victories in the West.

This battle, with other movements, was important in preventing the Confederates from uniting with General Bragg's army, and Tennessee was, for a time, safe from similar attacks. This defeat of the enemy was a much more important event than was realized at the North.

Jefferson Davis, on account of Van Dorn's failure, appointed J. C. Pemberton a lieutenant-general, and

placed him in command at Jackson on the 14th of October, 1862. This was the same Pemberton whom we have mentioned in preceding pages as a lieutenant in the Mexican War.

In October, Grant was appointed to command the "Department of Tennessee." He began his duties under favorable circumstances. The enemy had been defeated, his own troops were in excellent condition and recruited by new men. He desired to move against the enemy by making an advance through the state of Mississippi, in the rear of Vicksburg. He suggested to Halleck that all the railroads about Corinth be destroyed and an advance made with his army southward from Grand Junction along the east banks of the Yazoo River.

General Halleck gave his approval, and on the 4th of November Grant began his movement, with his army well officered and equipped. They were accustomed to camp life and believed in their general. It was an army that he had fashioned with his own hands and had led to victory.

CHAPTER XII

TRYING TO REACH VICKSBURG

VICKSBURG, occupying as it did the first high land near the Mississippi River below Memphis, was of first importance to the Confederates. Standing upon an almost inaccessible plateau, two hundred feet above the river, it was surrounded by a vast network of bayous and marshes, and rendered almost impregnable by formidable artificial and natural defenses.

If my young readers will take down their maps they will see that Grant, by his victories at Forts Henry and Donelson, had cleared that river of the enemy from the head waters as far as Vicksburg. The capture of New Orleans, meanwhile, had given to the Union the mouth of the river; but the Confederates still held all that lay between Vicksburg and Port Hudson, a distance of nearly two hundred miles. This gave them free access to the territory west of the river, with the great army supplies of Louisiana and Texas. It also gave them about their only remaining communications with the outside world.

My readers will understand from this careful statement that Grant was at this time fighting for the undisturbed control of the Mississippi from source to sea.

To give anything but an outline of his first at-

tempt to capture Vicksburg might be tedious and of but little interest to my young readers, consequently a brief description will be given, so that they may in part understand Grant's courage and perseverance under difficulties and trials that well might have discouraged even a strong heart like his; for it is important for them to know that great success does not come to blunderers nor to those without faith and courage.

The plan for his first attempt at opening the Mississippi was as follows: Grant in person was to move from Grand Junction, while Sherman came out from Memphis to join him on the Tallahatchie.

The expedition started as planned. On the 26th of November, 1862, Grant crossed the Tallahatchie, with his cavalry and infantry, Sherman's men following closely, and the enemy falling back as they advanced.

He had reached within eighteen miles of Grenada when he found the difficulty of a further advance so great that he changed his plan, sending Sherman down the Mississippi to the mouth of the Yazoo River to attack Vicksburg, while he coöperated with him. His generosity in assigning to another the more brilliant part of a campaign was characteristic of Grant.

In a week the expedition started. On the 18th of December, Grant received a dispatch from the President expressing the wish that McClelland with his corps should join the expedition, superseding Sherman in command. Grant, though not relishing the

order, at once sent dispatches announcing it to both McClernand and Sherman. Though both of these dispatches were captured, a letter by mail reached McClernand, who at once went to the scene of action and took command.

Placing another officer over his friend Sherman was a bitter mouthful to Grant, but there was justice in Lincoln's command, for McClernand had, with the President's consent, raised thirty thousand men for that service. He was a splendid recruiting officer, though not always obedient to orders nor a skillful general.

Grant, feeding his army by a single line of railroad, and a very poor one at that, began to fear that it would be unsafe for him to advance further into the enemy's country. His fears were soon confirmed when one of his cavalry officers came in with the information that he had crossed the rear of a rebel column moving northward; Grant quickly sprang to his feet, seated himself by the side of his telegraph operator, and began with great rapidity to write orders to all commanders northward to strengthen their posts and hold them at all hazards.

About the 15th the Confederate general Forrest cut Grant's line of communications, while at the same time General Van Dorn, with over three thousand cavalry, passed around his left flank and captured Holly Springs, which was Grant's secondary base of supplies. A negligent and cowardly colonel in command surrendered the place with a million dollars' worth of supplies without firing a gun.

Grant was profoundly alarmed. He was in the enemy's country, with his communications cut two hundred miles away from his base. It was a disheartening blow, and the proper thing for him to do, according to military precedents, was to surrender his army. But Grant was never a stickler for precedents, and danger brought out his wonderful self-reliance and courage. The rebel people that he met were rejoiced.

"How will you feed your army now?" they said.

Their rejoicing turned to sorrow when Grant sent out a swarm of foragers and collected their corn, and wheat, and other food for his army. He was surprised at the ease with which, for ten days, he was able to feed them on the country. He afterwards said, had he known how easy it was to feed an army in this manner, he would not have turned back, but would have gone to Vicksburg by that route. He thoughtfully took note of the circumstance, which afterward bore fruit in his final campaign against the rebel stronghold.

Grant fell back on Holly Springs. It was his first retreat, and as my readers already know that it was a superstition with him, even when a lad, never to turn back when starting for a place, they can imagine that it was painful.

Reaching the Tallahatchie River, he telegraphed to Halleck for permission to join the Mississippi expedition. It was granted and Grant made his preparations to take command in person.

Sherman, meanwhile, was not aware of Grant's re-

treat, and had debarked his army on the east banks of the Yazoo River, on the swampy land at the foot of Walnut Hills. He had counted upon surprising the enemy, but was disappointed; the enemy were fully aware of their danger and were prepared to receive him.

As he advanced over the swampy bottom land at the Walnut Hills, the enemy fled before him to their defenses. The Union troops were soon confronted by muddy bayous, passable in one direction only by narrow levees, and in another by a sand bar, where the foe could shoot them down as fast as they could set foot on it. The levees that had been built to keep out the Mississippi from their cornfields proved excellent fortifications to keep out the Union invaders from Vicksburg.

Blair's and De Courcey's brigades attacked the enemy on the right and left. Over tangled abattis of cottonwood, through the quicksands and the freezing waters of the bayou, the brave men advanced, while the enemy met them with death-dealing cannon and rifle shots. They pierced two lines of the enemy's rifle pits and were brought to a halt only by their main works. The attack had failed because it was too much for human endeavor. Sherman had lost 1,176 men in the encounter.

This attack showed him that it was impracticable to capture the citadel in that manner, and he reëmbarked his forces, steaming up the Yazoo, where he tied up at Milliken's Bend. There he found McClelland, who was to supersede him in command.



A MARCH IN THE MUD.

An expedition to Arkansas Post was planned by McClernand and successfully executed and Fort Hindman was captured and destroyed.

For several reasons Grant resolved to take personal command of the expedition against Vicksburg. It was a fortunate decision for him and for his country, since it gave him new honors and wrote upon the pages of history one of the most instructive and brilliant chapters recorded in war.

It was characteristic of him that he spent no time in drilling his raw soldiers, believing that the best discipline they could have was in the field against the enemy.

There is a loop in the Mississippi River, opposite Vicksburg, not unlike a narrow horseshoe, and enclosing a long peninsula like an index finger extended on the left hand, with the rest of its fingers closed. Vicksburg is on the opposite side of the river from this peninsula, opposite the nail of the finger.

In his report Grant said, "I became satisfied that Vicksburg could only be turned from the south side."

His first plan for accomplishing this was to finish an uncompleted canal across the base of this peninsula. This was for the purpose of getting the transports and gunboats down the river without passing the heavy guns of Vicksburg.

General Grant did not have great faith in this plan, but, as the President showed much interest in it, he determined to give it a fair trial.

On the 8th of March, when the canal was almost completed, a sudden rise in the river broke down the

dam which kept out the water at the northern end and flooded, not only the canal, but the peninsula, driving the troops engaged in its construction to the levees for safety. When the flood subsided the water, instead of running swiftly into and through this artificial channel, was stagnant. The work of deepening it was resumed, but the rebel guns on the opposite side of the river had got the range of the working parties and the work was abandoned as a failure.

There was, however, a network of bayous on the west side of the Mississippi, from one of which, known as Lake Providence, Grant tried to open a passage from the Tenas and the Washita, to the mouth of the Red River, and in this way to get in communication with Banks's army and with Farragut's gunboats.

This plan was abandoned for a new plan, which was to open a safe way to below Vicksburg by means of a bayou known as the Yazoo Pass. This for a time, when opened, looked like a success; but the vigilant enemy had established a fort on its shores, on land so low that troops could not be landed for attacking it. Fort Pemberton blocked the way and spoiled the enterprise.

An attempt was then made to turn, or go around, Haines's Bluff on the Yazoo River, fifteen miles above Vicksburg. Just below Haines's Bluff is the mouth of Steel's Bayou, which, connecting with two other bayous, forms a passage to Sunflower. Could our gunboats and transports do this, they might go down the Yazoo, cut off reinforcements to Fort Pemberton, and get behind Vicksburg.

The attempt was made with little steamers and gunboats. But the branches of overhanging trees tore off their smokestacks and pilot-houses, the Confederates obstructed the channel by falling trees and harassed them with artillery and musketry; and finally by felling trees in their rear, made it doubtful if they could return. Sherman's men came to the rescue, but this expedition was also a failure.

Grant's next attempt was to connect New Carthage, thirty-five miles below Vicksburg, with Milliken's Bend, twenty-five miles above; for he had now determined to throw his forces below Vicksburg. This "cut off" for a time looked like a success; but the treacherous Mississippi fell, and another failure was scored.

It was Grant's dark hour. The North was not only anxious but fickle. There was a dark cloud of distrust, from which burst a storm of criticism. His failures, which I have briefly sketched, stirred to activity the enemies of the Union in the North. They raised a clamor to have the war stopped and assailed Grant with bitter invectives and slander. The public dissatisfaction was so great that it found utterance among those nearest the President. The Secretary of the Treasury sent a bitter letter from one of the most loyal Western journalists accusing Grant of gross misconduct, and added his own emphatic demand for Grant's removal. Even Grant's friend, Representative Washburn, almost turned against him. Mr. Lincoln, though sorely pressed, as well as impatient and discouraged, stood by Grant, saying, "No; I like Grant,

and he shall have his chance!" Was ever faith so sorely tried and greatly justified?

Grant heard the clamor, but went about his work with the same patient and untiring industry. His failures only stimulated him to greater efforts. To a friend calling on him he said, in his earnest, half-abstracted manner, as though in answer to his own thoughts as well as a general answer to the public clamor, "Vicksburg can be taken. I shall give my days and nights to it and shall surely take it."

A lady connected with the Sanitary Commission on board of Grant's headquarters boat at the celebration of Washington's birthday gave the following description: "Grant sat, leaning on a table covered with maps, . . . wholly absorbed in contemplating the great work before him. He paid no attention to what was going on about him, neither did any one dare interrupt him. When the company retired we left him there still smoking and thinking."

At one of the social gatherings he gave as a toast, while raising to his lips a glass of Mississippi water, "God gave us Lincoln and Liberty; let us fight for both."

His final plan was to have the gunboats run past the Confederate batteries of Vicksburg in the night, while he marched his army from Milliken's Bend to Grand Gulf on the Mississippi River and landed his army below Vicksburg.

In our next chapter we shall see how he succeeded in this most wonderful military feat.

CHAPTER XIII

MARCHING AND BATTLING FOR VICKSBURG

AT ten o'clock on the night of the 16th of April, 1863, Admiral Porter, with a fleet of seven iron-clads, with river steamers and barges, passed down the Mississippi River. The night was dark and they were not discovered until opposite the town. Then the Confederates kindled bonfires and fired buildings on the river banks, making it light as day. The fleet of iron-clads steamed boldly opposite the enemy, firing their heaviest guns,—under a converging fire from the enemy. But the flames died out and silence followed as the fleet passed below the enemy's gun fire. Though every transport had been struck, only one had been destroyed. The Union gunboats, steamers and barges had passed the dread batteries at Vicksburg, and the first part of Grant's plan was successfully accomplished. In a few days he sent another fleet of six vessels past the Confederate batteries with equal success.

His next move was to march the larger part of his army from Milliken's Bend to a point on the Mississippi below Vicksburg. He first rode over the route he wished his army to pass, and on the 20th of April, 1863, the army began its march from Milliken's Bend to Carthage.

They moved light, only one tent being allowed to each company, one wall tent for each brigade headquarters, and one for each division headquarters.

Grant set an example for his men, carrying no other personal baggage than a tooth brush, and having no better accommodations for sleeping or eating than his private soldiers. Mud-spattered and grimy as any soldier in the ranks, his men loved him for his self-denial, speaking of him affectionately as "the old man."

Grant deeply felt the necessity for victory at this time. The Eastern army had met with humiliating defeats and the people were disheartened. He must give the country successes.

For the task before him he had about 45,000 men. The Confederates, under Pemberton, had about 80,000.

To distract the attention of the enemy from his real purpose, which he had kept as secret as possible, Grant ordered Sherman to make a feint (make-believe attack) on Haines's Bluff at Vicksburg. Sherman, with a great parade of men and blowing of steamboat whistles, made the attack, which alarmed and confused Pemberton.

Grant's next step was to attempt the capture of Grand Gulf with the gunboats. The enemy had strong defenses and a heavy garrison there. Our gunboats attacked, but failed. But the Union gunboats and transports ran the batteries.

Grant, with characteristic decision, lost not a moment in making new preparations, but promptly landed his troops at Hard Times, below Grand Gulf, marched

his men across a narrow peninsula opposite, and reached dry ground. He then sent this message to Halleck in Washington, "The army and transports are now below Grand Gulf. A landing will be effected on the east banks of the river to-morrow. I feel that the battle is now more than half won."

The entire night of the 29th he spent writing, with his own hand, the many and elaborate orders for the movements of his army on the morrow. The next morning two of his army corps landed at Bruinsburg, below Grand Gulf, and McClelland's command was hurried before daylight on its way to Port Gibson. This was a little village from which radiated a number of roads like the spokes from the hub of a wheel and gave the enemy control of the roads to Grand Gulf. If captured, this place would be cut off from the rest of their army and be compelled to surrender their fortifications.

Port Gibson was encircled by rough ravines and tangled underbrush, which greatly assisted the Confederates in its defense. On May 1st McClelland's men began the fight. Grant, borrowing a horse, rode to the scene. He wrote from the field of battle to McPherson, "We are whipping them beautifully; hurry up the troops!" He was so thoroughly absorbed in directing the fight that he forgot himself and sat his horse where the bullets and shot flew so thickly that a regiment near him was ordered into a ravine for protection.

McPherson coming up about noon, he sent him to strike the enemy in the rear; and then, seating him-

self on a log, began writing an order with a borrowed lead pencil, using his slouch hat for a desk. A great clamor of cheers and yells soon being heard in front, Grant looked up, saying, "That's McPherson and his men; he's started the rebels out of that ravine." Though reinforced from Vicksburg, the Confederates were soon whipped and on a retreat to Bayou Pierre, leaving several hundred prisoners behind.

As Grant rode forward on his lean and scraggy borrowed horse, his soldiers gathered around with cheers, clamoring, "A speech, a speech!" Grant replied, "Soldiers, you have done well to-day, but you must do better to-morrow."

The prospects even then to a less determined and confident general would have looked anything but good. Several of his officers, to whom he had confided his plan of campaign, had protested against it, among them Sherman. He had great respect for Sherman and read his protest carefully, and then put it in his pocket without a word.

He was in a hostile country, with a great river in his rear, and the enemy in his front with an army as large, if not larger, than his own. It was a country easy to defend. The roads were mostly on top of ridges, with dense and tangled woods on each side. He had no trains to convey his ammunition or food, and so must obtain these necessities in the country they were to battle over.

After the battle of Port Gibson, McClelland's corps went forward beyond the town, but was brought to a halt by the Bayou Pierre. The bridge over the bayou



GUNBOATS AND MORTAR BOATS ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

had been burned to prevent pursuit. Tearing down buildings and fences for its construction, a new bridge was at once begun. Officers and soldiers labored so earnestly in this work that it was soon finished. Logan with two brigades, without waiting for its construction, pushed forward to Hankerson Ferry over the Big Black River, fifteen miles northeast, and seized that bridge before the enemy could destroy it.

Grant that night rode back to Grand Gulf, abandoned by the enemy. For three nights he had not had his clothes off, had had no tent, had picked up his meals as he could. Now, on board of a gunboat, he got a bath and borrowed a change of clothing. With no other rest he sat down and gave detailed instructions to quartermasters, commissaries, captains of steamers and generals of his army; also for the construction of a road. Then he wrote to Halleck, making an elaborate report of what he had done, and closed by saying: . . . "If all promises as favorable hereafter as it does now . . . (I shall) not stop until Vicksburg is in our possession." He crowded into these few hours an amount of work that is almost beyond belief. Nothing was too minute, nothing too stupendous, for his mind and courage to grasp. Then, after midnight, he mounted his horse and, accompanied by a small escort, rode back to Hankerson Ferry. Here he found his horse and personal baggage had been forwarded to him.

His army remained for four days at this place, receiving reinforcements and supplies from the west side of the Mississippi River.

On the morning of the 7th of May his army began its onward move towards the center of the Confederate lines.

It was his plan, at this time, to keep close to the Big Black River, guarding its ferries so the enemy could not use them; to have McPherson move to Raymond, defeat the enemy, make a dash to the state capital (Jackson), destroy the railroad, telegraph lines, and stores, and then quickly return to the main army.

Early on the 12th, McPherson encountered the foe near Raymond and drove him before him. They retreated, not to Vicksburg, but to Jackson. When Grant heard of this he was with Sherman, seven miles west from the battle ground of Raymond, and at once inferred that the enemy had a force which was being rapidly reinforced at Jackson. With great rapidity he began to countermand former orders, giving detailed instructions for turning the march of his whole army to Jackson. The extraordinary ability of Grant to change his plan to suit circumstances, at a moment's notice, was one of the secrets of his success.

The purpose of this change was to destroy or drive away the enemy from Jackson and destroy their hope of aid to Pemberton, when he (Grant) should begin the siege of Vicksburg. To do this, however, he must uncover his communications.

That my young readers may understand the boldness of such an act, they must know that it is an axiom in war that when an army is advancing into an enemy's country it must have a place in the rear to get its food and other supplies from, and must keep the road to it

so guarded, that intelligence can be sent to and from it. Grant, seeing that to guard his communications would cost him so much in time and men as to defeat his real purpose (the capture of Vicksburg), resolved to have no communications. He must first destroy all hopes of the Confederates of getting aid from Jackson, by destroying their railroads and stores and by defeating or driving away the enemy there. If Grant allowed Johnston time he would soon put Jackson in such a state of defense as to make it impossible, or hard, to capture.

So it was that he turned his whole army towards Jackson, thus having an army as large as his own in his rear and Johnston in his front. He captured the town on the 14th, raised the national flag over the state capitol, burned its storehouses, destroyed a factory which was making cloth for Confederate tents, telegraph wires and railroads, and other things of value to the Confederates. That night General Grant slept in the room that the Confederate General Johnston had occupied the night previous.

While here he learned of the design of the enemy to join their forces and attack him in the rear, and at once determined to forestall him in the movement. With this purpose, he directed McClernand to march his corps to Bolton Station and all his other forces, except Sherman, to rendezvous in that vicinity.

Grant had already assured success to his army by the rapidity of its marches, making his men use their legs instead of their arms, so that fighting was of secondary importance. He felt sure that by these move-

ments he would prevent the junction of Johnston's army with Pemberton.

As the army moved forward it presented a somewhat grotesque appearance. Its vehicles consisted of all kinds of conveyances from an ordinary farm wagon to an aristocratic barouche. Some had only a pair of wheels on which was fastened a large box. The animals were as varied as the carriages. There were horses, mules, oxen, and even sometimes cows, hitched to these carriages, with straw collars, or cotton or tarred ropes, and in some instances by plow harnesses, or occasionally by silver-plated harness. To an aristocratic carriage piled high with ammunition there would be hitched a pair or more of mules. Behind these teams were sheep or cows, while the soldiers were loaded down with hens, chickens, geese, and sometimes parts of the carcasses of sheep or pigs.

Every mill of the country through which they passed was grinding corn for the army. The soldiers enjoyed these grotesque arrangements more than the people. Those that invoke war must expect its consequences.

The enemy was found occupying Champion Hill. The position was well taken; the land was high, enabling them to command with cannon and musketry all the ground within range.

The attack was begun by our skirmishers and, by 11 o'clock, the battle was raging fiercely. Grant sent word for McClelland to attack at once. McClelland, who was on the left, did not get this order until the battle was over, hence his attack was feeble, as he had

previously been told not to bring on an engagement. On the extreme left Logan attacked and moved rapidly around the northern hillside. McPherson attacked the eastern hillside. About two o'clock Hovey, of McPherson's corps, met with a check and was driven back, losing two of eleven guns that they had taken from the enemy. Reinforced with another division, he drove the enemy before him over the hill and down to the Raymond road in disorderly retreat. There had been so little fighting on their left, however, that it was powerful enough to cover the Confederate retreat. The Confederates that had been fighting Logan broke at the same time and retreated across Baker's Creek by a bridge. The whole Confederate army was in disordered flight.

It was the hardest fight of the whole campaign. The Union loss was 2,441 men, of whom 2,254 were killed or wounded. The Confederates lost 3,624 men, of whom 2,195 were prisoners of war. Though not to be compared in losses with many battles, it produced great results.

On the 17th, the pursuit was renewed, with McClelland's corps in advance. The enemy was overtaken at the bridge across the Big Black River, where the fight was short but hot and decisive. The enemy fought from behind rifle pits and in their front was a shallow bayou. The rifle pits being flanked by the Union army, the enemy fled to the bridge, where a large number of prisoners and several pieces of their artillery were captured. Sherman's troops, meanwhile, had crossed the river higher up at Bridgeport

by a pontoon bridge. It was night, but pitch pine torches and fires lit up the scene of crossing. McPherson and McClernand built floating bridges and got across the river early on the morning of the 18th. The needful delay in building them gave the Confederates time to reach their fortifications at Vicksburg, where they regained confidence and courage once more. They hoped that by making a sturdy resistance here, some means would be found to prevent its capture.

The Union army moved forward on Vicksburg at once. As they came in sight of the enemy's defenses, McClernand's corps was sent to the left, Sherman to the right, and McPherson to the center. Sherman and Grant rode together to the Walnut Hills, where they could view the Yazoo River and the steep bluffs that Sherman had vainly assaulted six months before. A great campaign had been brought to a brilliant and successful conclusion. With the possession of Haines's Bluff, Vicksburg could not be held and must ultimately surrender. Since the 30th of May they had fought decisive battles against an enemy more numerous than their own army, and were now about to invest its defenses, behind which was an army as large as their own, with Johnston in its rear.

As the two friends stood on Haines's Bluff, Sherman said to Grant: "Up to this time I have had no positive assurance of success. This is the end of one of the greatest campaigns in history. You should write your report of it at once."

CHAPTER XIV

THE INVESTMENT OF VICKSBURG

THE campaign that was closing has few equals in history. Within nineteen days after landing at Bruinsburg, the Union army had marched nearly two hundred miles, fought five battles, captured five thousand prisoners and ninety pieces of artillery, destroyed stores, telegraph lines and railroads, and that from a foe more numerous than itself.

The enemy was in a vast intrenched position,—its camps describing around the city a semicircle of seven miles or more in extent. Their position was naturally strong, being on a bluff or plateau two hundred feet above the river and nearly two miles in width. The Union army drawn around Vicksburg faced a chaos of deep, almost impassable ravines, the sides of which were steep and difficult to climb. There were roads along the crest of these hills, but they were swept by the cannon and musketry of the enemy. There was also a line of strong forts on the river front to defend it from our gunboats.

Grant felt relief when he had made sure of his base of supplies on the Yazoo River. In going among the men, inspecting with his own eyes the positions, just after their arrival, he overheard a soldier whom he knew, say, "Hard tack." The men near by repeated

the words, and soon all along the line was heard the cry, "Hard tack! hard tack! hard tack!" Grant said to some of them nearest to him, "I am building a road in the rear and you will soon have your hard bread and regular rations." The good news spread and soon cheers were heard all along the line. The men had had enough to eat, but they missed their bread.

When the Confederates found themselves behind their formidable line of works, their confidence began to return. Grant knew that they would be compelled to surrender, without much fighting, but that it would take time. He, as well as his officers and men, believed that the enemy were badly demoralized, and was impatient to capture the place and the enemy at once. They did not like the idea of digging all summer to get them. There were other than military reasons for compelling an early surrender. In the East the Union army had met with bitter defeats. The people were impatient; there were among them those who exulted at every Confederate victory, mourned at every rebel defeat, and were clamoring through their newspapers and speech-makers to have the "War for the Union" stopped. They were for peace on any terms, even at the price of the dissolution of the Union. A great Union victory would stop this dangerous clamor. For these reasons, as well as the fact that he had an enemy in his rear as well as in his front, it was that Grant determined on an immediate attack upon the enemy behind his strong works.

On the morning of the 19th of June there began a crackling conversation of musketry between the op-

posing sharpshooters and skirmishers as they went into position. At two o'clock the attack began. The strength of organized attacks is in their ability to act all together, but the hindering ravines and thickets that obstructed our attack made this impossible. Sherman's corps got close up to the enemy's works, but McPherson's and McClernand's corps were too far in the rear to second properly its efforts. The attack resulted, however, in securing for Grant a safer and nearer position before the enemy's works. The attack had failed; but Grant was determined to make another trial.

The 20th and 21st were spent in strengthening their positions in front of the enemy, and in construction of roads in our rear. The attack was ordered on the 21st. That it might be simultaneous the watches of the several commanders were set by Grant's.

At ten o'clock every gun of the Union artillery began to blaze and thunder. The attack of the three army corps began. A line of men first rushed forward, carrying boards or joists to bridge the ditches of the enemy's works; a column of attack followed, some of the men reaching the outside slopes of the works and planting their colors there. But the enemy, rising in double ranks from behind their intrenchments, poured in a deadly musket fire upon them, driving them into the ditches and sweeping their defenses with a leaden shower of death. When the front ranks of Grant's men reached the enemy's works they were pushed forward by those behind them until they reached the outer slopes of the hostile breastworks.

Exposed to a gun fire from a double line of men, they were soon broken into groups seeking protection behind logs, in the ditches, or wherever protection was afforded from the close-range fire of the enemy. All along the line the battle raged furiously. Desperate deeds of valor were performed. Men dragged field artillery to places where horses could not live for a moment.

An Ohio sergeant of nineteen got into one of the forts after his comrades had all been killed. He found there one Confederate officer with fifteen soldiers. "This fort is too hot for any one to stay here!" he shouted to them. "Come with me!" They all obeyed, and he brought twelve of them into the Union lines; the rest of them were shot while climbing out of the fort.

At the point where this incident occurred, McClermand reported that he had carried two forts. Grant was in a position overlooking the fight and believed that McClermand was deceived. He, however, sent him the reinforcements he had called for. The men went into the fight gallantly, but were driven back. It was another bloody repulse.

On the same night some of our men threw up breast-works within a hundred and forty feet of the enemy's works.

After the battle McClermand published a grandiloquent address to his troops congratulating them at the expense of the rest of the army; and even insinuating that Grant had not properly supported him. Grant might have passed this unnoticed, had he not sent his

proclamation North and had it printed in the newspapers there.

Issuing such an order was, in itself, an act of insubordination not tolerated in an army. Grant had borne with McClelland, who was brave though not prompt to obey orders, patiently for months. So, though he could overlook the personal injustice, he would not allow his brave officers and men to be discredited by such a proclamation. McClelland was therefore relieved from further duty, and his place filled by General Ord.

Two days after the fight a truce was granted by Pemberton to bury the dead and to bring into our lines such wounded Union men as were still uncared for. During the truce the men of the opposing forces talked and joked together with the utmost good nature, and swapped rations, corn bread for hard tack and coffee for tobacco.

The Union soldiers, now convinced that they could not take the town by fighting, went cheerfully to work to "dig them out of their holes," as they termed it. The contesting lines of "Rebs" and "Yanks" were now so close that conversations were carried on between them.

"Hullo, you blue-bellied Yanks, what ar' ye' doing thar?"

"Guarding thirty thousand prisoners and making them board themselves."

"Why don't you Yanks take Vicksburg?"

"Grant hain't got transportation yet to take ye up North."

It leaked out during these conversations, that the Confederates were short of rations. Flour was a thousand dollars a barrel; beef two hundred and fifty dollars a pound in Confederate money; and everything proportionately high in Vicksburg.

"Why don't you come over here, Rebs, and have some decent rations?" said one of Grant's men.

"Why don't you's give it up and go home, Yanks?"

"Oh, we've got to dig you out of here fust."

"'Twill take a right smart long time to do that, Yank."

"Well, we hev concluded to wait till the 4th of July so as to celebrate and gobble you at the same time."

This good-natured though sharp talk showed that there was not much bad feeling between the rank and file of the contending armies.

At the beginning of the siege Grant's army was not large enough properly to encircle Vicksburg. Halleck loyally sent him reinforcements as fast as possible. They were needed. Johnston had a force in his rear of 32,000 men, while the enemy in front had not far from 30,000 more.

The men worked cheerfully at the siege. Negroes, freed by the advance of Grant's army, were hired to do some of the heaviest of the work, and many, for the first time in their lives, got pay for their labor.

All West Point officers were detailed for engineer duty to superintend the construction of offensive works. The men, with Yankee ingenuity, soon learned to make siege material, such as fascines, gabions, and sap-rollers. It may interest my young readers to know

what these are for and how they are made. A gabion is made as follows: A circle two and a half feet in diameter is first made on the ground; around this stakes four feet high are driven into the ground five inches apart; between these stakes willows, grapevines, or any flexible twigs are woven in and out in the same manner that baskets are made. When finished, a gabion resembles a huge rough basket without top or bottom. These were usually carried in the night as near to the enemy as possible and filled with earth, thus acting as a shield from the fire of the enemy. A single man was thus protected; then others could advance in line with it from the rear with other gabions to place beside it, until a long line of earthworks was built. Sap-rollers were made in the same manner, only they were four or five times as long, and were used to roll in front of a party of men, protecting them while advancing toward the enemy. Sometimes during the siege two or more barrels, put head to head and wound with twigs, were used as sap-rollers. Fascines are long bundles of sticks which are put upon the top of earthworks or anywhere they can be used for protection.

The ravines and gullies commanded by the enemy's guns would be bridged with logs or, when it became necessary to cross a gully or ravine, strong breastworks of logs were constructed in the night across them, behind which would be placed riflemen to open fire in the morning.

Grant on foot, dusty and roughly dressed, could be seen daily in the ditches, keenly observant, or with

bowed head in abstracted thought. There was nothing about him but his shoulder straps to invite notice, nothing to invite salutes or cheers. He was gone in most cases before he was recognized. Once during the siege, while his men in front of Logan's division were at work, they were annoyed by the enemy's sharpshooters. Grant, seeing them dodging the shot and showing other indications of fright, seated himself on a pile of rails beside them and whittled at a stick while the bullets flew swiftly around him. The men, encouraged by his example, continued their work without further dodging. A black horse had been presented to him that he had named Jeff Davis. It had been captured on the estate of Jefferson Davis at Carthage. His men declared that he never rode him where bullets were thick for fear he would get hurt, but rode a less valuable horse.

Generally the attitude of the Confederate soldiers within their works was one of curiosity rather than antagonism; quite often an agreement would exist between "Yanks" and "Rebs" not to fire on each other without sufficient notice. These informal truces were seldom violated. On one occasion, in front of Ord's corps, the pickets of the "Rebs" and "Yanks" became intermingled. After some discussion the opposing picket officers arranged their pickets by mutual compromise. The lines were not over ten feet apart. It shows how good-natured they were when I explain that the Confederates by remaining in line could have stopped Grant's soldiers from work by firing an occasional volley.

The men developed, in this work, considerable ingenuity; in one instance a mirror was mounted on a sap-roller by which to make a reconnoissance of a rebel ditch.

At first the artillery of the Union army had been entirely inadequate for the siege. Usually heavy guns are employed in this kind of work. Grant had only his ordinary light field artillery. A few ship-guns were, however, borrowed from the navy of Porter, and cohorn mortars for firing shell were made by shrinking iron bands onto hard wood logs and then boring them.

On the 8th of June Grant was able to report, so speedily had he been reinforced with new regiments: "Vicksburg is closely invested. I have a spare force of about thirty thousand men with which to repel anything from the rear." It shows his confidence, for at this time Johnston's army in his rear was superior in numbers to this force for repelling them.

While Grant was nearing the enemy's works, foot by foot and inch by inch, starvation inside of the town was helping him do his work. When one of their working mules or horses was killed the Confederate soldiers had mule or horse steak, or stew.

Guns were now in position, and twelve miles of trenches were dug. The fruit of all this work and all these battles was ripe enough to be picked, or Vicksburg to be captured.

The Union mines in several places were laid up close to the enemy's works, and on the 25th of June one heavy mine, containing about a ton of powder,

was exploded on the Jackson road. Great masses of earth were hurled by the explosion into the Union lines, and several of the Confederates had been blown into the air and had come down inside of the Union works. Among these was an old darkey who landed alive near General Logan's headquarters and who, until the siege was over, became the general's servant.

Some one asked the old man, "Uncle, how far do you think you went up?"

"Don' know, but tink 'bout tree miles!"

"Did you see anything of the others when you were up there?"

"Fore de Lord, massa," said the old colored man, "when I war goin' up th' rest of dem war coming down."

In from ten to twelve places Grant was now able to put regiments under cover within two hundred yards of the enemy. Mines were all ready to be exploded along the Confederate works.

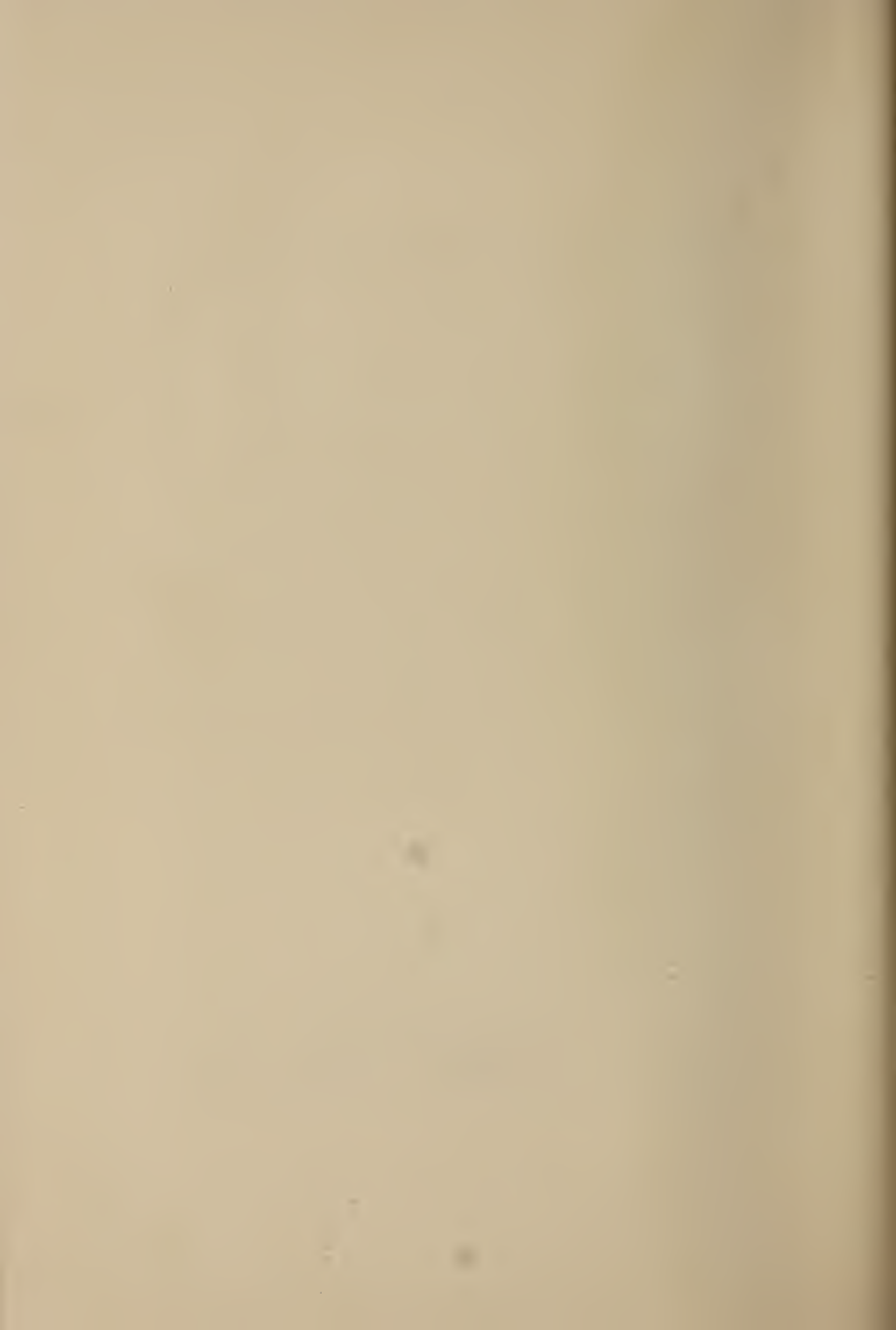
A rebel woman asked Grant, tauntingly, how long before he expected to take Vicksburg.

"I don't know exactly," Grant replied, "but I shall stay here until I do, if it takes thirty years."

At last the enemy was encircled by piles of red earth almost up against their own earthworks, and the Union soldiers were digging beneath the ground. Grant had set the time for the capture of the place. On the 2nd of July word was passed around that the final attack was to be made on the 4th of July. The pickets were told not to make a secret of it in their conversations with the Confederate soldiers.



THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG.



"Hullo, Reb."

"Hullo, Yank; what's goin' on over yan?"

"We are just going for you fellers 4th of July; goin' to pile in and catch the whole caboodle of yer."

"We'uns 'ill have something to say 'bout that, I reckon, Yank."

"Well, say what yer ar' mind to, but yer hav' got to come and git some better rations."

Grant saw the end of the siege approaching and gave orders to Sherman to be ready to march against Johnston's army the moment that Vicksburg surrendered.

CHAPTER XV

THE SURRENDER OF VICKSBURG

ON the morning of the 3d of July General Bowen, an old St. Louis acquaintance of Grant's, was sent by Pemberton to the Union lines under flag of truce, with a letter requesting that commissioners be appointed to arrange terms of capitulation. Grant replied, "My only terms are unconditional surrender." Bowen then requested Grant to meet Pemberton between the two lines. Grant consented.

The meeting took place under a tree, a short distance from the Confederate lines. General Pemberton was accompanied by General Bowen and Colonel Montgomery, Grant by Generals McPherson, Logan, and Smith.

The men of both armies swarmed on the parapets in the keenness of their interest. The flags swayed lazily in the breeze of the sultry summer day. The silence was almost oppressive, as the two generals approached each other and saluted.

"I have come, General," said Pemberton stiffly, "to ascertain what terms you are willing to give in case we surrender."

"The surrender must be unconditional," Grant replied.

"Then this conference might as well terminate

now," said Pemberton haughtily; "I thought you might give more generous terms."

"Very well," said Grant quietly, "my army is in good condition to prosecute the siege."

It was evident that unless something could be done to prolong it the meeting was to terminate without results.

General Bowen suggested that a conference be held between two of the other officers to see if satisfactory terms could be arranged.

Grant said nothing, either in consent or dissent. Smith and Bowen retired for a while by themselves. Grant sat serenely smoking, while Pemberton nervously pulled at the scanty grass.

In a short time the two officers returned. "I suggest," said Bowen, "that our army be allowed to march out of Vicksburg with the honors of war."

"No," said Grant, smiling, "I cannot consent to such terms."

No conclusion was reached; but Grant said at parting: "I will go to my headquarters and write out the terms I will give."

Shortly after Grant sent to Pemberton his ultimatum, which was in substance, "As soon as rolls can be made out and paroles signed by officers and men, you will be allowed to march out of our lines, the officers taking with them their side arms and clothing. . . . The rank and file to take their clothing, but no other property."

Pemberton replied accepting the terms, but requesting that they be allowed to march out with their colors

and arms and stack them outside between the two lines, and that the property of citizens should be respected.

Grant in reply said, "It will be necessary to furnish every officer and man with a parole signed by himself, which will take some time. While I do not propose to cause the citizens any undue annoyance or loss, I cannot consent to leave myself under restraint by stipulations. Should no notification be received of your acceptance of my terms by 9 o'clock, A.M., I shall regard them as having been rejected." These terms were accepted by Pemberton.

The last hostile shot had been fired at Vicksburg. On the morning of the 4th of July, 1863, the soldiers of the Union army thronged the parapets of their works to see the Confederates march out from the city. Silently the wearied, half-starved, brave, but mistaken soldiers of the Confederacy issued from their defenses, stacked their arms in front of the works they had so gallantly defended, piled beside them their belts and cartridge boxes, reverently crowned them with their war-stained colors, and then silently returned to the city, prisoners of war.

It was to the credit of the victors that they obeyed Grant's request that they should do nothing that could humiliate or offend the Confederates. During the two hours while they were stacking their arms not an exulting word was spoken, not a derisive gesture nor look came from the Union soldiers.

When this ceremony was over, Logan's men marched into the city and took possession.

Grant generously went with his staff to call on Pemberton at his headquarters in Vicksburg. He was received with marked rudeness and discourtesy. Pemberton and his staff were seated on a porch, but they neither stood nor offered Grant a seat until they had stiffly conversed for several moments. When Grant requested a drink of water, Pemberton silently pointed to the rear of the house where the negro domestics were. There was no coldness or want of courtesy there. When Grant returned he found his seat occupied and it was not offered to him again. The members of Grant's staff were very angry about this, but he only smiled, and said, "I can stand it if Pemberton can."

The Confederate rank and file exhibited better manners. They appreciated the consideration that had been shown them. The people thronged the sidewalks, while Union and Confederate soldiers walked arm in arm together, swapping knives, sharing each other's rations, and discussing the campaign as though they were comrades instead of enemies that had lately been in deadly conflict. Even the non-combatants, who were usually the hardest to propitiate (especially the women), were civil and courteous. They showed the Union soldiers many things of interest connected with the siege. Among these were the caves they had excavated and lived in during the bombardments. They were dug into the hillsides and steep banks and were bomb proof; some of them were divided into rooms and furnished with taste.

The country near Vicksburg had been stripped of

food and Grant gave to the people ten days' rations to save them from suffering.

A newspaper had been issued in the city, but they were so destitute of paper that it was printed on the blank side of wall paper. When the Union army got into the city they found the type set all ready for the press, which contained the following:

"The great Ulysses, the Yankee Generalissimo, sur-named Grant, has expressed his intention of celebrating the Fourth of July by dining in Vicksburg. . . . Ulysses must get into the city first. The way to cook a rabbit is, first catch the rabbit." The Union soldiers issued the paper with this addition to the foregoing: "Grant has caught his rabbit."

The fruits of this victory were great; Grant had taken fifteen generals, 31,600 soldiers, one hundred and seventy-two cannon, and 60,000 muskets, mostly new. It was the greatest capture of men and munitions ever made at one time in the history of war. If we add to this his previous captures since the campaign against Vicksburg began, it swells the amount to 42,059 men.

All through the campaign the press had assailed Grant bitterly. But now they were silent, or acknowledged their mistakes. The North was filled with rejoicing. Those that had honestly doubted Grant's ability now praised him unstintedly.

Mr. Lincoln wrote Grant a letter, saying: "My dear General: I do not remember that you and I ever met personally. I write this now as a grateful acknowledgment of the almost inestimable services you have

done the country. When you got below and took Port Gibson and Grand Gulf, I thought you should go down the river and join General Banks; and when you turned northward I feared it was a mistake. I now wish to make personal acknowledgment that you were right and I was wrong."

Halleck gave him generous praise, and wrote:

"In boldness of plan, rapidity of execution, and brilliancy of routes, these operations will compare with those of Napoleon about Ulm. You and your army have deserved the gratitude of your country."

Grant was, meanwhile, sleeplessly vigilant and active; the work he had done being, to him, the foundation for greater work. He was neither elated nor puffed up, but remained simple and undemonstrative as ever. But he had achieved national fame, and a position that could no longer be easily assailed by his detractors and enemies. He had fought his way up. He had achieved his position by hard work and hard sense.

CHAPTER XVI

THE CHATTANOOGA CAMPAIGN

GRANT was now forty-one years of age, and in the full maturity of his physical and mental strength. Slander, that had hitherto assailed him after every victory, was now silent. Engrossed resolutions, medals, degrees from colleges, and other honors poured in upon him. Though he had gained greater confidence in himself by his successes, he remained the same unpretentious, simple man. Nothing but injustice to his soldiers disturbed his serenity. On one occasion when steamboat officers had overcharged them for passage, he made them refund the amount. "I will teach them," he said, "that the men who have periled their lives to open the Mississippi for their benefit must not be imposed upon."

Speculators in cotton who were corrupting his soldiers were sent away with stern reprimands.

Chafing at idleness, Grant now requested permission to capture Mobile. His request was not granted, and some of his regiments were sent to recruit other armies. The Thirteenth Army Corps was sent to New Orleans to recruit General Banks, with whom Grant was requested to coöperate. With this in view he visited Banks in New Orleans, to confer with him.

Here he was overwhelmed by attentions. People

thronged his hotel to see the great soldier. When serenaded and called upon for a speech, he instructed a friend to reply, "General Grant never speaks in public." In plain undress uniform, without sword, sash or belt, he attended a review of troops. Seated upon a horse he saw the magnificent columns pass before him. The Thirteenth Army Corps, that had carried his colors at Belmont, Donelson, Shiloh, and Vicksburg, greeted him with thunderous applause.

On his way back to the city, the horse that had been furnished him by General Banks becoming unmanageable, dashed against a carriage, and fell heavily upon Grant's leg and hip. He was carried, unconscious, to his hotel. For two weeks he suffered great pain and was unable to leave his room. While still suffering from a swollen hip and leg, he returned to Vicksburg.

On the 12th of October, still suffering from his injury, Grant received instructions to proceed to Cairo to meet Secretary of War Stanton. The Secretary placed in Grant's hands, when they met, an order making him commander-in-chief of the whole Western Army.

There was at this time trouble in Tennessee. At the battle of Chickamauga, Rosecrans, commanding there, lost sixteen thousand men, fifty-five cannon, and had been saved from annihilation only by the sturdy pluck and skill of General Thomas, who, because of his bravery on that occasion, was called by his soldiers "The Rock of Chickamauga."

Rosecrans' army was in a desperate situation; the enemy had seized his communications, and his soldiers

at Chickamauga were so destitute as to eat the corn that horses and mules had dropped. The sick and wounded were suffering for want of proper supplies and firewood was only to be obtained by driving away the enemy's pickets. To make matters worse, it was believed that Rosecrans was preparing to retreat.

Grant at once wired orders relieving Rosecrans from command and putting General Thomas in his place, with orders to hold Chattanooga at all hazards. Thomas replied: "I will hold Chattanooga until we starve."

Grant started at once, by a railway which ran only to Bridgeport, for Chattanooga. He was still suffering from his injuries. From Bridgeport he attempted to ride in an ambulance, but soon took to his horse, for his hip and leg were still so swollen that the jolting over the rough roads tortured him. He made no complaint, and his soldiers tenderly carried him in their arms over the roughest parts of the road. At every telegraph station he sent lucid and minute instructions to his generals. He seemed to understand their needs by intuition, and inspired them with his own zeal and activity. Dead mules strewn the way from Bridgeport and the road was so difficult to travel even on horseback that Grant said, "If a retreat had occurred at this time, it is not probable that any of the army, if followed by the enemy, would have reached the railroad as an organized body."

He arrived in the night at Chattanooga, and went at once to see General Thomas. Thomas received him politely but coldly, not appearing to notice, until his

attention was called to the fact by an officer, that Grant was dripping with rain, was tired, and must be hungry.

Grant accepted the food tardily proffered, but not the dry clothing offered, and made no remarks then nor afterwards about Thomas's neglect, but it is possible that he remembered it.

He found the army in a position of great peril. Though the town was too strongly fortified for the Confederates to take by storm, they daily dropped shell into the city. The soldiers were short of ammunition, the horses and mules were starving for the want of forage, and the men were on quarter rations.

The town was completely blockaded on the south, while on the east the enemy had stretched their lines along Missionary Ridge, across the Chattanooga Valley to Lookout Mountain, where, west of the town, its precipitous heights came down to the river. At this point the Tennessee River forms a loop like the letter U and inside of this U there is a rocky promontory called Moccasin Point. This was in the possession of the Union troops, but the left side of the river for a long distance was in the possession of the Confederate pickets. This left side was the natural line of supply for the Union army, and Rosecrans, by giving up Lookout Mountain, had lost the advantage of this short line from the railroad at Bridgeport. At Grant's arrival supplies were received by a route from the north over a road not only long and poor, but liable to the attacks of Confederate cavalry. It was necessary, therefore, to send a heavy guard with

each train; and it sometimes took so long to make the passage that the trains, on their arrival at Chattanooga, were empty, all the provisions having been taken to feed the guard.

Let us see what General Grant did to overcome these difficult conditions. Thomas's engineer, General Smith, had a plan by which he proposed to open a shorter route to Bridgeport, from where the Union supplies were drawn. Grant at once made a reconnoissance to learn if the plan was practical.

The enemy's pickets were separated from our own at the foot of Missionary Ridge by only the narrow Chickamauga Creek. While Grant was riding here one morning, he saw a party drawing water on the other side of the creek. As they were dressed in blue, he supposed they were Union troops; so he inquired, "What part of the army do you belong to?"

"Longstreet's Corps," they replied.

"What are you dressed in blue for?"

"All of Longstreet's Corps wear blue," they replied.

He coolly turned his horse and rode away, before the Confederates discovered that they were talking to General Grant.

Satisfied that General Smith's plan was practical, he proceeded at once to put it in operation.

At three o'clock on the morning of the 27th a force of 1,000 picked men was embarked on pontoon boats, and quickly and noiselessly was carried by the swift current down to Brown's Ferry. Here they captured the Confederate pickets, quickly built a bridge

of boats, fortifying the opposite heights for its protection.

Hooker, meanwhile, carried out his part of the plan with great skill and energy. With the 11th Corps under Howard and a part of the 12th Corps under Geary, he advanced up Lookout Valley, in plain sight and under fire of the Confederates. Howard encountered the enemy and drove them across Lookout Creek, and about five o'clock the column halted a mile up the valley from Brown's Ferry.

The news of this movement spread through the Union camps, and though even when established a deadly struggle would naturally ensue to hold a continuous line, yet the army was cheered by the news that the valley was in their possession, and that a short line for receiving supplies was assured.

The day previous they had been in a position that foreboded a retreat or starvation. They had this day secured a short line for receiving supplies, which the Confederates could only regain by desperate fighting.

From the hills Longstreet saw the camp-fires of Geary in the valley and, knowing that this movement, if not prevented, would end the siege of Chattanooga, he fell upon Hooker's forces in the night, directing the movements of his troops by torches from the heights. Our signal officers having learned Longstreet's code of signals, read these orders and gave them to Geary, who was thus enabled to anticipate and repulse every attack. After three hours of fighting in the dark the enemy was whipped, and was glad to retreat. They made no further attempts to drive

the Union troops from Lookout Valley. From that valley to Kelley's Ferry they were driven away, or captured, and the "cracker line," as the soldiers called it, was open, and kept open, for the supply and reinforcement of the Union army.

Within one week after his arrival Grant had raised the siege of Chattanooga, and had put Bragg, the Confederate general, on the defensive. Bragg, however, did not deem it possible that he could be successfully attacked in his mountain positions and, to regain his lost prestige, he sent Longstreet's corps to attack Burnside's army in East Tennessee.

Grant being informed of this was alarmed for Burnside, who was at Knoxville, a hundred miles northeast of Chattanooga, where his army was compelled to draw its supplies over a long and difficult line, and was on short rations. He, therefore, ordered Thomas to attack the northern part of Missionary Ridge for the purpose of recalling Longstreet. Thomas thought the project hazardous, and did not hesitate to say so. Grant never forgave Thomas for not obeying this order without questioning its wisdom.

Sherman, who was now in command of the Army of the Tennessee, was ordered to come to Chattanooga and was making as good time as possible over muddy roads and broken bridges. Grant awaited his arrival before attacking Bragg's army.

On the night of November 13th Sherman rode into Chattanooga, and the next day viewed with enthusiasm the work laid out for him. "All things

had been arranged," said Sherman, "with a foresight that elicited my admiration. From the hills we looked down on the amphitheater of Chattanooga as on a map and nothing remained but for me to put my troops in the desired position."

Sherman soon had his men in position, concealed behind the northern hills, and all was ready for the execution of Grant's plans.

On the morning of the 23d of November the Union troops were moving into position; a thin vapor concealed them from the foe on the surrounding hills. In the afternoon the sun dispelled the fog and the enemy could see Grant's army as, with colors flying and drums beating, two divisions moved in front of the Eleventh Corps drawn up in their rear. So precise and machine-like were the movements of the troops, that the Confederates thought it was a review, and looked on as interested spectators of a brilliant show.

They were soon undeceived in a startling manner. Suddenly two divisions, under Sheridan and Wood, rushed upon the Confederate outpost, drove them before them, and captured the first line of the enemy's pickets, and many of its defenders. Orchard Knob was seized and fortified. A roar of artillery closed the first day's operations. Grant had scored a success, in this first day's work, and felt confident of final victory.

On the night of the 23d Sherman, with 8,000 men, was on the banks of the Tennessee. He had minutely explained to each of his division commanders the

work he had to do, and at about one o'clock marched on Chickamauga Creek.

He sent one brigade of each of his divisions to the top of Missionary Ridge, which he supposed from his maps was one continuous ridge; his surprise can be imagined when he found a valley between them and the strong position which the enemy held near a railroad tunnel. Nothing daunted, that night he fortified his position, and the gleam of his camp-fires gave Grant confidence in the success of his plans.

While this was taking place, Hooker, by Grant's order, was about to attack Lookout Mountain, whose palisaded crest and steep, rocky slopes presented a formidable hindrance to his advance. The army opposing him in this almost inaccessible place was but little inferior in numbers to his own; the ground was unfamiliar to him, and his three divisions had never before acted together.

While Hooker was repairing a bridge across Wauhatchie Creek the enemy swarmed down to fill their defenses, and were so occupied that they paid but little heed to Geary, who had crossed the creek and was moving down the valley in the fog, and was soon in a position to enfilade their works. The whole command under Geary now rushed up the steep sides of the mountain, driving the Confederates before them. At 2 o'clock the clouds that had been hanging over the mountain became so thick that it was dark as night. They halted and dug rifle-pits for their protection.

The Union soldiers at Chattanooga in the fields be-

low saw only the flash of muskets and glimpses of moving men and waving flags through the lifting clouds on the mountain; but at 4 o'clock Hooker sent word to Grant that he had gained a position that he considered impregnable.

By this picturesque battle and victory above the clouds, the Union lines were shortened and strengthened; on the morning of the 25th the enemy had retreated and Grant's lines were connected perfectly from one end to the other.

When Grant learned that Hooker had lost but few men in his attack on Lookout Mountain, he suspected that the Confederates had been reinforcing their army in front of Sherman.

Sherman was ordered to attack on the left by day-break. The foe had found out that there was where their danger lay and had concentrated reinforcements, as Grant had surmised, on that part of their line. Sherman, on horseback early in the morning, rode his lines from one end to the other and was ready for battle. He had a hard task before him. The hill in his front was bristling with Confederate muskets, behind defenses crowned with formidable artillery.

At the rising of the sun his bugles sounded the signal for attack, General Smith commanding the left and General Corse the center. Sherman attacked fiercely and with his usual skill, but as he threatened the Confederate depot of supplies at Chickamauga Station, Bragg had recognized his peril and weakened his center to reinforce heavily this point.

From his post of observation on Orchard Knob,

Grant saw that the enemy was withdrawing men from his center to reinforce in front of Sherman, and, recognizing that the opportune moment had come for an attack on the enemy's center, gave the order for an advance on Missionary Ridge. Baird, Wood, and Sheridan, each with three brigades, and Johnson with two, went forward to the assault. The orders were to take the first line of rifle-pits and, stopping there, re-form and rest.

With bands playing, flags flying, in as regular formations as though on parade, they went forward, and then broke into a double quick and rushed upon the enemy. Taken by surprise, the Confederates threw themselves on the ground to escape the fire of their own batteries, that had opened on the trenches. The Union troops passed over them, sending a thousand prisoners to the rear. The artillery on the ridge above broke out in terrible clamor, sweeping the hill-side, and filling the air with shrieking shell and screaming shots from cannon. All along the rifle-pits above the assaulting column of Union blue, there rose long lines of white sulphur smoke from the muskets of the foe, and bullets hummed and whistled like bees and hornets. They paused but a moment at the first line of rifle-pits, wavering under the terrible fire of musketry and cannon. Then, as though by electric impulse, the whole line rushed forward. The soldiers in the ranks, discovering that it was more dangerous to remain than to go forward, had taken the direction of the assault into their own hands. No longer in order of ranks, they pressed



THE BATTLE OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

forward like a lance head, the strongest ahead and the weakest behind, with their colors like a beacon at the tip of the lance. Here and there the colors went down, meaning that the color-bearer was killed or wounded; but up they went again and forward, meaning that a new man had taken the place of the dead or wounded. The crest of the hill above them was flaming with musketry and thundering with cannon; still the Union lines pressed on, driving the enemy before them, and then, like a mighty wave tipped with foam of steel, it broke over the crest, sweeping with resistless force the Confederate divisions like straw before them. In vain Bragg rode to the front line of his retreating, beaten men, exclaiming, "Here's your general!" They shouted back, "Here's your mule," and still retreated.

As Grant saw this scene his blood thrilled and his usually impassive face lit up, as he exclaimed, "Bring my horse! I am going up there!" On his way, he caught a view of the impassive Thomas jogging along on his horse back to Chattanooga to his dinner.

The Union soldiers, having seized their guns on the heights, turned them on the enemy, now in disorderly retreat; and Sheridan, astride a cannon, was ordering a pursuit in sulphurous exclamations.

As Grant rode along the lines he was recognized by his hero soldiers, with shouts and cheers, and with the exclamation, "Now we have a general!"

Sheridan, in pursuit, captured a large number of cannon and wagons, but the Confederates, reaching a hill, turned at bay. Sheridan flanked their position,

and in his report says, "But a few moments elapsed ere the 26th Ohio and the 15th Indiana carried the crest. When the head of the column reached the summit of the hill the moon rose from behind, and a medallion view of the column was disclosed as it crossed the moon's disk and attacked the enemy who, outflanked on right and left, fled, leaving two pieces of artillery and many wagons."

Many have sought for the cause of this phenomenal victory; but the real cause is to be found in the magnificent plans of Grant, and the confidence of his soldiers.

After assuring himself that everything possible had been done in pursuing the retreating enemy, Grant sent orders for Sherman to march at once to the relief of Burnside at Knoxville, a hundred miles away.

The elation of the army is expressed by a message that Dana, the Assistant Secretary of War, sent that night to Washington: "Glory to God! The day is decisively ours. Our men are frantic with joy and enthusiasm, and received Grant, as he rode along the lines after the victory, with tumultuous shouts."

Halleck pronounced Chattanooga the most remarkable battle of history. Lincoln wrote to Grant tendering him his profoundest gratitude and recommended a national thanksgiving for the great victory.

CHAPTER XVII

GRANT COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

THERE was great rejoicing throughout the North when Grant's victory was flashed over the land. In a brief campaign of a few weeks, as if by magic he had changed the whole face of affairs at Chattanooga. The press, the people, and the administration at Washington had now discovered that wherever Grant was in command progress had been made in conquering the rebellion. When Mr. Lincoln had been shown a paragraph in a Southern newspaper professing pleasure over the appointment of Thomas and Grant to higher commands, saying that Lincoln had supplanted one hero, Rosecrans, with two fools, he laughingly said, "With one more fool like Grant we should make short work with *them*." In this he voiced the general sentiment of Union people.

Grant was, meanwhile, not content to rest with what he had done. He strengthened his position, made plans for driving Longstreet from Tennessee, visited Knoxville to see Burnside's little army; and, though it was midwinter, rode through Cumberland Gap to see for himself the road over which there had been so much fighting, and through which supplies were being hauled for Burnside's army. Intensely

active, he made another request for permission to capture Mobile, and was again denied.

Learning that his son Fred, who had accompanied him through the Vicksburg campaign and had there contracted disease, was dangerously sick in St. Louis with the family of his old real-estate partner, he obtained leave to visit him.

There had been mighty changes since, a few years previous, he as a humble, almost despised farmer was carting grain and wood from Hardscrabble to St. Louis. He was now the nation's hero. With his family and friends he attended the theater, riding down town in a street car.

A private box had been assigned his party, and Grant sat back out of sight. As soon as the curtain was dropped on the first act, the audience began to shout, "Grant, Grant, get up!" He responded by coming forward and bowing diffidently, and then returned abruptly out of sight. This only provoked a renewal of cheers, and new cries for Grant, which could only be silenced by his taking his seat at the front.

Leading citizens and soldiers tendered him a dinner to "meet old acquaintances and form new ones." There were present, among others, Generals Schofield and Rosecrans, and his white-haired father-in-law, who sat near him. The hard-working farmer of Hardscrabble, the man who had failed as a real-estate agent, had become the greatest soldier of his time.

To politicians who interviewed him, to see if he

would be a candidate for the presidency, he said, "I never wanted but one office in my life; I wanted to be mayor of Galena long enough to build a sidewalk from my house to the depot." When the son of the man who had caused his appointment to West Point wrote to him a friendly letter, inquiring if under any circumstance he would allow his name to be used as a candidate for President, he replied, "My only desire is to serve the country in her present trials. To do this efficiently it is necessary to have the confidence of the army and the people."

By this it will be seen that Grant had very clear views as to his duty in keeping himself clear from political entanglements, that might impair his efficiency in serving the Union as a soldier.

At that time, after three years of war, we find that the Union cause had been slowly but constantly advancing. West Virginia, Tennessee, Maryland, Missouri, and Kentucky, all claimed at the beginning as Confederate territory, were now hopelessly lost to the Confederacy. There were important points on the coast of the Carolinas, Georgia, and Florida where the national flag had been planted. From Hampton Roads in Virginia to Galveston in Texas, the coast was closely blockaded by the navy. Only the luckiest of blockade-runners could slip through this line to carry to foreign markets sugar or cotton in exchange for military or hospital supplies. The Mississippi had been opened from its source to the sea and here detachments of the army and flotillas of gunboats hedged in the Confederacy on its western

side. General Lee had been twice defeated in his attempt to invade Northern territory. The resources of the North had hardly been touched; its ports were open to commerce, its factories and workshops were running, and colleges had their usual attendance. But the Union cause had met with failures as well as successes. The Army of the Potomac that was defending the line of the Potomac and trying to break up the Confederate capital at Richmond, had met with bloody and discouraging defeats, which, if continued, might result in the failure of the War for the Union. The necessity for swifter action, however, was more political than military. The people were to be satisfied and a half-loyal party to be silenced in their cries for "peace at any price."

To bring decisive military successes, the one thing needed was a single military head for all the armies in the field, so that the Union army would act in concert together. For the Confederates had been able, hitherto, to send parts of their army back and forth on their shorter interior lines wherever they were most needed, as was the case in Tennessee when Grant found his army confronted by Longstreet's Corps from Lee's army.

Not only was the need apparent for one supreme head to prevent this lack of concert in action, but, by general consent, General Grant was the man for that place.

After Grant's victory at Chattanooga Mr. Washburn, the same who was present at the first war meeting in Galena which the reader will remember that

Grant attended, introduced a bill in Congress to revive the rank of lieutenant-general in the army. Only Washington had ever held the full rank, though the brevet grade had been conferred upon General Scott.

In the debate which followed the introduction of this bill Mr. Washburn said, "I am not here to speak for General Grant. No man with his consent has ever mentioned his name in connection with any position. Every promotion he has ever received since he first entered the service to put down the rebellion was moved without his knowledge or consent."

Mr. Howard of Michigan said, "Give us a live general who will, if properly supported, give us victory upon the Rappahannock. Let us not be dragging along under influences such as have presided over the Army of the Potomac for these last many tedious months. The country is getting weary of it."

Doolittle of Wisconsin said, "Grant has won seventeen battles, captured one hundred thousand prisoners and five hundred pieces of artillery. He has organized victory from the beginning and I want him where he can organize final victory."

One of Grant's friends had a letter from him in answer to a question about his being a candidate for President, which he showed Mr. Lincoln. In it he had said that nothing was further from his wishes than to be President; and if he had been ambitious for it, he would not permit his name to be used, but was for Abraham Lincoln for President above all men and under all circumstances.

Mr. Lincoln was pleased and said, "I wanted to know, for when this Presidential grub once gets to gnawing at a man, nobody can tell how far it has got. It is generally a good deal deeper than he himself supposes."

On the 26th of February the bill for reviving the rank of lieutenant-general was passed and received the approval of the President. Although the bill mentioned no name, no one but Grant was thought of in connection with the position.

The President nominated Grant for the place, the Senate immediately confirmed his appointment, and the Secretary of War ordered him to report to the War Department as soon as possible. Grant started for Washington the next day.

In the hurry of preparation, he found time to write to his friend Sherman an admirable letter, in which he said, "While I have been eminently successful in this war, in at least gaining the confidence of the public, no one feels more than I how much of this success is due to the energy, skill, and the harmonious putting forth of that energy and skill, of those whom it is my good fortune to have occupying subordinate positions under me. . . . I want to express my thanks to you and McPherson as the men to whom, above all others, I feel indebted for whatever I have had of success. How far your advice and suggestions have been of assistance you know. How far your execution of whatever has been given you to do entitles you to the reward I am receiving you cannot

know as well as I do. The word 'you' I use in the plural, intending it for McPherson also."

Grant wrote to no one else in the world in this manner, and Sherman answered in as admirable a letter as that received, saying, "You do yourself injustice and us too much honor in assigning to us so large a part of the merits which have led to your high advancement. . . . You are now Washington's legitimate successor and occupy a position of almost dangerous elevation; but if you can continue, as heretofore, to be yourself, simple, honest, and unpretentious, you will enjoy through life the respect and love of friends and homage of millions of human beings who will award you a large share for securing to them and their descendants a government of law and stability. I repeat, you do General McPherson and myself too much honor. At Belmont you manifested your traits, neither of us being near; at Donelson you illustrated your whole character. I was not near, and General McPherson was in too subordinate a capacity to influence you. The chief characteristic in your nature is the simple faith in success you have always manifested, which I can liken to nothing else than the faith the Christian has in his Saviour. This faith gave you victory at Shiloh and Vicksburg. Also, when you have completed your best preparation, you go into battle without hesitation, as at Chattanooga."

Grant quietly proceeded on his way to Washington, but the news got out, and the train on which he took

passage was greeted with a storm of cheering and applause from the time he left until he reached Washington on the 6th of March.

He arrived in the capital in the afternoon and, in his unassuming way, asked for a room at the hotel. "I have nothing but an upper story room," said the clerk. "That will do," said Grant, and signed his name on the hotel register.

When the superior clerk saw the name he almost prostrated himself in his desire to give him the best room on the first floor.

"Who is that major-general?" said some one, on seeing his shoulder-straps with three stars, as he entered the dining-room for his supper. It was soon noised around that Lieutenant-General Grant was in the room, and the guests sprang to their feet, exclaiming, "Where is he?" One of the guests mounted a chair and, swinging a napkin, cried out, "Three cheers for Lieutenant-General Grant." Cries of "Grant! Grant! Grant!" were called all over the room until, greatly embarrassed, he was obliged to get up and bow his acknowledgments. But that was enough for him; he escaped without finishing his meal, hungry as he was.

Grant went at once to see Mr. Lincoln at the White House. He was not at first recognized by those outside of the official circle. Grant and Lincoln had never met, but recognized each other without an introduction. Lincoln said, as he took Grant's small hand in his large and generous clasp, "I am glad to see you, General Grant."

With the clasp of their hands there was sealed a silent contract between them to bring to an end the greatest rebellion of the world's history.

The contrast between the two men was great. Lincoln, with his seamed and sorrowful face, on which was written the burdens of three years of a nation's cares and sorrows, towering in form above the small man of a placid but concentrated expression of countenance, was an impressive spectacle.

When this meeting had taken place, the crowd that had been attracted to the White House by the news that Grant would be present, rushed upon him. With the heat of the room and the warmth of his reception by the excited crowd, perspiration poured down his face. Diffident and blushing like a girl, he was mounted on a sofa and shook hands with those that rushed to him from all over the East Room.

After an hour he was relieved from his confusion by a message calling him to Mrs. Lincoln's side, with whom he made a tour of the room, Mr. Lincoln following with a lady on his arm and an amused smile on his face at Grant's blushing embarrassment.

Before Grant's departure the President made an appointment with him for the formal presentation of his commission on the morrow. "I shall make a short speech to you," said Lincoln, "to which I have an object in desiring you to reply; and that you may be properly prepared to do so, I have written what I shall say. I will read from my manuscript, an example which you may follow and read your reply."

The next day, at one o'clock, the commission of

lieutenant-general was formally delivered by the President, with the following speech:—

“General Grant, the nation’s appreciation of what you have done and its reliance upon you for what remains to do in the existing great struggle, are now presented with this commission constituting you lieutenant-general in the army of the United States. With this high honor devolves upon you, also, a corresponding responsibility. As the country herein trusts you, so, under God, it will sustain you. I scarcely need to add that with what I here speak for the nation, goes my own hearty personal concurrence.”

Grant had written his reply with a lead pencil on a half sheet of note paper. He was more embarrassed in reading it than he had ever been in meeting an enemy in battle; but what he said could not have been improved: “Mr. President, I accept this commission with gratitude for the high honor conferred. With the aid of the noble armies that have fought on so many fields for our common country, it will be my earnest endeavor not to disappoint your expectations. I feel the full weight of the responsibility now devolving upon me; and I know that if they are met, it will be due to those armies and, above all, to the favor of that Providence which leads both nations and men.”

Lincoln was pleased with Grant and his unfeigned dislike of show and ceremony. He had had generals of various kinds; some who could speak well; others that looked well in an armchair, or on horseback, some with uniforms without a wrinkle; but here was



ARMY OFFICERS IN WASHINGTON.

a general without pretense, one of the plain, common people that he knew and loved so well; one who thought more of doing his work than of show.

The next day a thousand invitations came to Grant to dine, but he accepted none and kept out of sight. The next day he went to see Meade at his headquarters at Brandy Station. He spent the day in study of the Army of the Potomac and in conversing with Meade. The result of his study was a determination to make his headquarters in the field with that army, and to retain Meade in command.

The next day, by order of the War Department, Grant was placed in command of all the armies. He told the President that it would take him nine days to put his Western army in shape to leave it and then, without accepting any of the invitations to dine or to meet officials, he started West again. Such swift decision and unhesitating action was a new thing to the East. The *New York Tribune* said, "He hardly slept on his long journey East, yet he went to work at once. Senators state with joy that he is not going to make war ridiculous by attempting to maneuver battles from an armchair in Washington."

On his return to Nashville, Grant placed Sherman in command of the armies of the West and McPherson in command of the Army of Tennessee.

He was back in Washington again at the expiration of nine days and went to work at once to gather the reins of control of the armies in his hands.

The armed forces of the enemy were at that time principally included in two great armies, then com-

manded by J. E. Johnston in the West and Lee in the East.

By the whole bent of his forceful character Grant was committed to vigorous action, and upon taking command he had resolved upon aggressive and simultaneous action in every part of the theater of war. No one better than he realized the great task before him. He was about to meet the incomparable Army of Northern Virginia; an army that had hitherto proved invincible. He was about to match his skill with that of Lee, the great master of the game of war, who had checkmated so many antagonists on the difficult chess-board of Virginia.

Everything seemed to be in Grant's favor. He had reached his high command through no favoritism, but by work actually performed. The people and the government were ready to trust him, and all saw the necessity of supporting him heartily.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE ENCOUNTER IN THE WILDERNESS

GRANT began at once the reorganization of the army for the summer campaign. He confided his plans to no one but those who were in command to execute them. For three long years the Army of the Potomac had been trying to take Richmond and now, after terrible losses, was where it started from in the beginning. A person who wished to enter the enemy's lines for some business asked Mr. Lincoln for a pass to Richmond.

"I should be glad to give you one," replied Mr. Lincoln, "but it would do you no good; my permits are not respected. I have given a quarter of a million passes to Richmond, and not one has ever got there, except as a prisoner of war."

Some one asked Mr. Lincoln what he thought of Grant, and he answered:

"He's got a grip like a bulldog; when he gets hold he will never let go."

Grant had now planned a gigantic campaign, in which all the armies were to move simultaneously. Sherman, constituting the left wing of his grand army, was to defeat and destroy, if possible, Johnston's army, then at Dalton, Georgia. Butler, with the Army of the James, was to operate against Peters-

burg and seize the southern communications of Richmond. The Army of the Potomac, for the center, was to make Lee's army its objective and follow it wherever it went.

As Grant, in person, made his headquarters with the Army of the Potomac, we shall deal principally with that army in the narrative that follows.

The enemy that Grant was to encounter, in his front, was the Army of Northern Virginia. It was commanded by Robert E. Lee, who had been in command of it since 1862 and had brought it to great fighting efficiency. His three army corps were commanded by Longstreet, Ewell, and S. P. Hill. His army had blind confidence in Lee, and back of that the prestige and morale of many victories gained over the Army of the Potomac. An army with confidence in itself and its commander is, though inferior in numbers, a vastly more effective force than a larger one lacking that confidence. Napoleon, the great genius of war, declared that "the morale of an army was as three to one," or, in other words, was three times more effective as a fighting machine with than without that quality.

Grant was determined to crush this finely tempered army of Lee's by rapid and remorseless blows and by superiority in numbers.

On the 4th of May, 1864, after midnight, the Army of the Potomac began its march to open the great campaign. On the morning of the 5th of May a hundred thousand men of his army had crossed the Rapidan without encountering the enemy. Grant

had now turned Lee's right flank, and both he and Meade felt confident that he would fall back on Richmond.

Grant's army consisted of three corps commanded by Hancock, Warren, and Sedgwick; Burnside was in command of an independent corps. The eyes of an army are its cavalry. Sheridan, with two divisions of horse, led the march and kept watch to clear obstructions from the path of the vast column of Grant's infantry, while Torbet guarded its rear.

The line of Grant's march, after crossing the Rapidan River, led through a region covered by a low growth of tangled woods called the Wilderness, where neither cavalry nor artillery could be used successfully.

When Lee found that Grant had turned his flank, he acted with surprising decision and swiftness. The center of Lee's lines was at Orange Court House. From this point the Orange Plank Road and the Orange turnpike run parallel with each other, and when he learned of Grant's movement, he hurled his army down these roads like a cannon ball, striking Grant's army when it was poorly prepared for battle. An orderly came back to Grant with intelligence that Warren had been attacked and was fighting. "Then," said Meade, "the rebels have left a division here to fool us while they concentrate towards the North Anna River."

Shortly a dispatch came from Sheridan's cavalry, who were scouting in front.

"They think Lee intends to fight here," said Meade.

"Very well," said Grant; "let him be attacked wherever he appears, and vigorously, too."

Ewell's corps had advanced on the turnpike early in the morning, and drove in Warren's pickets. The attack fell on Griffin's division, which at first drove everything in its front. It was simply the van of Ewell's corps in column. Had the situation been understood by the Union commander a disposition of forces might have been made which would have destroyed Ewell. The means employed were naturally feeble and in keeping with the misunderstanding. The disordered columns of Ewell re-formed on a wooded hill, where, being joined by the remainder of his corps, he at once resumed the battle.

It was a strange and weird battle-field; everywhere was a dense growth of scrub oaks and other sprawling underbrush, and entangling vines, through which it was hard for a moving column to penetrate and impossible to keep its formation. A commander could only know where his lines were by the smoke of the muskets. Every advance was like feeling its way; while the foe lurked in ambush, the Union men betrayed their coming by the noise they made in advancing.

It so happened when Ewell resumed the battle that the right of Warren's corps was uncovered (undefended). Wright's division, which was to have covered it, had not arrived, owing to the difficulty of making its way through the dense undergrowth. On this exposed flank, Ewell directed a furious attack. On Griffin's left was a division commanded by the



GRANT AND MEADE IN THE WILDERNESS.

gallant Wadsworth. It advanced to the sound of battle, but, while beating through the dense thickets, encountered a terrible fire from the concealed enemy. It illustrates the difficulty of advancing in this dense jungle that, there being no other guides, the directions were given them by the points of the compass. The orders were to advance due west. Wadsworth, misunderstanding the order, advanced northwest, and this brought the enemy's fire on his unprotected flank. Crawford's division, on the left of Wadsworth, was driven back with the loss of two regiments. Thus began the battle. Warren, in this opening duel, had lost three thousand men.

When Grant was satisfied that the enemy was in force and intended to fight in the Wilderness, he halted his column and made other dispositions to accept Lee's challenge of battle. Hancock's corps, which was southward from Chancellorsville, was recalled to unite with the rest of the army.

Under some circumstances it would have been of still greater disadvantage for Grant to accept the gage of battle. But his army was clear of the river; his train, with its thousands of wagons, was safe in his rear; and he had not been surprised; though, undoubtedly, he was disappointed in being obliged to fight a battle in the Wilderness.

While Hancock's was marching to join the other corps, Hill's corps of the Confederate army attempted to cut him off from the main army by seizing the Plank Road where it intersects with the Brock Road, which turns southward to Spottsylvania

Court House. If Hill should succeed he would cut Grant's army in two.

Grant, foreseeing this danger, had directed a war-tried division of Sedgwick's corps, under Getty, to hold this position until Hancock's arrival. Getty was furiously assailed by Hill's corps in force, but stubbornly held the position. His Vermonters were not easily stampeded and, returning shot for shot, were immovable.

By three o'clock in the afternoon Getty heard the welcome cheers of Hancock's men, and knew the position was safe. Hancock formed a double line of battle in front of the Brock Road, thus facing Hill, who was drawn up across the Orange Plank Road. He had begun to construct breastworks of earth and logs, when he got orders from Grant to advance on Hill's and drive him back on the Plank Road.

It was a little past three o'clock in the afternoon when Hancock attacked. The thickets were so dense that there could be but little connection of the lines of battle on either side. He attacked the enemy in what Lee justly describes in his report as "repeated and desperate assaults." The Union soldiers rushed upon the lines of the Confederates with defiant cheers, and were met by yells and deadly answering musketry. The fight raged fiercely, but Hancock's men, driven back by the foe concealed in the thicket, returned their close-range fire by furious rushes.

But all in vain their desperate valor. Their attacks were met with deadly close-range rifle-fire, and they were checked in every attempt to force the

enemy's lines. Not until eight o'clock did darkness come to stop the desperate contest.

The dead lay thick in the darkling woods and the wearied soldiers rested on their arms, waiting to renew the battle with the coming of another day. It had been thus far not so much a battle as a series of blind and desperate grapples to the death with a foe in ambush.

When the battle was at its height, Grant sat placidly smoking and whittling at a pine stick. His attitude was stolid and calm. Aides came with excited messages. He heard them, and then in low tones gave a few words of instruction. Occasionally he mounted his horse to look after doubtful things for himself, and give his attention where needed.

Once an excited orderly rode furiously to headquarters, saying that the Confederates had broken through Hancock's lines and General Meade was about to give orders to meet the supposed disaster. Grant was noticed whittling a stick, with long curling shavings falling from his knife; he did not even look up until Meade had spoken; then he began whittling the other way in little sharp clips, and looking up said, in low tones, but quickly and decisively, "It is not so; the enemy has not broken Hancock's lines." He had thought it over coolly, and had made up his mind that it could not be done, and held to that decision. Every officer who came into his presence took courage from his calm and cheerful demeanor.

When General Wright rode up, he called out, "Hello, Wright; I heard the Rebs had invited you to

Richmond." He had heard that Wright had been repulsed, and smiled to see him safely at hand.

All through the day Grant was apparently unmoved; but as he sat at his camp-fire that night, with the collar of his overcoat almost concealing his face, it was noticed that he looked haggard as though, now that the battle was suspended, he allowed himself to sorrow over the death of the many brave men who had fallen in the thickets that day. With the green leaves and the darkness for their winding sheet, and the mournful whispers of the tree tops, stirred by the breeze, for their requiem, the dead lay thick in this wild wilderness of tangled woods, the scene of Grant's first fight with the brave Army of the Potomac.

Both armies had won and lost ground. The battle thus far was undecisive.

Lee wired to Richmond: "We maintained our position against every effort, until night. We have to mourn the loss of many brave officers and men."

Grant sent no dispatch to Washington, but ordered an attack to be made at half-past four the next morning.

Lee also ordered an attack on the Union lines as soon as it was light.

CHAPTER XIX

THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS

A BEAUTIFUL morning dawned on the ensanguined thickets. During the night Grant had learned that Longstreet's corps of the Confederate army was marching by way of Orange Court House to join Lee's army, and had ordered the opening attack made in order to strike the enemy before Longstreet's arrival. The Union lines now faced westward. Burnside was soon to arrive and the lines ran from north to south in the following order: Sedgwick on the right; then Warren's, Burnside's, and Hancock's corps in the order named.

The orders given for battle were very simple. They were these: "Attack along the entire line at 5 o'clock." There was no chance for grand maneuvers on so difficult a field. The general direction of the army in the battle about to begin could be well enough defined; but its details, on account of the thickets, necessarily escaped the control of the superior officers. A colonel, standing on the right of his regiment, could not tell what was taking place on its left except by the sound or the smoke of its rifles rising above the jungle of bushes. Movements of the enemy were generally learned only by actual collision.

Lee planned to deliver an overwhelming blow on the left of the Union army to drive it back and compel its retreat across the Rapidan River. It was impossible for him to do this until the arrival of Longstreet's corps.

To call Grant's attention from the blow that he planned to deliver on his left, early in the morning Lee attacked the Union right under Sedgwick. Thus before Grant attacked, Lee had delivered his first blow. Soon all along the whole line of five miles the battle raged.

The attack that had been made on Sedgwick was easily repulsed and he was even able to advance his position a few hundred yards.

At five o'clock Hancock's and Warren's corps joined in the attack and a continuous roar of musketry was heard crashing all along the five-mile line, mingling with the cheers and yells of fighting men, with their blood at white heat.

Hancock had advanced with two of his right divisions under the command of Birney, supported by Getty's two brigades. With shouts they rushed upon the enemy. At the same time the brave General Wadsworth of Warren's corps, who was already in position to assail the enemy in flank, began to fight his way across Hancock's front on the Plank Road. Hancock, who had furiously assaulted the Confederates as has been already narrated, broke the Confederate lines at all parts, and with cheers and furious musket fire, by six o'clock had driven the enemy before him for over a mile and a half, almost overrunning Lee's

headquarters. Had Hancock been able to continue the pursuit, it would have cut the Confederate lines in twain, and have ended the campaign then and there. But his lines were disordered by his advance through the tangled thickets, and were little more than a mob of men; he was out of touch with his supporting column, and stopped to gather his men together in some semblance of battle line before resuming his fight and advance.

It shows how desperate Lee considered the situation, when to remedy it he put himself at the head of a Texan division to lead a charge. But his devoted men refused to go forward until Lee went to the rear. He appealed to them, saying, "My men of Texas, you *must* charge!" Then, as if inspired by their leader's dauntless spirit, they furiously charged the lines of Hancock and checked his advance. The gallant Wadsworth, who had already had two horses shot from under him, fell dead before this furious onset of the Confederates. Longstreet's corps had now reached the field and turned back the tide of battle that had threatened to sweep the Confederate lines in disaster of defeat.

Their dead and wounded lay thick in the jungle of dwarfed pines and underbrush, over which the tide of battle surged. Squads of Confederates as prisoners constantly going to the rear, exchanged good-natured salutations with the Union men.

One of them said: "You'uns run over we'uns in four rows, right smart, *git!* this morning."

Another exclaimed, "Uncle Robert, I reckon, will

take all you Yanks on a big excursion to Richmond, if you don't git back right smart!"

At which our men replied, "Don't worry about the special excursion, Johnnie; we'll get there sure, soon as Pop Grant gets ready to bag the whole of you."

Such and similar chaff passed between the men, with anything but ill nature in its tones.

The desperate fighting continued. Grant, who was in military undress and without sword, sash, or belt, sat on a hillock at headquarters, still whittling and smoking, hearing reports of aides and orderlies as they hurried in. When the reports indicated Union disaster, he chewed at his cigar and let it go out. When one regiment had rushed out of line near headquarters, he sprang to his horse and rode forward to see what the matter was. It proved they had been seized with a sudden panic, from having been separated from their brigade.

He directed that the bridge upon which Burnside's corps had crossed the Rapidan be taken up and brought forward. When it was suggested that it might be needed, he showed the undaunted temper of his mind by saying, "One bridge and the ford is all we shall need if we have to go back."

Longstreet had, meanwhile, come up and formed on the Plank Road. Though Hancock had captured some of Longstreet's men in his front and had informed Meade of the fact, yet neither of them knew that his entire corps was then in front of Hancock's line.

A little before noon Longstreet advanced in two

heavy columns, striking Birney's tired men, who had been heavily engaged since early dawn, turned their flank, and drove them in confusion before him. In spite of Hancock's conspicuous gallantry in his attempt to rally his men, the whole line was driven back to the intrenchments they had left in the morning.

While Longstreet was riding with his staff, accompanied by Brigadier-General Jenkins, they were mistaken for Union cavalry and were fired upon by their own men concealed in the bushes; General Jenkins was killed and Longstreet was desperately wounded. The Confederates, for a time, were without a leader, the advance was checked, and Hancock was behind his intrenchments. He sent Colonel Leasure to sweep the woods along his front and capture as many of the enemy as possible; but the few that they met fell back without fighting.

Grant, though disappointed, was not dismayed by the terrible conflict and his want of definite success. At three o'clock he ordered an advance to be made at six. Lee, meanwhile, intent on destroying the left flank of the Union army and compelling its retreat across the Rapidan, had himself taken command of Longstreet's corps, and when he had rallied Hill's broken column, put himself at the head of the two corps and made a furious attack on Hancock about four o'clock; thus anticipating the assault ordered by Grant. The long pause that followed Longstreet's successful attack had, meanwhile, given Hancock time to re-form, receive reinforcements, and strengthen his lines.

The Confederate columns soon came dashing upon Hancock's barricades, with tremendous impulse, shouting and yelling as they crashed through the jungle to within a hundred yards of the Union lines; but here they halted and opened fire. Hancock's men, from behind their improvised rifle pits of logs and earth, easily repulsed the furious assault of the enemy, and for a time our men received but little harm.

The attack, however, on the left of the Plank Road was especially desperate. Here Mott's division and Ward's brigade of Birney's division held the line, and the artillery of the Sixth Maine had been brought up and had opened a destructive fire upon the attacking Confederates, who made no headway until an unexpected ally came to their assistance. Flames sprang up in the woods on the Union front, and with crackling roar, like an army of fire, came down upon their lines. The wind drove the blinding smoke and suffocating heat into the faces of Hancock's men, which, added to the oppressive heat of the weather, became almost unendurable.

The flames swept with resistless march before the advancing enemy and, reaching out its tongue of flame, ignited the resinous logs of the Union breastworks, which soon roared and crackled along their entire length. Hancock's brave men were obliged to fight the flames and the enemy at the same time, until at last, with singed hair and blistered hands and faces, after a whole line of intrenchments was a mass of flame, they gave way and fell back to their second line of log intrenchments. The enemy rushed forward



HANCOCK'S BREASTWORKS ON FIRE.

and attempted to take possession, but the impartial flames in turn drove them back; the fire, however, soon consumed the logs and the enemy then advanced and planted their colors there.

The fire swept on and reached the second line of intrenchments, and this, like the first, was soon consumed. The Union men formed, in some places eight and ten ranks deep, the rear men loading muskets for the front ranks, and kept back the approaching enemy while their breastworks were a mass of flames. But finally, with blistered hands and faces and blinded and suffocated by the smoke, they gave way.

Yelling with exultation, the enemy rushed upon the position and attempted to place their colors there. Their triumph was short-lived; for the logs of the breastworks were soon consumed and then, with a shout like the rebel yell, Hancock's men charged the enemy with tremendous fury and swept them back from the field. At sundown his pickets were advanced a half mile without opposition. Lee was meanwhile in great danger and distress. His men were confused and disorganized, and with all his influence he could not restore order to his broken columns. These facts were not known at the time or Grant would have gained a decisive advantage.

During this part of the conflict the Union men had exhausted their ammunition and had been obliged to gather cartridges from the dead and wounded, while their muskets at times became so hot that they could not hold them in their hands. The flames were the most terrible enemy the men encountered that day;

and few survivors will forget this dramatic assault of the fire on Hancock's lines.

Burnside, who was to have attacked at an early hour, did not engage the enemy until two o'clock. When he did advance it was to find them intrenched on the opposite side of a swampy ravine, and he failed to gain any advantage in the fight. After sundown the Confederates made an attack on the Union right, creating considerable confusion. They captured two brigades, and surgeons from a hospital in an old quartz mill came flying back to the rear; but Sedgwick checked the assault, and night prevented the enemy from following up their successes.

When, just before midnight, there was a great din of musketry and yells from thousands of men, Meade said, "They have broken through Warren's lines and we may have to get out of this." But Grant was as placid and unmoved as usual, saying only, "I don't believe it."

It proved to be only a Confederate yell and nothing more; they had expected an attack at a weak part of their lines and had set up a great shout to cover their weakness.

The battle of the Wilderness was over without sharp or definite advantage on either side. The Army of the Potomac had held its own in the most terrible battle it had ever fought. The Confederates had fought with dauntless courage and great tenacity and skill; but they were never more to drive the Army of the Potomac back.

Lincoln afterwards said that any other general who

had ever commanded that army would have fallen back across the Rapidan, after such a battle.

The next morning dawned, but neither army felt inclined to attack the other behind its defenses. Lee had withdrawn his army within his intrenched position. A profound silence brooded over both armies. Grant was ready to continue the battle; but Lee, for once, was satisfied with the fighting he had already done, and it would have been a mistake to attack him behind his strong intrenched lines.

Some of the men and officers of the Union army said, "It is the same old story; now we will be starting back."

When night came, orders were given, "Fall in; be quick; don't make any noise."

"Where are we going?" said some of the men.

"We are going across the Rapidan, to Culpeper again."

When the march began with the column headed towards Spottsylvania, a murmur of relief ran along the line, and the men said, "We are not going back."

Warren's corps in the advance had marched behind the other corps and, coming behind Hancock's corps, were questioned, "Who are you?"

"Warren's men."

"For heaven's sake, where are you going?"

"To Richmond," came the exulting reply.

Cheering and singing, they marched on, saying, "We've a general of our own now who marches straight on."

The burden of their marching song was now:

“Ulysses leads the van.
For we will dare
To follow where
Ulysses leads the van.”

Grant was leading the way on the by-roads in the darkness. When the men would discover who it was, there were cheers and exultant shouts such as were never heard after battle in that army before. Grant was grave and unsmiling, like one engaged in a serious affair. There was no “show business” in his manner.

At midnight, having reached Todd's Tavern, he wrapped himself in his blanket and slept.

The Army of the Potomac had met with heavy losses, but it had also inflicted irreparable losses on its enemy.

More desperate fighting was never known on this continent than the two days' battle on the 5th and 6th of May, 1864.

CHAPTER XX

BATTLING AT SPOTTSYLVANIA

GRANT learned on the afternoon of the 7th that Butler had surprised and captured City Point, and with the double purpose of getting his army between Lee and Richmond, and at the same time of protecting Butler from a sudden movement of Lee to destroy him, Grant ordered his army by the left flank towards Spottsylvania.

On the same day Sheridan had fought and beaten the rebel cavalry at Todd's Tavern, and this cleared the way for the movement.

After the fighting of the first day in the Wilderness, many Confederates believed that the Army of the Potomac was retreating beyond the Rapidan. General Gordon is said to have remarked to General Lee, "There is no doubt that Grant is retreating across the Rapidan."

"You are mistaken," said Lee, "quite mistaken; Grant is not a retreating man."

Later, however, he did not appear to be certain whether Grant was moving towards Spottsylvania Court House, or falling back to Fredericksburg. In this uncertainty he ordered Longstreet's corps, then commanded by General R. H. Anderson, to march towards Spottsylvania to operate on Grant's right flank.

That zealous officer, finding the woods on fire and no good camping place, continued his march until he reached Spottsylvania, and on Warren's arrival he found the Confederates planted square across his path.

Thus it was that blind chance, and not design, placed the enemy in position to spoil Grant's plan.

Robinson's division of Warren's corps, after an all night's march over poor roads, fighting Confederate cavalry that obstructed the way, was in poor condition for battle. When it came out into the open field and was confronted unexpectedly by the enemy, it was thrown into confusion. Three of Warren's other divisions were hurried up, and in turn drove the Confederates to a hill. Then it waited for the other corps to come up.

Sedgwick arrived first, for Grant had retained Hancock's corps to cover the general movement of the army.

The day passed in preparation for battle. Hancock's corps was placed on the right, Burnside's on the left, and in the center Warren and Sedgwick. Little fighting took place, but the enemy's sharpshooters were busy. General Sedgwick was at the front of his corps and, seeing some of his men dodging when the bullets were heard, said, laughing at the men, "Oh, don't duck; they couldn't hit an elephant at this distance." But as he spoke, he fell, shot through the head by one of their bullets.

Grant considered the loss of this grand old soldier as equivalent to the loss of a division of his army.

Upon Sedgwick's death General Wright was given

command of the corps (the Sixth) formerly commanded by Sedgwick.

The intrenched line of the enemy on the 10th might be likened, in form, to an immense letter A. The course of the two lines forming its arms from its top to its base, was north and south. The west or left arm of this A was two miles and over in length, while its right or east arm was over three miles in length. The dash across the top of this immense A was formed by the Brock Road, which runs northeast from Spindler's Farm to Spottsylvania Court House, where it intersects with the Fredericksburg road, a short distance inside of these intrenchments. These works had been made very strong by all the devices of military engineering, and were mounted by artillery.

Such was the formidable position against which, without faltering, Grant was about to hurl his army, in attempts to break the enemy's lines. The necessity for an attack here was not so urgent as it was in the Wilderness; for there were good roads southward by which the Union army might have turned Lee's position.

The whole bent of Grant's genius was aggressive and he had determined to attack Lee's intrenchments; and in the week of battles that followed he twice came so near an overwhelming success as to justify this resolution. From the first he had believed that his soldiers were more than equals of the enemy's, and, acting on this belief, he inspired the officers and men of his command with the same confidence. Those generals who had previously commanded the Army of the Potomac

had acted with a contrary belief, with depressing and disheartening results to that army. It was Grant's faith in success that was gradually, in spite of some ill fortune, inspiring the army with confidence in ultimate victory.

Though Hancock was occupying a position on the evening of the 9th which swept down or enfiladed Lee's lines, Grant ordered his withdrawal to aid Warren's corps in the attack he had planned on the enemy's works. In withdrawing, Barlow's division was attacked by Heth's Confederate division, and the Confederates were so much elated at their supposed victory, that Heth issued orders, countersigned by Lee, congratulating his troops. Hancock, in referring to this congratulatory order, grimly says, "Had not Barlow's fine division received imperative orders to withdraw, Heth's division would have had no cause for congratulation."

Through the morning hours there had been sharp skirmishing and artillery fire going on, as a preparation in part for the impending battle.

In the afternoon Warren with three divisions advanced to attack the enemy's works. Tearing through a stunted growth of cedars with pike-like branches interlaced near the ground, his men, with splendid bravery, although disordered by the dense wood through which they advanced, with loud hurrahs reached the intrenchments of the enemy, and were met by a murderous fire which hurled them back. Two hours later the attack was renewed with great dash and with splendid courage and vim, Hancock joining in the at-

tack. There was a medley of cheers and answering yells of defiance, the hissing of bullets and crackle of musketry, as the Union soldiers tore away the abattis and reached the Confederate works. Some of the men were killed inside of the enemy's intrenchments, and among the mortally wounded was Colonel Rice, one of the brave defenders of Round Top at Gettysburg. While lying wounded he was asked if anything could be done to make it easier for him, and he replied, "Yes, turn me with my face to the enemy."

A private soldier also illustrated the spirit which inspired the ranks of the Union army. Desperately wounded, he was asked if anything could be done for him, and replied, "Yes, give me a drink of water and fix me so I can get one more shot at the Rebs."

Another private of Warren's corps said, "When I saw our general among us in full uniform, I felt as if I could charge up two hills; but when we came in sight of the Rebs and heard their yells and their bullets hissing and buzzing, and the swish of the shot and shell, I wished the hill was greased so that I could slide back again."

The attack was aimed at the west side of the A-like angle which projected a mile or more beyond the main Confederate works. Upton with his command had gone forward and his men, with enthusiastic shouts and cheers, rushed upon the enemy; the artillery and musketry that swept the plain could not stop them for a moment. They reached the intrenchments, pulled away the abattis with their hands, and after a hand-to-hand struggle with the bayonet, took possession of the

works. The enemy rallied again and attacked them, but they stubbornly held their position until they were withdrawn in the night.

If a proper supporting column had been in place to have poured through the break made by Upton, the damage to the Confederates would have been beyond repair.

Grant, quick to recognize merit, summoned Upton to his headquarters to receive promotion for his gallantry. It was an impressive scene when, pale, bandaged, and bleeding, Upton received from the hands of his general-in-chief his personal congratulations and compliments and promotion to the rank of brigadier-general for his bravery and skill. Colonel Carol, also wounded while assaulting the salient, received the same well-deserved compliment and promotion.

Mott's division, that was to have supported this attack, was told, it is said, that there were not over a hundred of the enemy behind the intrenchments to be attacked. As they approached the Confederate breastworks, the yells and appearance of the enemy proved that a force superior to their own was there. Experience has repeatedly shown that among soldiers it is better to exaggerate the difficulties to be met, rather than to underrate them. No braver men were to be found in the army than Mott's.

With this attack the fighting of the 10th ended.

Grant felt that an attack made on the Confederate lines, with better preparation, would prove successful, and so, notwithstanding the failures encountered, de-

terminated to assault with Hancock's corps, supported by the whole army.

Thus far assaults had been made chiefly against the left of the enemy's position. It was now determined to attack his right center. The 11th was passed in preparation.

It was characteristic of Grant that after six days of terrible fighting, and under much greater discouragements than those that all former commanders of the Army of the Potomac had succumbed to, he did not for one moment hesitate in his purpose. He kept his heavy guns with him for attacking Richmond, and to all doubters he responded, "We are going through; there is no doubt of it."

Washburn, the Representative to Congress from Galena, had been to see him and on the morning of the 11th was leaving for Washington. While waiting for an escort, he said, "What word have you to send?"

"Nothing, except that we are fighting away here."

"Had you not better send just a word?" suggested Washburn.

"Perhaps so."

And without a moment's thought he rapidly wrote, "We have now ended the sixth day of very hard fighting. The results, to this time, are much in our favor. Our losses have been heavy, as well as those of the enemy. I think the loss of the enemy must be greater. We have taken five thousand prisoners in battle, while he has taken from us but few, except

stragglers. *I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."*

The italicized part of this message was received at the North with great enthusiasm. Its deadly, relentless sententiousness gave promise of final victory, for which the nation waited.

At midnight on the 11th, in a heavy rain, Hancock's corps was moved into the open field, within twelve hundred yards of the position they were to attack. As far as practicable the ground had been examined by Hancock in person, as well as by the engineers, though the details of the works to be stormed were but little known.

The engineers had learned that a house known as the McCool House was just inside the apex of the A-like salient, and if they followed a straight line by the compass it would carry them into the desired part of the Confederate fortified lines.

At half-past four o'clock in the morning of the 12th a dim twilight enabled the commanders to see the compass, and the whole column moved forward. Barlow's men, at double quick, overran the Confederate pickets without firing a shot and rushed upon the works. The intervals between the lines of the storming column were closed up by their eager haste, and in one solid mass, with wild cheers, they broke into a run towards the enemy.

They were met by a sharp volley from the intrenchments, but it did not halt them for an instant. As they came in sight of the angle on the left of the enemy's works, without orders but by one common impulse,

they rushed toward it, pulled away the fallen trees and were, in a twinkling, upon the enemy's works.

Cheers wild and fierce, the quick crack, crack, crack of musketry, were heard for an instant; and then, with one wild yell, Hancock's men poured like the crest of a mighty wave over the Confederates' intrenched line.

Inside the works, the Union men were mixed in confusion caused by the hurried advance. There was but cramped space for rifle firing and the bayonet was used in the hand-to-hand grapple with the enemy, who gave way and surrendered in masses. The whole of Johnson's division of Ewell's corps was captured and, among them, General Edward Johnson and Brigadier-General George Stewart were made prisoners. Hancock had known Stewart in the regular army before the war, and greeted him with extended hand, saying, "How are you, Stewart?" Stewart showed his bad breeding and temper by saying, as he drew himself up, "Sir, I am General Stewart of the Confederate army, and under the circumstances I refuse to take your hand."

To which Hancock replied, "Under any other circumstances, General, I should not have offered it."

The victorious troops of Hancock swept down the reverse side of the intrenchments for over a mile toward Spottsylvania Court House, until they encountered a heavy line of the Confederates behind strong works, running east and west across the base of the A-like salient. Lee hurried reinforcements to the point, and Hancock's men were driven back to the

first intrenched line they had captured, but from thence they would not be driven.

Hancock had driven his men like a huge wedge between the right and center of Lee's lines and only needed greater impetus to the blow to inflict great disaster on Lee's army.

Lee understood his peril and brought up reinforcements to retake the works. During the day he made five heavy assaults, as if determined to retake the position at any cost. It was the most desperate and bloody contest of the war.

At one part of the line the Union men held the intrenchments and planted their colors on the outside with a picket line inside of the works; while at another the Union flag was planted on one side and the Confederate flag on the other. Sometimes one or two of Hancock's men would mount the intrenchments and fire into the crowd of Confederates while their comrades passed loaded muskets to them until they fell back, wounded or dead, and others would then take their places. Others would make a rush upon the Confederates and pull them, bodily, over the works or, with the thrust of a bayonet, kill those on the opposite side of the log breastworks. Occasionally a few Confederates during a pause in firing would show a flag of truce and leap the barrier to get out of the deadly shower of bullets. The undergrowth of trees was withered by the bullets.

Half a dozen times, says a participant, the Confederates stuck up something white to show that they were willing to surrender, and wanted to be "taken



A SOUTHERN ROAD.

in out of the wet." But others were crowded in to take their places. Both sides had to stop at times and get space to fight in by throwing the dead aside.

The terrible infantry fire is illustrated by the fact that a tree eighteen inches in diameter was cut down by bullets inside this angle of death. An oak tree twenty-two inches in diameter, says a Confederate general, was cut down by the musket fire, and fell about 12 o'clock, killing two men.

A heavy rain storm came up about noon, but the fierce fight continued until darkness came to shut from sight the sanguinary scene. Our men could not advance, and in turn checked every attempt of the enemy to drive them out. About midnight the Confederates gave it up and retired to an inner line that had been constructed during the fight for the Bloody Angle.

The following week, the Union troops moved from point to point to find a weak spot in Lee's intrenched line. The watchful enemy delivered one of his lightning-like counter blows. Part of the line which they attacked was defended by Tyler with some heavy artillery men from the defenses of Washington, that had never before been under fire. They knew nothing about the bushwhacking tactics that had been adopted by veterans and, when attacked, rushed upon the enemy and with regular volleys put them to flight. Their loss was heavy, but to them, undoubtedly, belonged the honor of repulsing the enemy.

During the week it had rained almost continuously, making the roads impassable to artillery and by no means easy for marching men.

While this fighting was going on, Sheridan with the cavalry made a raid all around Lee's army, tearing up railways, capturing a supply train, releasing four hundred prisoners of war, defeating a cavalry force under General J. E. B. Stewart, and pursuing the routed Confederates into the defenses of Richmond, capturing a section of artillery and a hundred prisoners. In his official report he says, "Two small newsboys entered our lines and sold the Richmond newspapers to the officers and men."

With great daring and skill, Sheridan reached Haxall's Landing on James River, communicated with Butler and drew a new supply of rations, and, after making his cavalry a terror to the Confederates, made his way again with a large train of wagons toward Grant's army. The cavalry was no longer a joke with the Army of the Potomac, but a help, and made it safe for Grant to move his supply trains.

On the 23d Sheridan encountered the enemy near Cold Harbor, and was hard pressed by them. Grant sent him word to hold his position, and he fought obstinately until the next morning, when infantry of Grant's army arrived to help him.

CHAPTER XXI

STILL FIGHTING AND MARCHING ON

GRANT now received such news of his other armies as would have disheartened any but the most courageous and resolute natures. Banks, in Louisiana, had been sadly defeated in his Red River campaign; Sigel had been badly whipped in the Shenandoah Valley; while Butler, in attempting to enter Richmond by its back door, had been vanquished at Druray's Bluff. Thus, in one season of operations, his expectations that all his armies, by working in harmony together, would achieve a general victory were shattered.

He spent not one moment in gloomy regrets or in fault-finding with his subordinate generals, who had failed, but, apparently as confident as ever, made other plans and directed their execution.

On the night of the 21st of May, 1864, Grant continued his movement to the left by marching one corps back of the others, which were stationary, and then another and another in the same manner, with a similar sidelong crawl which the Confederates did not fancy.

Both the Union and Confederate armies were on the march toward the North Anna River, and on the 23d the Army of the Potomac reached the northern banks

of that stream, to find Lee planted on the opposite side.

Warren's corps crossed at Jericho Ford, and repulsed an attack from the enemy with heavy loss to the assailants. In attempting to move around Warren's flank the Confederates lost a thousand men from their flanking column, which, with its commander, was captured. Hancock crossed the river with considerable fighting, when the enemy fled from their intrenchments.

Lee, however, with great skill managed to push his center between the two wings of Grant's army and checkmated him; for the position of Lee was so unpromising for an attack that Grant withdrew his army, on the 26th.

On the 27th, after a magnificent march of twenty-two miles, the head of Grant's column reached the Pamunkey River, captured and dispersed the Confederates guarding its passage, and Grant with his whole army crossed that river by night. Here it received new supplies by water-craft from the Chesapeake Bay, and gained a new base for supplies.

The army was now in a country familiar to the veterans of the Army of the Potomac who had served with McClellan in the Peninsular Campaign. Lee had taken a position in advance of the Chickahominy, and was now literally fighting for Richmond, for the smoke of that city could be seen by Grant's advance.

The Richmond newspapers no longer scoffed at Grant, or spoke of his luck, but realized that Lee, with all his genius, had at last met his match; that he was

a general who would not turn back, but who advanced, and delivered repeated battle which, if continued, would be fatal to the Confederacy.

General Hill at this time in a letter to Beauregard wrote: "It is arrant nonsense for Lee to say Grant cannot make a night march without his knowing it. Has he not slipped around him four times already?"

Another Confederate officer wrote, "It is admitted that Lee has at last met a foeman who matches his steel. . . . From first to last Grant has shown great skill and prudence combined with remorseless persistency."

The tone of Grant's communications with Washington was so different from that of former generals commanding that army that it was a revelation to the officials there, and to the country. It carried with it an air of confidence, never before shown by any commander of the Army of the Potomac.

"Lee's army," he said, "is really whipped. The prisoners we now take show it unmistakably. A battle with it outside of intrenchments cannot be had. Our men feel that they have gained the morale over the enemy, and attack him with confidence. I may be mistaken, but I feel that our success over Lee's army is already assured."

There was no whining, or complaint, but the air of conviction of one who sees the end and victory coming. This had a moral effect, even in official circles, difficult to describe.

The Chickahominy is one of the natural defenses of Richmond; a wet ditch of its outer fortifications. As it

was Grant's plan to compel Lee to retire within his defenses, as he had Pemberton at Vicksburg, it became necessary for him to cross that sluggish and swamp-fringed stream. To avoid encountering Lee's whole army in doing this, he made a move to the left and found the enemy behind Cold Harbor, in a thick wood, to reach which it would be necessary to cross an open field to the attack.

Near 4 o'clock on the afternoon of June 1st a spirited attack was made, and Wright's corps (the Sixth) captured the first line of the Confederate rifle-pits and six hundred prisoners. The second line was found so difficult to attack successfully, that the Union army paused and lay on their arms for the night. Grant lost here about two thousand men, but he secured the possession of Cold Harbor, which it was important to hold in order to effect a passage across the Chickahominy and compel Lee's retirement within his intrenchments at Richmond.

June the 3d Grant ordered another attack, and Hancock's, Wright's, and Smith's army corps went forward to assault the enemy's strongly intrenched position.

The assault was made with great courage and in proper soldierly manner. Barlow, of Hancock's corps, captured a portion of the Confederate works, and planted his colors there, but was driven out; but, nothing daunted, he intrenched under a heavy fire within seventy-five yards of the hostile rifle-pits. Gibbon also advanced his men with great bravery, and young Colonel McMahon mounted the breastworks of

the enemy with a few of his brave men, only to fall dead beside the flag that he had planted there. Wright's corps, with equal gallantry and courage, assaulted the main line, without success and with terrible loss. Smith, with the 18th corps, bravely, but unsuccessfully attacked, and fell back with terrible loss of his brave men, and his divisions shattered by the most frightful fire of artillery and musketry.

The loss was great, and Grant ordered the attack to cease.

It was a great mistake of Grant's to order this second attack. Some six thousand men, the flower of the gallant Army of the Potomac, fell in this awful battle which lasted but a few moments and, as Grant afterwards said, "with no compensating advantage." He always regretted ordering this assault; for, as he said in his final report, it was "the only general attack made, from the Rapidan to James River, which did not inflict upon the enemy losses to compensate for our own."

Grant was simply human in desiring to break through the enemy's outer line and to shorten the terrible work of destroying the enemy.

With the coming of night the two armies lay so near each other that their pickets got intermingled, and small fights occurred constantly along the line.

Grant had learned a sorrowful lesson; he was not a man who expressed his regrets in mere words; but, after this, he was more economical of his soldiers, and, from that time on, never wasted a life in experiment.

He had hoped to deal a paralyzing blow to

Lee north of Richmond, and had been repulsed. He did not, however, find fault with others for his failures, but, as we have seen, took a proper part of the blame on himself.

Finding his attempt to deal Lee a disabling blow north of his capital impracticable, he determined to attack Lee's communications from the south, and to shut his army up in Richmond, from which it must come out and fight him on equal terms or starve.

In a report made to Washington about this time he said, "I now find, after thirty days of trial, the enemy deems it of first importance to run no risk with the armies they now have. They act purely on the defensive behind breastworks, or feebly on the offensive immediately in front of them, where in case of repulse they can instantly retire behind them. Without a greater sacrifice of human life than I am willing to make, all cannot be accomplished that I had designed outside of the city. The feeling of the two armies now seems to be that the rebels can protect themselves only by strong intrenchments; whilst our army is not only confident of protecting itself without intrenchments, but that it can beat and drive the enemy wherever and whenever found without this protection."

Thenceforth, in the campaign that followed, he opposed defensive works to those of the enemy, occasionally making sallies from them to capture the enemy's communications, until at last the Confederacy crumbled and fell, though always fighting bravely.

From the Rapidan to the James, in the sanguinary battles which I have briefly sketched in preceding pages, Grant had lost in killed and wounded and prisoners over fifty thousand men. Such a loss seems terrible, even in words; but how much more terrible was it in reality!

It was a part of the great price, to be paid in human life and suffering, for the redemption of this noble Republic that we love, from disunion and slavery. It seemed true that every drop of blood drawn by the lash was to be paid by another drawn by the sword.

On the night of June 12th Grant crossed the Chickahominy, made a rapid march of fifty-five miles to James River in two days, with the purpose of placing his army south of Richmond, seizing Petersburg if possible, and then shutting Lee's army up in Richmond, as he had Pemberton's in Vicksburg.

For two days Lee lost Grant's army; and bewildered by its being whisked almost mysteriously out of sight without his knowing its whereabouts, he wired to his generals, "Where is Grant? Find out where the Federal army is." An army of one hundred thousand men had disappeared as though it were but a single platoon.

CHAPTER XXII

ON TO PETERSBURG

IN his endeavors heretofore Grant had made repeated turning movements to drive Lee from his intrenchments that covered Richmond. While the administration at Washington had not dictated to him in his overland campaign, yet it was well understood that he had deferred to the well-known wishes of those in authority at Washington, that the Army of the Potomac should, in its movements against Lee, at the same time guard the national capital. In so doing he had labored under many disadvantages natural to such a situation. While the country in which he had fought was largely unfamiliar to him, Lee knew all its paths and byways. The inhabitants were his friends, guides, and spies. Moving on interior lines, his army was more compact and easier to handle than Grant's. He could quickly gather it and strike his enemy's extended lines, and then retire to his defenses if not successful. Grant had trains with thousands of wagons to protect as he moved. Lee was less encumbered and moved light. He understood and fully used his advantage in operating on interior lines.

When, on the 13th, Lee discovered that Grant had withdrawn from his front, he retired his army towards Richmond.

Napoleon, the great master of war, declared that a change of base was "the ablest maneuver taught by military art." It is universally acknowledged that Grant made this operation of great delicacy with masterly ability. In his movement to the James he had abandoned the direct defense of Washington, as we have seen; for it is sometimes deemed best, in the defense of a place, to appear to leave the point to be guarded, rather than to remain in its front. His moral firmness in moving to the south side of the James was as much to be admired as his method of execution.

When on the 12th Grant began this march, he had sent Warren to take the lead in order to mask and defend the movement, by making believe that he was about to advance on Richmond by the route of the White Oak Swamp. After crossing the Chickahominy at Long Bridge, he contrived to hold the roads by which Lee might disturb the movement across the James River, or learn what was really going on. Lee intrenched his advance in front of Warren as though he was expecting an advance on Richmond from this direction. By this move, and by other means, Grant concealed his purpose so well that Lee did not know what he was doing until it was already executed.

One of the notable minor achievements of crossing the James was a bridge built on boats, called a pontoon bridge, 210 feet in length. The river at this point had a very swift current, and a tidal rise and fall of four feet. The bridge was begun by the regular engineer corps at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and finished by midnight of the 13th.

The whole movement had been thus far a brilliant success. On the 14th Grant wired to Washington, "Our forces will commence crossing the James to-day, the enemy show no signs of having brought up troops to the south side of Richmond. I will have Petersburg secured, if possible, before they get in much force."

The President received the news with joy, and on the 15th he telegraphed to Grant, "I have just received your dispatch of 1 P.M. yesterday. I begin to see it. You will succeed. God bless you all."

Lee, meanwhile, was so deceived by Grant's blinding movements, that he believed he intended a direct attack on Richmond, and it was not until the 17th that he learned where Grant's army was.

Warren's corps, with Wilson's cavalry, having accomplished its purpose of deceiving Lee, withdrew and by midnight of the 16th the whole Army of the Potomac, with all its artillery and immense trains, was south of James River; while Lee was holding his army on the north side, to protect Richmond from an attack which he believed was coming.

Lee in his uncertainty, as late as the 17th wired General Beauregard, "The Fifth Corps (Warren's) crossed the Chickahominy at Long Bridge on 13th . . . that night it marched to Westover . . . have not heard from it since." In the afternoon of the same day he wired W. H. F. Lee, "Push after the enemy and try to find out what has become of Grant's army."

The next important move of Grant's was to seize, if

possible, Petersburg. That my readers may understand the importance of the capture of that little city, I will explain: It stood in its relation to Richmond like an outlying fortress pushed out on its flank, protecting the great lines for supply of that city and Lee's army. The Lynchburg Railroad, James River Canal, and Danville Railroad run into Richmond from a westerly and southwesterly direction. If Lee could hold Petersburg, he could repel any force threatening these lines by which his army was fed. Without these lines his army could not protect Richmond, for it would starve. If Grant could capture the place it would compel Lee to abandon it and retreat into the interior of the South.

It is necessary to understand this, as Grant's whole campaign that follows, until it closed at Appomattox, centered here in the attempt to take from the Confederates these lines of supply. They were Lee's life lines; he could not live without them any more than a man can live with a rope drawn tightly around his throat.

On the 15th an expedition under General W. F. Smith left Bermuda Hundreds with instructions to attack Petersburg as soon as possible. On arriving before that place on the 15th, he spent most of the afternoon making preparations, and it was not until seven o'clock that he began his attack. He then advanced with a heavy line of skirmishers and, under a sharp fire, captured the line and several hundred prisoners. Instead of pushing on and completing the capture of the town, he rested until morning before resuming the

battle. Grant was, meanwhile, hurrying Hancock's corps to his assistance.

When Hancock arrived he joined Smith in the attack. The whole force in the intrenchments of Petersburg, the evening before, when Smith had made his first attack, was only about 2,400 men, and most of them were old men and boys. Smith had 16,000 men.

General Beauregard had urged Lee to send troops enough to defend Petersburg, as Beauregard was afraid that in withdrawing from before Richmond, Grant meant an attack on that place. Lee was not, however, convinced that Richmond was not to be attacked, and sent Hoke's division only for its defense. Beauregard stripped his own lines also in front of Butler at Bermuda Hundreds and sent them to the defense of Petersburg.

Thus it was that when Hancock and Smith resumed the attack they met men of a different metal than those they had encountered the day before. Though Petersburg had been reinforced by men from Lee's heroic army, yet the Union force outnumbered them and there was still a chance for its capture. But Lee, now fully informed, understood his peril and heavily reinforced the line.

Hancock took command and ordered Generals Birney and Gibbon, in command of divisions, that all points between their positions and the Appomattox should be taken by daylight. These officers seem to have made but feeble attempts to carry out his instructions and when, later, they made reconnoissance they found the enemy occupying strong positions at all

points. When the Ninth and Fifth corps arrived they made an assault and the Confederates were driven back for some distance along the entire line. The fighting ceased late in the afternoon, and in spite of repeated sallies of the enemy to regain their ground, the Union men held their positions.

The next morning the attack was renewed by Burnside and Hancock. At early dawn Potter, of Burnside's corps, formed the brigades of Griffin and Curtin in a ravine close to the enemy's works. The commands were given in whispers; without firing a shot they dashed over the enemy's intrenchments and found its defenders asleep with their arms in their hands. It was a great surprise.

They captured in this gallant affair five flags, four pieces of artillery, 1,500 stand of small arms and 600 Confederates. The ground in the ravine was covered by fallen timber, which made it difficult for Potter to follow up his success, but he pushed on until he found the enemy in intrenchments near the Appomattox River in rear of Petersburg. An attack was made on this line during the day, but without success. Later an attack was made by the 59th Massachusetts and a part of the intrenchment and a flag and about a hundred prisoners were captured. But after heavy losses they were driven out again. In the night the Confederates withdrew to an interior line five hundred yards farther back.

Late on the evening of the 17th an attack was ordered by Meade for the next morning. Several important advanced positions were gained. Another ad-

vance was made late in the afternoon and positions gained close up against the enemy's intrenchments.

The Union army here intrenched, and in a short time a strong system of works was constructed behind which the line could be held by a part of the Army of the Potomac, while the remainder could be used for offensive operations on the left.

Providence seemed to have overruled Grant's plan for the capture of Petersburg, in order to make Lee's final overthrow more complete. For had Petersburg fallen at that time Lee would undoubtedly have abandoned Richmond and retired into the interior of the South, where he could more easily feed his army and indefinitely continue the war.

The incessant struggles of the heroic Army of the Potomac for a month, in close and deadly struggle with an intrenched foe, had exhausted both officers and men. A majority of the gallant officers that had really *led* their men in battle were killed or wounded.

The army was now about to settle down to comparative rest. I say comparative, for from an ordinary standpoint there was but little rest, even in holding an intrenched line in front of such men as composed Lee's army.

The army owed its hopeful spirit to the fact that it was largely composed of boys under nineteen years of age, many of them of the age, or younger, than those who read these pages; boys animated by patriotic devotion to the nation they had been taught to love.

The North was impatient of delay; it had believed that, under the generalship of Grant, Lee's army

would be quickly vanquished. It was sickened and horrified at the awful losses the army had sustained from the Rapidan to James River.

There is "many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," and but for unaccountable blundering Petersburg would have been captured, Lee's army would have retreated, and a most brilliant campaign would have been the result. It is hard to fix the blame for such failures; but it seems to the writer that Providence overruled in disappointing Grant, in order to make the final overthrow of the Confederates more complete.

The press of the North (that part of it that was in real sympathy with the Confederates) had bitter sneers about Grant, but the loyal press had praise. Grant made no explanations or reply to censure, but, with his usual self-restraint and reticence, held his peace and calmly went on with his work of organizing final victory and bringing to the nation enduring peace.

Lee understood Grant's difficulties and estimated him justly. Once, when some of his officers were sneering at Grant's management of his campaign, Lee, who like Grant was a man of few words, interrupted to say, "I think Grant has managed his affairs remarkably well."

There was much criticism and clamor at the North against Grant, but it did not swerve him from his purpose. He knew that though the tide of battle might ebb and flow, yet with his attaining his position south of James River, the final defeat of Lee and the overthrow of the Confederacy was assured.

He reminded his Northern friends that the Confed-

erates were now in two grand armies under Lee and Johnston, and that neither of them dared to risk a battle outside of their fortifications. "To take such is a matter of time, or else involves terrible destruction of human life." He added, "If the rebellion is not perfectly and thoroughly crushed, it will be the fault and through the weakness of the people of the North."

When Grant had crossed to the south of James River, clear-sighted men attached to the Confederate cause saw plainly, as did Grant, that the destruction of the Confederacy was only a question of time. General Ewell of the Confederate army declared, when Grant swung his army across James River, that it was of no use fighting any longer.

It was in the face of discouragements and public clamor against him that Grant's strongest characteristics came out. Then he preserved silence, shut his teeth, and went resolutely to his task.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE INVESTMENT OF PETERSBURG

THE lines on Grant's unreadable face had grown deeper and its expression sterner than when he first entered the service as a colonel. His shoulders stooped still more, as though the burdens laid upon them by the nation had weighed heavily. His life at City Point, where he made his headquarters, was as simple as though he was still a second lieutenant instead of lieutenant-general. He wore a private soldier's blue blouse and trousers, with nothing to designate his rank but the shoulder straps with its four stars. At first his headquarters was in a tent, and afterwards in a stockaded log hut of two rooms; the front room was his office, with a pine table for a desk. The rear room was his bedroom and contained a cot bed, two or three folding camp chairs, and a tin basin on a tripod. There was much less parade and show than at the headquarters of many colonels of his army. His staff ate at the same table with him and, as he was absolutely indifferent about what he ate, the meals were not luxurious by any orders of his. He did not discuss his plans with any one, and one who knew him said, "He shut up like a box turtle" when any one attempted to discuss them with him.

He liked a good story, but would not tolerate vulgarity. One who was about to inflict such a story, said as a preface, "As there are no ladies present—" when Grant interrupted, "*No, but there are gentlemen.*" He never swore; to some one who said that he could not understand how it was that, serving so long as a soldier, he had never acquired the habit, he replied, "I did not like it when I was a boy and saw the folly of it when I became a man. . . . I could never see the use of swearing. . . . To say the least, it is a great waste of time."

Possibly Grant never enjoyed himself more than when with his family. His oldest boy, Fred, now General Grant, accompanied him in his campaign before Vicksburg. It shows Grant's equipoise of mind that he did not fret or worry about him during the campaign.

While at City Point his wife and children made him several visits. One morning an officer who had come to Grant's quarters with dispatches found him in a rough and tumble wrestling match with his two boys, laughing, and apparently enjoying it as much as the boys did.

Meanwhile the siege went on. The army was mostly behind forts and rifle-pits. Let my young readers imagine thousands of men behind these defenses, reaching for miles, right and left. These defenses were simply wide ditches with the soil thrown out towards the enemy in front. Logs were put along the top of the rifle-pits and so arranged as to protect the heads of the soldiers while firing through

loop-holes under them. These were called head-logs.

A soldier seldom exposed his head above the head-logs of these defenses, but looked out from under them. Sometimes, when a raw recruit in a spirit of bravado got on top of the rifle-pits, he would fall back, shot dead by the watchful enemy. A company of veterans would do much more effective duty than one made up of new men, with less expenditure of life.

At some parts of the line, however, there was an understanding between the men of both armies, that they would not fire upon each other; and these informal truces were seldom violated without giving some kind of warning.

Generally the men on duty in the rifle-pits had their tents at a safe distance in the rear, sometimes behind a hill or in the woods. Their food was usually cooked there and brought to them. And they passed to and from their tents, either in the night, or by a broad ditch (with the earth thrown out in such a manner as to protect those moving back and forth) called a covered way.

Grant had intended to extend the lines of his army to the Weldon Road; but on his attempting to do this the Confederates showed fight. With this purpose in view, on the 22nd of June, Hancock's and Wright's corps were moved to the left. An opening was left between the two corps, and between them the watchful enemy pushed Hill's corps. The first intimation of this was received by a destructive fire upon the flank of Barlow's division, which caused them to

fall back in confusion. Mott saw what was taking place and also got quickly back to his former position. In falling back so quickly, he was unable to give notice to Gibbons' division, which being suddenly attacked in the rear, fell back, abandoning a battery of artillery. The Confederates turned the guns upon Gibbons' men and, after capturing 1,700 prisoners, again retired behind their defenses.

The next morning, however, Hancock's and Wright's corps both advanced and took the position from which they had been driven. Wright's corps was formed on the left of Hancock's, facing the Weldon Railroad, with its pickets thrown out close to the road. Two strong forts, one called Fort Davis and the other called Fort Sedgwick — commonly known among the soldiers as "Fort Hell," were built on the line of the Jerusalem Plank Road. The Union works between the Norfolk Railroad, then in the possession of the Union troops, and the Weldon Railroad, which they were soon to capture, were ended by one of these forts, before mentioned, which delivered a sweeping fire down the broad ravine along which the Union rifle-pits were extended.

The Confederate breastworks were close up to them, and there was a tacit agreement here between "Rebs" and "Yanks" that they would not fire upon each other during the daytime, and so the pickets of both sides passed to and from their rifle-pits in plain sight of each other. At night, however, this truce was not in force, for firing had to be kept up to guard against surprise. There were times, however, when the

musketry and artillery fire was constant, but it was mostly at night.

The firing was more severe at all times on the lines of Burnside's corps than elsewhere, being kept up night and day. There were several causes for this, the principal one being that there were several negro regiments in that corps, and towards these the Southern soldiers showed especial bitterness, for they regarded black men as fit only for slaves, and seemed determined to make them feel that they were not to be treated as soldiers. The black soldiers returned this hatred in full measure. They felt justified in doing so by the way in which colored soldiers had been treated. Forrest, at the surrender of Fort Pillow, had murdered the whole garrison of blacks, and since then the war cry of the negro troops was, "Remember Fort Pillow." So when an unusual racket of firing was heard along the line of Burnside's corps, it was known that the black troops were in the intrenchments and were exchanging shots with the Confederates.

Another cause of this bitterness was that there were two Maryland brigades, one Union and the other Confederate, opposing each other here, and between enemies from the same state there was naturally a great deal of ill-feeling and no compromise.

An Irish private of the Union Maryland regiment learned that his son was in the Maryland regiment opposing him, and sent word for his son to meet him on the picket line; this was done. While the conference between father and son was taking place,

one of the Confederates called out, "Say, it's too doggoned bad that you and your son should be fighting each other; you ought to be over here with us."

"No," said the patriotic Irish soldier, "he'd ought to be over here fighting for the Union, with me." That night the son deserted to the Union lines.

Desertions from the Confederate lines were constant. Men who had fought bravely for that cause saw that it was hopeless and refused to risk their lives further.

There was a piece of woods between the contestants at one part of the line, from which both parties got fuel. It was quite common for the representatives of the "blue" and the "gray" to meet here in friendly conversations, swap jokes and opinions, trade coffee for tobacco and "hard tack" for corn bread. On one occasion one of the Union men invited a good-natured "Reb" to help him to our lines with an unusually heavy load of wood, with the promise that he might safely return.

The two came into the Union lines with the wood. The Confederate glanced around, sniffed the perfume of coffee and other good things cooking, and said, "It looks right comfortable here, Yanks, and I reckon I'll stay;" and he did.

General Grant was especially interested in a mine that was being dug from the front of Burnside's corps to a fort in front called the Elliot Salient, with the intention of "blowing it up." Several times he was seen walking along these lines examining the preparations. Said one of the soldiers to the writer,



INTRENCHING.

"Though he usually had a cigar in his mouth, I seldom saw him smoking. He looked like a man who was doing a lot of thinking. He looked more at home on horseback than on foot. He was very quick in his motions, and very decided; and he walked with his head and body thrown well forward. He asked me a question once and when I replied he looked me over from head to foot; I felt as though he had read me like a book."

I have spoken of the incessant firing along this line, and this mine may have had something to do with it, for the Confederates knew about it; though how they learned of its being dug I do not know.

This incessant firing can best be illustrated by the ordnance returns of the 6th New Hampshire, which at that time had in its ranks only about two hundred men. The returns of that regiment for one quarter shows that ninety-six thousand rounds of cartridges were fired, which is nearly five tons of ammunition.

The breastworks along the line were eight or ten feet high in places and several feet thick; but they were not thick enough to stand shot and shell, and needed constant repair, for which purpose timber was often brought two miles from the rear.

The Confederates were constantly strengthening their lines, until by the 1st of July they were deemed practicably impregnable against assaults.

There were comparatively few men killed each day in a regiment, but if even only two were killed during three days this would, in time, destroy the regiment.

Lee, with consummate ability, took every oppor-

tunity to exact a tribute of blood, though he was not able to strike any vital spot in the armor of Grant's army.

War is at best terrible and, as Mr. Lincoln once said, cannot be successfully conducted "with elder-stalk squirts charged with rose water." The only justification of war is, that there are some things more valuable than human life, and our Republic and Freedom were among them. War teaches the duty of self-sacrifice, for the good of all.

In July the weather became terribly hot. Not a drop of rain had fallen from the 3d of June to the 19th of July, a period of forty-seven days. Marching men were enveloped in clouds of stifling dust, filling the mouth and nostrils, and causing great suffering to the soldiers. The dust on the road from before Petersburg to City Point was over knee-deep. The springs, small streams, and ponds had dried up, but the men dug wells, and found good cool water for drinking and cooking.

The men were better fed before Petersburg than is usual. An organization of patriotic citizens of the North, called the "Sanitary Commission," provided vegetables, and sometimes fruit and other luxuries, including condensed milk for their coffee. It had more than good physical effects; it helped the morale of the army by reminding the soldiers that they were not forgotten by the good people at home.

Among the recruits sent to Grant at Petersburg there were many worthless characters, men who had enlisted for selfish purposes, principally to get the high

bounties that were offered for recruits, and then to escape from the service they agreed to give in return. One of the veteran regiments, one that had earned a national reputation for courage and patriotism, had been filled up with such men — if men they could be called — as I refer to. They deserted in such numbers that the Confederates sent word that, as most of the regiment was on that side, the colonel ought to send over the regimental flag. But the regiment felt that they had got clear of men who were of no use to them, and that they would be worse than useless to the Confederates.

Grant had other armies than the one before Petersburg, to plan for and look after. One of these, the army under Sigel, in the Shenandoah Valley, was within the same "zone of operations" as that of the "Army of the Potomac." Sigel did not suit Grant, for he proved slow and timid; and he had replaced him by General Hunter, who marched up the Valley and, on June 16th, pushed forward to Lynchburg.

When Grant had disappeared from Lee's front, after the battle of Cold Harbor, Lee sent Ewell's corps of his army of war-tried veterans to drive Hunter from the Valley of the Shenandoah. He defeated Hunter, who fell back to the Ohio River as his nearest base of supplies.

This retreat of Hunter left Early master of the Valley, and free to cross over into Pennsylvania and Maryland. He conducted the campaign with great ability. He threatened Baltimore, forced two hundred thousand dollars from the people of Frederick,

to save their town from being burned, and burned houses within five miles of the city of Washington. The panic created by General Early's army in the vicinity of the national capital was so great that strong pressure was brought to bear on Grant to remove his army to the vicinity of Washington. But Grant saw that it was more of a scare than a hurt, and sent General Wright with his corps and a part of the Nineteenth Corps that had just arrived from New Orleans, to take care of Early. A small battle was fought before the defenses of the national capital; but when Early found himself confronted by the veterans of Grant's army, he hastened to get back again over the Potomac into Virginia. He carried with him horses, cattle, hogs, sheep, groceries, shoes, and clothing as a part of the plunder he had secured.

Lee had thought that by sending Early on this errand, he might force Grant either to attack his defenses in front of Petersburg, or to withdraw his army. Grant had evidently wired to Stanton about it, for Mr. Lincoln in a quaint letter to Grant, about this time, says: "I have seen your dispatch expressing your unwillingness to break your hold where you are. Neither am I willing. *Hold on with a bull-dog grip, and chew and choke as much as possible.*"

CHAPTER XXIV

THE GREAT MINE EXPLOSION

THE greater part of July was devoted to strengthening the Union lines. The left wing was shortened to rest upon the Jerusalem Plank Road and an order was issued directing regular approaches to be made against the enemy's works. In other words, the enemy were to be "dug out of their holes" as they were at Vicksburg.

On the 25th of July, Grant sent Hancock's corps to the north of James River to make a quick dash on Richmond and, with two divisions of cavalry, to destroy the railroads in the vicinity of that city. This was for the purpose of coöperating with an attack to be made in connection with the explosion of a mine. This mine, which was to make a breach in the enemy's works, was in course of preparation.

In this chapter my young readers will be informed about that dramatic attempt to blow up a part of the enemy's works known as the Elliot Salient, in front of Burnside's corps, on the right of the Union lines. It was thought that by this means a breach would be made in the Confederate works large enough for an assaulting body of men to rush through and capture the town.

The Union lines at this point bulged out in convex

form towards the enemy. The lines of the opposing forces here were not over one hundred and fifty yards apart. From that point could be seen Cemetery Hill and, behind it, the steeples of Petersburg. The city was within reach of our artillery and several times buildings had been set on fire by the Union guns.

It was at this point that, from a sheltered ravine out of sight of the enemy, the mine was begun, June 25th.

It was a bold proposition to run a mine under a distant fort and blow it up. The regular engineers did not believe it practicable, and considered it a foolish proposal. With specialists the thing that has never been done is impossible. But while the army engineers declared that men engaged in digging it would be stifled for want of air, Lieutenant-Colonel Pleasants began to work and continued it under very discouraging circumstances. Americans possess the characteristic of believing that intelligence can do anything, and this officer, who was a civil engineer before he entered the army, believed that with his regiment, mostly coal miners from Pennsylvania, he could successfully complete the task. The work was begun with the enthusiastic support of General Burnside.

The regular engineers refused the use of their mining picks or instruments of any kind. Colonel Pleasants had the ordinary picks made over into mining picks. He had no wheelbarrows with which to carry away the earth from the galleries; but he made handbarrows from cracker boxes, bound with iron from fish barrels and fitted with handles. He obtained

lumber from a saw mill outside the lines and, from Washington, an instrument to ascertain the distance; and finally, overcoming every obstacle, he carried the mine forward without employing a man outside of his own regiment.

In order to conceal the soil when removed, so that the enemy would not know that a mine was being dug, he stuck into the soil each day branches and twigs of trees cut for the purpose.

The work was begun on June 25th and, in spite of derision and predictions to the contrary, finished July 23d without accident. That which had been declared impossible was done. Eighteen thousand cubic feet of earth had been removed from the mine. The galleries were 511 feet long and beneath the Elliot Salient branched on either side, not unlike the top of a letter T. Eight magazines were charged with 1,000 pounds of powder each. Wouldn't that make a grand explosion?

Miners engaged in its construction have since informed the writer that, while at work, they could hear the strokes of the picks and spades of the enemy countermining; when under the salient they heard boards and other things thrown upon the ground. They would not have been astonished had they encountered the enemy at any time.

On our side batteries had been erected to keep down the Confederate fire when the assault was made. On the whole it was a favorable time for the assault; for Lee had sent five of his divisions north of James River and had but three left at Petersburg. If the ridge

beyond the Elliot Salient could be captured, the city with its garrison and artillery was ours.

Such was the prize to be grasped. What were the preparations for the task?

I have elsewhere mentioned that many of the regiments here were filled up with worthless material, bounty-jumpers and men with little sense of patriotism; but in such an assault the best men are required for success, since the effort must be made in unison and with dash.

At first Burnside had elected for this work his division of black troops, and had drilled them for the task; but General Meade interfered and objected to their use. They had never been in battle and he feared they would lack steadiness; and again, in case of disaster, Northern people might believe that they had been needlessly sacrificed because they were black.

Then General Burnside took the worst possible course; he left the decision of this important choice to chance. Lots were drawn by his division commanders to see who should lead the assault.

The choice fell on the division of General G. H. Ledlie, and his division, as it turned out, was the worst that could have been selected.

The time fixed for the explosion was half-past three on the morning of the 30th of July. The whole night was devoted to preparation. From three o'clock every one was up, with watch in hand, waiting for the expected explosion.

Grant had bivouacked the night before near the scene, that he might be early on hand to see things for

himself, his face masked with its usual impassiveness. He waited with watch in hand until past the time set for the explosion, then his face began to show anxiety; his brow was slightly frowning, and his mouth more sternly set. He sent one of his staff to ascertain the cause of the delay. The officer returned and reported that the fuse had been lighted at the hour set, the cause of its failure to explode would be ascertained, and the mine would be exploded.

Lieutenant Jacob Douty and Sergeant Henry Reese took their lives in their hands and went through the long gallery to see what was the matter. They found that a match ninety feet long had gone out at a splice about halfway of its length. They set fire to the match once more and got safely back. Thus the Elliot Salient, where two hundred men or more slumbered, had a respite for half an hour.

Suddenly, at fifteen minutes of five o'clock, a dull, jarring tremor shook the ground and then a mass of earth, through which could be seen the flashes of ignited powder like lightning from a cloud, was thrown two hundred feet into the air. It hung suspended like a black cloud through which dark objects could be seen, then fell back to earth again, leaving a dense smoke over the place.

The Elliot Salient had disappeared and in its place was a pit thirty feet deep, two hundred feet long, and fifty feet wide. So powerful had been the concussion that fragments of gun-carriages were thrown several hundred feet inside the Union lines.

Cannon from the Union side now opened with tre-

mendous roar on the Confederate lines in front; every brazen throat blazed and thundered. Had a proper assaulting column now rushed upon the enemy's works, while they were paralyzed and disorganized, success must have crowned its efforts.

The plan for the assault was, that after the explosion the attacking force was at once to pass through the opening made in the Confederate works in two columns, one to the right and the other to the left, sweep down the intrenchments, and cover (protect) the flank of another force which would make for the crest.

The plan was good, but of its execution only the facts need to be stated in order to condemn it.

There was nothing in front to hinder a charging column. The Confederate troops had fled in fright, or in fear of further explosions. The way was open to the summit of the hill, with no hindering earth-works between.

The division of Ledlie advanced to the assault, but that officer was not with his men to direct and encourage them; he was in a bomb-proof! When the division reached the scene of the explosion, instead of going forward as planned, it took shelter from the scattering shots of the enemy by crowding into the crater formed by the explosion.

The Confederates, who had at first abandoned their works right and left of the crater for several hundred yards, now showed signs of returning confidence. It was an hour before their artillery did any execution, and it opened feebly as Potter and Wilcox, with their

divisions, went forward to the assault and took possession of the enemy's intrenchments that had, for several hundred yards, been abandoned. Here covered ways and rifle-pits were jumbled together by the explosion.

There was now a confused mass of men in and around the crater. Confusion reigned supreme. By this time the Confederates had rallied and drove back the Union men at every attempt to advance.

There was an artillery duel going on when, at ten o'clock, the black troops gallantly charged.

"I saw," said one who was a witness of the scene, "the black troops charge, and it was a brave sight. I saw one of their color bearers killed and the flag go down; but it was lifted by another who went forward and was shot; but the flag was rescued by a third who bore it forward in the fight. They had passed beyond the crater and towards the crest of the hill, when they encountered a converging fire of artillery which killed many and drove back the rest, but not until they had reached the enemy, partly broken his lines, and captured two hundred and fifty prisoners. Like the others, they now took shelter in the crater. It was very hot, the thermometer standing above 90 in the shade, and the rays of the sun were converging like a burning-glass in this airless hole. There was no semblance of order; no leader to extricate them; and a raking fire from three different directions killed or mangled the men in this terrible place. A shot striking there was sure to kill or mutilate one or more of them.

The enemy, encouraged by the stupid delays, now took courage and formed in a ravine on the right, planting artillery to the right and left of the crater.

Potter, with his division, charged towards the crest, but having no supports was driven back like those who had preceded him.

Meade was, meanwhile, raging at delays and apparent mismanagement. Grant saw that the affair was being bungled and rode forward to see what could be done to remedy matters. He went on horseback as far as possible and then dismounted and went afoot toward the scene. He was dressed, with the exception of his shoulder straps, like a private soldier, and attracted but little attention as he made his way among the lookers-on. He could not make his way fast enough, inside, so got over the intrenchment and advanced in the direction he desired to go. He was not long in seeing that the affair would prove a failure, and that to save his men the attack must be stopped.

He hurried to find General Burnside; the astonishment of that officer can be imagined when he saw Grant, covered with sweat and dust, climbing from the outside of the breastworks.

Grant wasted no time in compliments or fault-finding, but ordered the immediate withdrawal of the troops, for it was slaughter to leave them there.

There was no formal withdrawal; the men saved themselves as best they could. Most of them made their way back from the crater at night. The enemy took many prisoners and the loss was sickening, without any compensating results.

The day after "the mine fiasco," the dead were still unburied and the wounded uncared for between the hostile lines. A flag of truce had been sent to gain consent of the enemy to the burial of the dead, and to caring for the wounded. It only succeeded so far as to allow the Union soldiers permission to give water to the wounded, for which they were piteously calling. A few of the wounded, however, were stealthily removed under cover of night.

At dawn General Burnside sent another white flag, and a truce being arranged, the officers and men met midway between the hostile intrenchments.

Our men dug two trenches, side by side, and the negroes previously captured by the Confederates brought our dead to the trenches on stretchers.

The black soldiers were buried in one trench and the whites in the other. The black stretcher bearers, meanwhile, looked wistfully over the narrow line which separated them from friends and liberty.

While this was taking place, the officers of both sides entered into friendly but constrained conversation. Meanwhile the men of both sides stood on their respective breastworks, two hundred yards apart.

On the right of the group of officers there were gathered a hundred or more privates and non-commissioned officers of both sides, conversing, joking, trading knives and rations, in the most friendly manner. There was none of the reserve shown by the officers. One would hardly think, to see them, that they had so recently made a business of trying to kill each other.

After the truce, a sentiment of disgust over the

mismanaged affair and its needless butchery prevailed among all ranks. "When I am killed," said one, "I don't want my life *thrown away*; I want it to *count*."

"I don't want to be commanded by a general from a bomb-proof," said another.

Probably the most disgusted man was the general-in-chief. Two days after the fight Grant wrote to Meade, saying, "I think there will have to be an investigation of the affair. So fair an opportunity will never, probably, occur again for carrying the fortifications; preparations were good, orders were ample, and everything, so far as I could see, subsequent to the explosion of the mine, shows that almost without loss the crest beyond the mine could have been carried; this would have given us Petersburg with all its artillery and a large part of its garrison."

A few days after this affair Burnside was relieved from his command, and this ended his army career. He was a brave, patriotic, but not an able general; he was always a little slow in doing things.

Up to the time of this truce which has been referred to, the fire along the line was fierce and incessant; but for a week following scarcely a shot was fired on either side.

During one of these days a Confederate soldier jumped upon the breastwork opposite and, swinging his hat, cried out, "Doggone it, Yanks, let's go home!"

The meeting between the two lines had vividly brought about a renewal of the feelings of common kinship, and the fight was never waged with equal bitterness there again.

CHAPTER XXV

DESTROYING CONFEDERATE HOPES

GENERAL GRANT presented many contradictory phases of character. In his great love of friends he would suffer many annoyances in their behalf, and never deserted a friend in trouble; yet he would not show a favor to one of them at the expense of a public duty.

A cousin of Grant's, who was a Confederate soldier, became a prisoner of war. He wrote to the general asking to be paroled; but the request was refused because Grant would not show favor to a relative that he could not show to any other soldier.

He hated war and parade, and was yet a great soldier. He had no showy personal qualities, yet his achievements made the most brilliant pages of history. He was a man of singular gentleness, and yet was relentless and unyielding in the conduct of war. He couldn't make a speech, yet his pithy sentences struck home like bullets. He could not endure the sight of suffering, yet sent thousands of men to their death in relentless battle for his country.

One of the sources of Confederate strength was in their slaves. They worked in the field, raising produce for feeding both the Confederate armies and the families at home, thus leaving all white men free

to enlist in the army; they also worked on fortifications, and as teamsters. While thus strengthening their side by negro labor, they denied the right of the Federal Government to use them for purposes of war, and threatened to kill any black Union soldier who fell into their hands.

Several of General Butler's negro soldiers having been taken prisoners, they were set at work under fire of the Union guns. General Butler promptly retaliated by placing a number of Confederate officers under fire of their guns. The enemy at once took the black soldiers from their dangerous work and gave them the treatment of white soldiers. Lee wrote to Grant a letter of explanation, incidentally arguing the questions of state rights and slavery.

Grant in reply said, "I shall always regret the necessity of retaliating for wrongs done our soldiers, but regard it my duty to protect all persons received into the army of the United States, regardless of color or nationality. When acknowledged soldiers of the government are captured, they must be treated as prisoners of war, or such treatment as they receive will be inflicted upon an equal number of prisoners held by us. I have nothing to do with the slavery question; therefore decline answering the argument adduced to show the right to return to former owners such negroes as are captured from our armies."

Grant had loved General McPherson with a love second only to that with which he regarded Sherman. When the tidings of his death before Atlanta came, he was almost prostrated with grief.

Sherman had captured Atlanta November 1st, 1864, and after destroying its arsenals, machine shops, and railroads, on the 15th of November began his march to the sea. Jefferson Davis, the president of the Confederacy, removed the able General Johnston because of his failure to beat Sherman, and put in his place General G. B. Hood, who tried to cut Sherman's communications. The joke of that matter was that Sherman had voluntarily abandoned them, as Grant had before Vicksburg; and therefore had no communications to cut.

Davis advocated pushing the Union army back to the Mississippi.

When Sherman heard of this plan, he said, in substance, "If he *will* only go North I will furnish him with rations for his trip."

Well, he did go, and Sherman detached a part of his forces commanded by General Thomas, who never failed to follow him. Grant said of Hood, "He continued his movement northward, which seemed to be leading to his certain doom; . . . had I the power to command both armies I should not have changed the order under which he seemed to be acting."

Sherman marched to Savannah and a few days later wired to the President, "I beg to present you, as a Christmas gift, the city of Savannah, with one hundred and fifty guns, plenty of ammunition, and about twenty-five thousand bales of cotton."

This famous "march to the sea" cut the Confederacy in two and destroyed, as was intended, many sources of Confederate supplies; for it was, as I have

before said, one part of Grant's plan to prevent the enemy from obtaining supplies for their armies.

Another of the places from which Lee had obtained supplies was the Shenandoah Valley. Not only that, but protected as this valley was by mountains, he had used it, during the entire war, as a covered way through which his armies could pass to invade the North or to threaten Washington.

On the 1st of August, 1864, Grant sent Sheridan to the Shenandoah Valley. He wrote to Halleck at the same time, saying, "I am sending General Sheridan for temporary duty whilst the enemy is being expelled from the border. Unless General Hunter is in the field in person, I want Sheridan put in command of all the troops in the field, with instructions to put himself south of the enemy and follow him to the death. Wherever the enemy goes, let our troops follow."

This was so much in accord with Lincoln's wishes that he wired to Grant. "This, I think, is exactly right; . . . discover if you can if there is any idea in the head of any here of putting our army *south* of the enemy or following him to the *death* in any direction. . . . It will neither be done nor attempted, unless you watch it every day and hour and force it."

On the 4th of August, Early had again crossed the Potomac into Maryland. This did not so greatly disturb Grant as it did the authorities at Washington, but he determined, for reasons I have given, to stop such proceedings in the future; and on the 7th of

August, 1864, placed Sheridan formally in command in the Shenandoah Valley.

Sheridan accepted the task of "cleaning out the Valley" with satisfaction; his face never lighted up quite so joyfully as when there was plenty of hard fighting to do.

Grant, having prepared a plan of campaign for him, went to see Sheridan in person; but the latter was so confident and so clear in his views as to what should be done, that Grant said, "I found that only two words of instruction were needed — GO IN — and never took his plan for a campaign out of his pocket."

On September 19th Sheridan put his army in motion, defeated Early in a well-planned, whirlwind attack, and achieved one of the most important victories of the war.

This brilliant and unexpected victory, fought with great skill and energy, set the North wild with joy. Sheridan's trumpet-like announcement, "We have sent them whirling through Winchester and to-morrow we are after them," ran like an electric joy-shock through the North and was repeated with enthusiasm by press and people. Grant expressed his satisfaction by ordering a salute of a hundred loaded guns at the enemy before Petersburg.

After this defeat Early established his army in what he believed to be an unassailable position at Fisher's Hill; but Sheridan again defeated him in a skillfully executed, lightning-like attack, with both cavalry and infantry, capturing sixty pieces of artillery and a thousand prisoners.

To prevent another possible raid through the Valley, Sheridan, under instructions from Grant, destroyed crops, mills, granaries, and everything that could support an army, so, as he phrased it, "a crow flying over the Valley would be compelled to carry his rations with him."

The Confederates were stung to the quick by these defeats, and Early was compelled either to fight another battle or to leave the Valley, since no means of subsisting his army was left there.

On October the 19th, before daylight, he made a bold and skillful attack, turned the flank of the Union army, and drove it back toward Winchester. Sheridan had been absent at Washington and was returning when, at Winchester, he heard the sound of battle. He rode fast to the front and, on meeting his retreating men, turned them back, exclaiming, "Face the other way, boys! We are going back to our camp! We'll lick them out of their boots!"

He was received with enthusiastic joy, and they did go back. He re-formed his defeated army, and before night came had beaten and almost destroyed Early's army. It was the last time the Confederates raided through the Valley.

Grant said of this victory, "It stamped Sheridan, what I have always thought him, one of the ablest of generals."

Sheridan took the place in Grant's heart that McPherson had held; he was a man of Grant's kind, full of action, tireless, and courageous.

In March, Sheridan with his cavalry surprised and

captured about all that remained of Early's men, in so brilliant a manner that the men threw down their arms and gave three cheers for their captors.

Sheridan, with his gift of inspiring men, his clear, calculating foresight and sleepless energy, was a great help to the commander-in-chief in his final campaign that closed the war.

While these events were taking place in the Valley, Grant was doing all in his power to assist, by keeping the enemy busy, so that Lee might not reënforce Early's army. With this purpose he sent Hancock to threaten Richmond from the north side of James River.

While Hancock was doing this with his usual superb courage and energy, Warren with his corps was sent to seize the Weldon Railroad, and on August 18th he began destroying that road. The Confederates could not afford this, and a sharp battle took place; after two days of fighting and maneuvering, Warren drove the enemy back to their intrenchments. When, however, he began the further destruction of the road, the enemy succeeded in driving him from his work, and both armies retired to their defenses.

Warren later captured the Confederate intrenchments at the junction of the Squirrel Level and the Poplar Springs Road, and succeeded in establishing a line near the enemy and connecting it with the works of the Weldon Railroad. The Confederates never regained the railroad again.

Grant, meanwhile, strengthened the defenses in front of Petersburg so that the lines that at first had

required a corps to hold, could not be held by a division.

Thus slowly were being prepared the conditions needful for the victorious campaign that followed.

The Confederates had great hopes from the Presidential campaign of 1864. The Republican party had nominated Abraham Lincoln on a platform which declared in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war. The Democratic party, though it had in its ranks many patriotic citizens, nominated George B. McClellan on a platform which pronounced the war a failure, and favored peace at any price and the recognition of the Confederacy. This gave the Confederate government great hopes.

Grant had never been a politician, but he recognized that in the state of affairs then existing, there were but two parties,—one in favor of the Union and the other in favor of disunion.

In a letter to his friend Washburn, he showed how thoughtfully he had considered the subject. He wrote, "Our peace friends, if they expect peace from separation, are much mistaken. It would be but the beginning of war, with thousands of Northern men joining the South because of our disgrace in allowing separation. To have 'peace on any terms,' the South would demand a restoration of their slaves already freed. They would demand indemnity for losses sustained, and they would demand a treaty which would make the North slave-hunters for the South."

He saw clearly that the South was at the end of its resources, and said, "They have robbed the

cradle and the grave, equally, to get their present force. Besides what they lose in skirmishes and battles, they are now losing, from desertion and other causes, at least one regiment a day. I have no doubt the enemy are exceedingly anxious to hold out until after the Presidential election. . . . They hope for a counter-revolution; they hope for the election of the peace candidate."

Abraham Lincoln was elected President of the United States; and the fall of Atlanta and Sheridan's victory in the Valley had contributed to aid, not only in the election of Lincoln, but in destroying another of the hopes of the Confederates.

CHAPTER XXVI

CLOSING IN FOR THE FINAL CAMPAIGN

IN his plain log hut at City Point, Grant was maturing his plans for the final overthrow of the Confederacy. He had mastered all the details, had the courage to assume responsibility, and was ready to act swiftly when the proper moment came to strike the final blow.

The election of Abraham Lincoln as President, to which his armies had contributed by their victories in the Shenandoah Valley and before Atlanta, had hastened the doom of the Confederacy. All signs pointed to its early dissolution, and none felt so certain of this as the silent general at City Point.

During the winter of 1864 his wife and children visited him. Mrs. Grant was accustomed to army fare and was almost as democratic and simple as her husband. There was an entire absence of display. The general was always neatly but roughly dressed, and scrupulously clean. His mind did not dwell on hats and boots or neckties. Many a second lieutenant in his army "put on more style" than his general-in-chief. His wife and children and horses were treated with affection, and all whom he knew with considerate, though not wordy, courtesy. People were freely ad-



A MESSENGER FROM THE ENEMY.

mitted to his headquarters, except when he was very busy; though generally he seemed to have time to see everybody.

To a few he talked about horses or farming, but mostly he listened to what they had to say; and his words were few but decisive. Some visited him out of mere curiosity, others intent on giving him points or advice. To such his silence and mask-like reserve were so chilling that they sometimes became too oppressive to bear. To his intimate friends he sometimes talked with unexpected freedom, but never about his plans; those he kept to himself, unless their work formed a part of them.

He occasionally displayed to his intimate acquaintances a dry humor and sense of fun, which few outsiders suspected him of possessing.

He was maturing great plans, but few, even of his staff, knew the details. These plans were always practical. He took no part in visionary schemes. When some one suggested that he wait until James River was frozen over and cross his army on the ice to attack Richmond, he said, victories were not won by waiting for rivers to freeze.

President Lincoln visited him at times during the winter; and saying, "Good morning, gentlemen," would seat himself at the long pine table at Grant's headquarters and enter into conversation. He never wanted to know Grant's plans; his confidence in him was entire. His melancholy and care-worn face would light up, and for a time would seem care-free, so great was his confidence in the success which Grant

made him feel was soon to be the result of the coming campaign.

Those who met Grant for the first time were astonished to find him a "plain, ordinary man," as one expressed it, with no sign that he had been trained to arms. In other words, there was no pretense or military glitter in his dress or manner. His military training and brilliancy were shown only in what he accomplished.

Things were moving; all along the lines the Union armies had begun to start. Sherman had turned north from Savannah, had captured Columbia, and Charleston had fallen; Thomas had defeated and destroyed Hood's army; Wilson with his cavalry was raiding through Georgia and Alabama; Sheridan was moving with his cavalry from Shenandoah to Lynchburg, destroying canals and railroads by which Lee drew supplies. Grant was slowly, surely, and relentlessly closing in for the final act in the great drama of the war.

On the 29th of March there was a dramatic meeting of the three greatest chieftains of the Union, Lincoln, Grant, and Sherman. The meeting was in the cabin of the steamer *Ocean Queen*, at City Point, on the James. They were friends, patriots, and great men of a common cause in which their very lives were staked. Their talk was earnest. Grant's only fear was that Lee might escape from the net that he was drawing around him, and by a quick march join Johnston and overwhelm Sherman. Sherman laughed

and grimly said, "Let him come! I can take care of him for a while!"

Lincoln was anxious to end the war without further loss of life.

"That rests with the enemy," said Sherman; "if he fights we must outfight him."

Lincoln looked at Grant, and he nodded his head and said, "Yes, we must fight until he gives in; it can't be avoided."

Lee saw the net which Grant was drawing closely around him and planned to break through its entanglements. He was unwilling to leave Virginia, for the love of whom he had deserted his flag, without one more blow in his attempt to defend her. With this intent he placed one-half of his army under General Gordon, with orders to capture Fort Steadman, take the high ground beyond it, cut Grant's army in two and defeat his left wing, before he could concentrate to defend it.

Availing themselves of the fact that deserters had been in the habit of coming into the Union lines at this point in large numbers, bringing their arms with them, a considerable number of Confederates walked out with arms at trail as though they were about to desert; then by a quick rush upon the Union pickets, captured them and sent them to the rear; charged through the gap thus made; took the main line by surprise; and captured Fort Steadman and a division of the Ninth Corps. Then they turned the guns of the captured fort upon the Union intrenchments, com-

pelled the abandonment of the neighboring batteries, and pushed their skirmishers towards the City Point Railroad, which ran back of the Union lines.

The successes of the enemy were but transient. Their batteries were turned upon the fort, the Union troops charged, and not only recaptured the fort, but made prisoners, and sent the Confederates flying back to their intrenchments. It cost the Confederates five thousand men and, as Grant said, "Lee had not the men to spare. His losses will tell in the next battle. Our new recruits fought like veterans." It did not change by a hair's-breadth his plans, or delay his movements.

Grant had fixed the 29th of March as the time for a general movement of all his forces against the enemy. His troops were in position. The fiery Sheridan on the extreme left, near Dinwiddie Court House; Weitzel in front of Richmond with the Army of the James; in front of Petersburg, Ord's and Warren's corps from Hatcher's Run to the Boydton Plank Road.

The weather had been good for several days, and the roads were in passable condition, but on the evening of the 29th the rain poured down in torrents, and the roads were knee-deep with sticky red mud, which made it hard traveling for the foot soldiers.

On the 30th Sheridan moved to a point where a number of roads converge, called "Five Forks," to menace Lee's extreme right, draw his troops from his intrenchments, and defeat them.

If you tread on a dog's tail he turns his head to defend himself. It is so with an army; if one part is

menaced, another part must turn to help defend it. Lee, anxious for his lines, hurried forward to the position thus endangered, and attacked Sheridan, who was driven back, but fighting as he went every step of his way. At Dinwiddie, however, he took advantage of some intrenchments, closed up his lines, and defended himself so fiercely that, finding he could be driven no further, Lee recalled his divisions to Five Forks. As soon as Grant learned of Sheridan's situation he ordered Warren's corps to march to his assistance.

Sheridan had had that night what he declared was "the liveliest time of his life," and was sweating with impatience to "go for them." He struck at once back to Five Forks with his cavalry. By several fierce charges he drove the enemy into their intrenchments, then ordered Warren's Corps to strike them on flank and rear. While directing this movement, he rode to various parts of the line, on his powerful black horse, urging, vociferating, striking his clenched fist into the palm of his hand and — making his orders as emphatic as possible. He was heard to say, "My cavalry are using up their ammunition and we must hurry up things. This battle must be fought on the jump! We have got to smash 'em before sundown!" He was the very impersonation of action. With his scouts, who wore the Confederate uniform, he went dashing along the lines during the fight, exclaiming, "We'll get the twist on 'em, boys. There won't be a grease spot left of them when we are done with them!"

He began the battle with his cavalry as an impene-

trable veil behind which he maneuvered his infantry. At one time when Ayer's division, while acting as a pivot to the movement, had broken under a sudden attack, Sheridan rushed into their disordered ranks, shouting, "Close up your ranks, boys, we're going to whip them! Where's my battle flag?" Seizing it from the hands of a sergeant, he waved the crimson and white banner, encouraging and urging the men to close up their ranks and "go for 'em!" The sergeant who had carried the battle flag was killed. Bullets pattered around the general like rain, but he seemed to bear a charmed life. Under his inspiring voice and magnetic presence the men closed their ranks, with fixed bayonets rushed upon the enemy, driving them from their works, and capturing those who did not run.

Sheridan was soon in the captured works, and in good-natured raillery said to the prisoners, "We want all of you; drop your guns; you'll never need them again."

Fifteen hundred men were captured at this angle of the enemy's works, and six thousand in all as a result of the battle of Five Forks. Sheridan followed in person the flying Confederates, urging on his men, until nine o'clock at night.

The position captured was important. It gave Grant, with the exception of the Richmond and Danville Railroad, the last of Lee's communications. The net was drawing closer and closer around the Confederate general and he could not hope to hold the position before Petersburg much longer.

It was a picturesque scene when, after the pursuit, Sheridan lay down to rest, amid blazing camp-fires, with his head upon his saddle, surrounded by huge stacks of captured arms, cannon, and wagons.

When Grant received the news he wired to the President. The news soon spread among the soldiers and cheers were heard for miles along the Union lines.

CHAPTER XXVII

LEE'S RACE FOR LIFE

GRANT made his headquarters at Dabney's saw mills, in the rear of and about halfway between the right and left of his lines before Petersburg. When at night the news of Sheridan's success came, he was seated before a blazing camp-fire. He smiled thoughtfully, and then said, with gratified emphasis, "Good!" As was usual with him when tidings of a battle came, his first question was, "How many prisoners?"

No general was ever so fond of capturing prisoners as Grant, for in his merciful heart he preferred to succeed by keeping his enemies out of the fight in this way, rather than by bloodshed.

As Sheridan was now in an isolated position, Grant feared lest Lee, seeing the importance of Sheridan's position, might withdraw his troops from their defenses and, risking all upon the single chance, fall upon him to destroy him. To guard against this danger he ordered Miles's division of Humphrey's corps to his assistance; and, as a further help to hold the enemy in their defenses, ordered all his artillery that studded the lines of Petersburg to open fire with shotted guns, to thunder a pæan of victory. This fire was continued all along the line until it was light enough for the troops to move on the enemy.

Grant's corps commanders joyfully received the order to move. Wright said, "I will make the fur fly!" while Parke confidently responded that he would "go into the Confederate works like a hot knife into butter."

At a quarter before five, Wright's and Parke's corps moved forward under a heavy fire of artillery from the enemy, pulled away the abattis (fallen trees with the branches pointing outward) that hindered their progress, and with cheers and shouts went over the works.

Wright reached the Boydton Plank Road and, sweeping down the enemy's intrenchments, captured their artillery and three thousand prisoners.

Grant rode forward, urging his horse over the works just as the prisoners were marching out. He stopped and eyed them, with keen satisfaction showing on his face. The Confederates, on their part, peered at the Yankee general with eager curiosity. When a division of his own men came marching by, they gave lusty cheers for Grant all along their lines.

Parke on the right had meanwhile captured several hundred yards of intrenchments. But the Confederates retired to an inner line of strong works with both flanks resting on the Appomattox River.

The lines in front of Ord were difficult and Grant enjoined him to be cautious. But Ord and Humphr y soon captured the works in their front, and the outer defenses of Petersburg that had withstood the attacks of Grant's army for so many months were at last in his hands, never to be given up again.

Wherever there was a fighting chance, Lee's soldiers had fought with heroic tenacity and courage. Illustrative of this was the defense of Forts Gregg and Whitworth, two strong enclosed works on the left of Petersburg, which Gibbons' division of Ord's corps captured in trying to break through to the city. There were but two hundred and fifty men defending them; but these brave men kept up the defense until over five hundred of Gibbons' men had fallen, and only thirty of its defenders remained uninjured. Fifty-five Confederate dead were found in the works they had defended so tenaciously.

Grant was urged by his officers to order an assault at once, to capture the city; but he refused to sacrifice his soldiers, as he believed that the enemy would evacuate the place during the night, and he ordered his troops forward on a parallel march to head off Lee's army.

Miles with his division, who had been holding the White Oak Road for Sheridan, was attacked by Heth's Confederates. But with great skill and courage he whipped and drove them towards the Appomattox River and Amelia Court House.

So all along the lines there came tidings that the structure of defenses that Lee had so skillfully erected and tenaciously defended was crumbling. He saw plainly that the evil day so long postponed by his skill and valor was come, and fought with brave but unavailing efforts to recover his lost ground.

Before he had learned of Wright's successes that Sunday morning of the 2nd of April, he had been sur-

prised to see soldiers in blue moving on the Boydton Road.

Turning to General A. P. Hill, he said, "How is this, General? Your men are giving way."

General Hill, riding forward to learn what it meant, met three Union soldiers, and cried out, "Throw down your arms!" They made reply by leveling their muskets at his breast, and one of the bravest and ablest of Lee's generals fell before their fire.

When, at last, Lee saw that he could not hope to hold his lines for another day, he sent a dispatch to Richmond, in simple words, saying, "I see no prospects of doing more than holding our position here until night. The enemy have broken our lines in three places. Richmond must be evacuated to-night." Under the friendly darkness he hoped to escape, unite with Johnston, and continue the war.

When the message of Lee reached Jefferson Davis, president of the Confederacy, he was attending services at St. Paul's Church. He read it and a deep shade of care clouded his face as he passed out of church, walked to his house, wrote orders withdrawing the Confederate gold and silver from the banks of Danville, then rode to the Danville station and embarked on the cars, taking his carriage with him.

A slave dealer who had seen the signs of the day was also at the station, with a gang of slaves handcuffed together, clamorous for a chance to embark with his property; but the guards repulsed him.

On arriving at Danville, Mr. Davis wrote his last proclamation, which showed his courage and tenacity,

if not his good judgment. In part it read, "We have now entered upon a new phase of the struggle. Relieved from the necessity of guarding a particular point, our army will be free to move from point to point, to strike the enemy in detail far from his base."

The city of Richmond was a scene of wild excitement and dismay on that Sunday afternoon and Monday. People were fleeing from the city, and conveyances were at such a premium that in several instances they commanded as high as a hundred dollars an hour in gold or greenbacks. Wagons with gold and silver belonging to the Confederacy were hurried to the Danville station. Confederate public documents were heaped in the streets for bonfires. Confederate bills were of so little value that they, too, were burned in the streets. Barrels of whisky of their hospital supplies were poured into the gutters, and men and women who drank freely of it paraded the streets with frenzied shouts and noisy singing and laughter, or joined the mobs that were pillaging the stores of food and dry goods. Loud explosions were heard in the city from James River, where the ironclads and other shipping were being blown up. General Ewell, commanding Lee's rear guard, set fire to the warehouses and soon the city was aflame. A thousand houses were burned in the conflagration.

When Ewell marched out of the city early Monday morning, women came out from their houses imploring the soldiers to stay and fight for them and their homes. But the soldiers recognized the signs of the day and replied, "Fighting is played out!"

Confusion reigned supreme in Richmond until General Weitzel, with his black soldiers, marched in and took possession, established order, protected the citizens, and fought the flames to save the city.

With gleaming teeth and swaying bodies keeping time to their refrain these black soldiers marched through the streets singing,

“John Brown’s body lies moldering in the grave,
But his soul is marching on,”

as if heralding the doom of slavery in this land they were fighting to preserve.

Grant had not been idle. He rode forward to direct personally the movement of troops that were hurrying forward. Then, seating himself near a tree, he began to write orders and send them to his officers. The group of officers around him drew a sharp fire from the enemy; but while the bullets hummed around him like bees he kept on writing, urging with tremendous energy the work of heading off Lee. He said quizzically, as he got up after finishing his writing for that time, “I believe they have got the range.”

Grant had given orders for Petersburg to be bombarded Monday morning; but before this order was carried out, he found that the Confederates had evacuated the city early in the morning. He at once rode into the place, accompanied by General Meade.

The bullets of the enemy began pattering around him like big raindrops, when he took shelter under cover of a building. From this place he could see the river level packed with Lee’s army. He had not the

heart to order up his artillery to open upon this mass of escaping Confederates, as he expected to capture all of them soon.

Grant's ability to think clearly under circumstances when most men are confused was shown by an incident that then occurred. He had already given orders to pursue the Confederates from the south side of the Apomattox, when a man representing himself as one of Lee's engineers came to him. He explained to Grant and Meade, with great plausibility, that Lee had prepared a strongly intrenched position, between the Apomattox and James rivers, into which he would throw himself to fight his final battles. Meade was much impressed with these representations, and was eager to cross to the north side to head off Lee. But Grant said, "Lee is no fool and is not likely to put himself between two rivers, and between two armies like the army before Petersburg and that on the north side of the James River."

Grant's only fear now was that Lee might be able to escape and reach the Danville Road before he could be headed off. He sent word of the situation to President Lincoln at City Point and invited him to come to see him.

Grant and his staff were sitting on the piazza of a house when Lincoln, with long strides and beaming countenance, came up with his son Tad. After congratulating Grant heartily he said, "Do you know, General, I have had a sort of sneaking idea for some days that you intended to do something like this."

Lee had, meanwhile, bent all his energies to getting

his army out of its defenses and trying to reach Burkeville, which is fifty miles from Richmond, and from which place a short distance would bring him to Danville, where the desired junction with Johnston's army might be made.

During all of Monday Lee pushed his army towards Amelia Court House, where he had given orders for all of his troops to assemble. He was unusually confident and cheerful, and was heard to say, "I have got my army safe out of its breastworks, and in order to follow me the enemy must abandon his lines, and can derive no further benefit from his railroad or the James River." He seemed to forget that he was dealing with a general who had not hesitated to cut loose from his base in face of a foe superior to his own, and subsist his army on the hostile country, as Grant had before Vicksburg.

The march of the Union army was on two lines; one under General Ord moved by the line of the Southside Railroad, while Sheridan with his cavalry and the Fifth Corps, followed by the Second and Sixth Corps, moved by routes near the Appomattox River.

Lee marched by the north bank of the Appomattox for thirty-five miles and then crossed that stream to reach the Danville Road at Amelia Court House, where he expected to receive rations and other supplies that he had ordered from Danville. One can imagine Lee's surprise and agony when he learned that the train, loaded with his provisions, had been sent to Richmond.

This ruined his plans for escape in that direction,

for it was needful for his success that his army should be kept together, and this, without regular rations and supplies, was impossible. He was obliged, in consequence, to remain at Amelia during the 4th and 5th and to send out foraging parties to gather rations for his starving men. It was this delay that gave Sheridan with his cavalry and the Fifth Corps the opportunity to head him off.

On the night of the 5th of April, with diminished hopes, Lee again began his march. The Union army, which had been urged to mighty exertions by the spur which Grant's terrible energy had put in all his orders, was south and moving to the west of him; Burkeville, the junction of the Danville Road, was in Grant's possession; and this cut off Lee's chance for getting provisions from the south and barred his way to Danville. His only remaining hope was to reach Farmville, cross the river and *escape* with his army to the mountains back of Lynchburg.

When Grant found that the Confederate army had left Amelia Court House, he faced his army about and followed in pursuit.

On this march Lee never allowed the head of his column to halt because of fighting that was taking place in his rear. For fourteen miles he kept up a running fight, with greatest persistency and courage; halting, intrenching, and battling with wonderful skill, showing, even in defeat, while harassed by surrounding and outnumbering foes, that his soldiers and their commander were worthy to be named as veterans of the heroic Army of Northern Virginia.

Sheridan, meanwhile, harassed their flanks, and his battle lines pressed close to Lee's skirmish lines.

On the 6th a series of battles took place at Sailor's Creek. Humphrey's corps drove the Confederates of Gordon towards the mouth of the creek, defeated them, destroyed a train of four hundred baggage wagons, accompanied by a formidable escort of infantry and artillery, captured 1,700 prisoners, 13 flags, and 4 guns. Wright also had a sharp fight on the left and defeated the enemy. On the left Sheridan's cavalry rode over the enemy's intrenchments at a rush.

Attacked in front and flank, unable to run, or withstand the terrible assaults, Ewell's whole force surrendered on the field. Lee had lost in this battle not less than eight thousand men, a loss that was irreparable to him.

Sheridan, seeing the importance of this victory, wrote to Grant, "If the thing is pressed, I think Lee will surrender."

At night Lee continued his march to Farmville, where he got rations for his famishing veterans. After this refreshment his soldiers took on new life and marched so fast that, with all their energy, the Union soldiers could not overtake them nor bring them to battle. They still, however, hung close and tenaciously upon the heels of the retreating Confederates, while Sheridan's cavalry flanked and headed him off.

Ord's chief-of-staff, General Theodore Reed, while pressing forward with five hundred infantry and

eighteen mounted men, encountered two divisions of Lee's army and made a heroic fight; and though he and all of his men were killed or captured, he delayed the Confederate advance and gained several precious hours for Sheridan to bar Lee's progress.

Lee's valiant heart did not despair. He said to his son, "Keep your command together and in good spirits, General; don't think of surrender. I will get you out of this." Bleeding, famishing, without rest, almost without hope, environed by relentless misery and foes, he still continued the unequal race. One must be lacking in appreciation of heroism who does not feel a thrill of admiration as well as pity for the great commander and his brave soldiers in this last struggle.

His chief officers, however, saw that the cause was hopeless, and as early as the 6th had held a council and decided that there was then no hope but surrender.

The desire to shift from his shoulders the responsibility of further bloodshed, together with the message from Sheridan, previously referred to, induced Grant to write the following letter:

HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE U. S.

5 P. M., April 7th, 1865.

General R. E. Lee, Commanding C. S. A.:

The result of the last week must convince you of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia in this struggle. I feel that it is so, and regard it as my duty to shift from myself the responsibility of any further effusion of blood by

asking of you the surrender of that portion of the Confederate States Army known as the Army of Northern Virginia.

U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant-General*.

Lee replied that he did not entertain the opinion Grant expressed of the hopelessness of further resistance, but asked what terms Grant would offer on condition of surrender.

Grant replied that there was but one condition, namely, that the men and officers surrendered should be disqualified for taking up arms against the government until properly exchanged.

About this time Grant came upon a tired and hungry-looking gentleman in the gray uniform of a colonel, who said that, as he was the only one left of his regiment in Lee's army, he thought he might as well stop off at home, and wanted to surrender. Grant told him to stop where he was, and he would not be troubled.

Confident that the end of the war was near, if Lee's army could be overtaken, the soldiers of Grant's army marched without sleep and without regular rations, with cheerful alacrity and tireless energy. They began to see that the end was near and marched without straggling or complaint.

General Grant, who had been marching with that column of his army moving south of Lee's line of retreat, now decided to march with the army that was close upon Lee's rear guard, in order to keep in easy communication with Lee. Encouraged by reports he

had received, that night he and his staff cut loose and, without baggage, tent, or even his sword, he started to meet Sheridan.

As a result of intense mental effort and fatigue, and irregular meals, Grant was suffering from an acute headache. He spent the most of the night at a country house bathing his wrists and his feet in hot water and mustard to relieve the intense pain.

About midnight another letter from Lee was brought to him by a member of General Humphrey's staff. In it Lee acknowledged Grant's last letter, and proposed a meeting to make terms for the restoration of peace.

To this Grant replied that he had no authority to treat on the subject of peace, and that the meeting proposed could lead to no good.

During the night of the 8th Lee had continued his race for the life of his army by the narrow neck of land formed by the Appomattox and the James rivers. If Sheridan, who was hurrying with prodigious energy to close this outlet, was successful, all hope for Lee's escape was over.

At last Sheridan succeeded in the important task of throwing his cavalry squarely across Lee's line of march. On the 9th the head of Lee's columns came marching up and found that Custer's cavalry had possession of his trains. His only remaining chance was to cut his way through Sheridan's lines.

Thus pressed, a thin line of wearied and hungry Confederates under Gordon and Longstreet, all that remained of the once proud Army of Northern Vir-

ginia, began the hopeless fight with wonderful skill and vigor.

Sheridan, resisting with his cavalry, fell back slowly in order to give time for the Fifth Corps to come up.

When at last the hungry, muddy, and weary Confederates caught sight of the gleaming muskets of the Union infantry advancing, they knew that all was over, and word was sent at once to Lee.

Sheridan had ordered a charge; men and officers wanted to go in and finish the war at once. His men were already advancing, when a mounted officer with a flag of truce rode to his lines, with a letter from Lee to Grant, asking for a suspension of hostilities with a view to surrendering his army.

The surrender took place in a house at Appomattox Court House owned by a man named McLean.

General Lee was in advance of Grant and already was at the house. Grant, in the uniform of a private soldier, with shoulder straps sewed to the shoulders of the blouse, with muddy trousers tucked in his boots, entered the room, which was already partly filled with his officers and Lee's staff. Lee sat rigidly, pale and impassive. He wore a new gray uniform and a magnificent sword. Grant, in his simple dress, walked at once towards him. Lee arose and they shook hands. Grant was haggard with fatigue, but his headache left him at once when he got Lee's letter, proposing surrender.

His sympathy for the conquered chief of the Confederacy was shown by his manner and voice. He was reluctant to introduce the purpose for which they

had met and it was left for General Lee to mention it first and to suggest that the terms be written out by Grant.

Grant seated himself at a small table, wrote out his terms in lead pencil, and carried the paper to Lee who remained in his seat, with the considerate politeness of the younger man to his elder.

The terms he wrote out were: "The officers to give their individual paroles not to take up arms against the government of the United States until properly exchanged; and each company or regimental officer sign a like parole for the men of their command. The arms, artillery, and public property to be parked and stacked, and turned over to the officer appointed by me to receive them. This will not include the side arms of the officers nor their private horses or baggage. This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to their homes, not to be disturbed by the United States authority so long as they observe their parole and the laws in force where they reside."

When Lee read the last part of this letter, as if moved by its generosity, his face changed, and he said, "This will have a most happy effect upon my army."

More generous terms were never given to a conquered army. They were no longer foes, but fellow-countrymen.

Grant would allow no manifestations of rejoicing over the Confederates to humiliate them. He made no triumphal displays but began to give orders at once looking to the coming of peace.



SURRENDER OF LEE'S ARMY.

CHAPTER XXVIII

GRANT'S CALL TO THE PRESIDENCY

GRANT announced the surrender of Lee's army in the following simple sentence: "General Lee surrendered the Army of Northern Virginia this afternoon on terms proposed by myself." But these words flashed over the country set the North wild with joy, for the boys who had left their homes were coming back. They were about to take their places again on the farms, in the workshops and schools and the varied pursuits of peace.

Grant's name was on every lip, and his praise was as hearty as a grateful, rejoicing people could make it. From the beginning it seemed Grant's fortune that he should be either unduly blamed or overwhelmingly praised.

After the surrender of Lee he knew that the other armies *must* surrender, and he had faith that Sherman could negotiate just and proper terms for the surrender of Johnston, who commanded the principal Confederate army remaining in the field. So, without visiting Richmond, or witnessing the actual laying down of arms of the army that had so long defied capture, with characteristic simplicity of purpose he went to Washington and began the work of stopping the purchase of supplies, canceling the charters of vessels,

ordering the discharge of convalescent soldiers, and stopping recruiting. Then, disregarding the invitations of all kinds that were pressed upon him and keeping aloof from all demonstrations of those who would like to glorify his great victory and himself, he started at once for New Jersey to see his children.

Grant had reached Philadelphia and was about to embark at Camden Station when the terrible tidings came that Lincoln had been assassinated, and that his presence was required in Washington. He was the one man who could prevent panic and restore confidence there. An attempt had been made to murder William H. Seward, the Secretary of State, and it had been feared that Grant, too, had been killed by the assassins.

Grant's arrival in Washington brought great relief. With him at the head of the army it was felt that the country was safe.

Andrew Johnson, the Vice-President, took the oath of office and became President. Johnston's army surrendered to Sherman, and the surrender of the other Confederate forces soon followed. The last gun had been fired and the boys were marching homeward with joyful hearts.

On the 23d of May there began in Washington a grand review of all the armies of the United States lately in the field. The national capital was thronged with crowds of rejoicing people, many of them mothers, daughters, fathers, or relatives of the victorious boys in blue. On the reviewing stand were the President and his cabinet officers. The least conspicuous of all these

was the modest, self-effacing general at whose command these armies had moved and conquered.

On the first day the Army of the Potomac passed in review. As the colors of each regiment reached the reviewing stand, Grant made his official acknowledgments by bowing. Swiftly it passed in review, moving like a machine governed by a single will. The brave Army of the Potomac, an army with many disheartening defeats on its records, at last was triumphantly victorious.

The next day the Army of the West marched in review, with Sherman, the grand soldier, at its head. In comparison with the Army of the Potomac the men of this army looked rough; their uniforms were faded and dingy; it was like a weather-beaten craft coming into port after encountering many storms. They had on their faces the stern, proud look of men who were never defeated. They were men who had fought under Grant at Vicksburg and Chattanooga and who had marched with Sherman from Atlanta to the sea; a conquering host whose glory is imperishable.

Sheridan, the gallant soldier, was not there. Grant had sent him to the Texan frontier to watch the French forces that were invading Mexico. He was resolved that they should not carry out their scheme to establish a monarchy there. If Seward, the Secretary of State, had not assured him that the troops of Emperor Maximilian could be made to withdraw without fighting, he would have driven them from Mexico.

Only once during the grand review did the general

show himself on horseback. Grant on horseback and Grant afoot were, in appearance, two different men.

It was a revelation to the throng when the modest soldier was mounted. He was transformed, when on this burnished-like steed, with superb horsemanship he rode; it was Grant the soldier, the man of Donelson and Appomattox.

The American people desired to show Grant every possible honor. On his way to West Point he stopped in New York City. His reception there was a great contrast with his coming there, eleven years before, after his resignation from the army, friendless, without money, and alone. His name was now on every lip; he was the hero of the nation, loved by all who loved their country. He made no speeches, but modestly passed on, leaving people wondering if this plain, unpretentious man could be the conquering hero of Appomattox.

General Scott received him at West Point. There could scarcely be a greater contrast than between these two soldiers. General Scott over six feet in height, in brilliant uniform, very ceremonious and formal in manner, towered above and outshone the modest little man, in simple, plain dress, who at one time aspired to the position of assistant professor of mathematics at the Military Academy. Some people *believed* Grant to be a great soldier, but General Scott *knew* him to be the greatest soldier of his times. He presented him with a copy of his Memoirs, in which he had inscribed, "*From the oldest to the greatest General.*"

Grant visited Chicago to attend a fair held in the

interest of the Sanitary Commission, an organization of benevolent citizens to help the soldiers in the field. Here, as in New York, the people went wild with enthusiasm over him. He could not make a speech when called upon for one, in the great building where the fair was being held. Governor Yates, who had signed his commission as colonel, made a speech for him, in which he alluded to the time when Captain Grant reported, but four years before that time, nine hundred rusty muskets on hand in the state of Illinois for the defense of the United States; and added, "I have often said before what I am proud to say now: these fingers signed the colonel's commission of the world's greatest commander."

General Sherman was present and was repeatedly called on by the audience for a speech. He responded by saying, "Always proud to back my old commander, I will do anything in the world he asks me to do; I know he will not ask me to make a speech." Grant, thus appealed to, said, "I never ask a soldier to do anything that I can't do myself." And the people shouted with laughter as he withdrew.

Grant believed in justice and mercy towards the South. The sufferings of the Southern people had been great as a consequence of the war, and his heart was full of pity for these brave though misguided people. He believed in conciliation, united with firmness. He knew that the people were tired of violence and war and wanted peace.

President Johnson began his term as President by declaring that he intended to make treason odious,

and illustrated this by proposing to arrest Generals Lee and Johnston, who had been paroled with the condition that they were not to be molested unless they violated their parole or disobeyed some law of the country.

Lee wrote to Grant, in substance, asking if the parole granted at the surrender at Appomattox did not protect him from arrest, and enclosing to him an application for amnesty and pardon in accordance with the proclamation of the President. Grant forwarded this application to the Secretary of War with the following endorsement, "Respectfully forwarded . . . with the earnest recommendation that this application of General R. E. Lee for amnesty and pardon be granted him."

His manly, generous efforts did not cease there. He refused to execute any command of the President for the arrest of any soldiers he had paroled, unless they violated their paroles. To the President, who insisted that he arrest Lee, he said, "The people of the North do not wish to inflict torture on the South. As a general it is none of my business what you or Congress do with General Lee or other commanders; . . . but a commander commanding troops has certain responsibilities. . . . I have made certain terms with Lee, the best and only terms. As long as General Lee observes his parole I will never consent to his arrest. I will resign the command of the army rather than execute any order directing me to arrest Lee, or any of his commanders, as long as they obey the laws."

Against the inflexible resolution of Grant, the President beat angrily but in vain, and neither Lee nor any other Confederate who surrendered under the terms given at Appomattox was ever arrested or tried for treason.

So grateful were the people to Grant for his great services, that gifts of all kinds were showered upon him: swords, horses, carriages, money, and houses. Receptions were tendered him by cities North and South. He accepted these expressions of admiration, but it did not make him proud or less simple and self-effacing. In Canada his manner was such a contrast to that of the officials whom they had been in the habit of seeing, that it was a revelation to them, and his simplicity and modesty occasioned much comment.

He visited his old home in Galena, from which, four years before, he had departed with a small carpet-bag and a lean purse, seeking a commission to serve his country. The most extravagant story of fiction could not parallel the contrast of his return as the most noted soldier with the most wonderful career and achievements that were ever known. The people were wild with enthusiasm to receive their hero; and by none of the great receptions given to Grant was he so deeply affected as by that given him in this little town where he had been a clerk in his father's leather store. The people left nothing undone to give a fitting welcome to the man who had departed from their streets without influence, to return after forty-eight months from making more his-

tory and rising to the command of greater armies and performing more astonishing deeds than any other man known to history. To their astonishment he was the same simple, modest, unpretentious Grant who had gone away from there in 1861.

People thronged from all the surrounding towns and states to bid him welcome and to do him honor. The people had erected arches over the streets, and on one of these was the inscription, "General, the sidewalk is built!" This was in allusion to the reply he had made when asked to allow his name to be used as a candidate for the Presidency, when he said, "I am not a candidate for any office; but I would like to be mayor of Galena long enough to build a sidewalk from my house to the station."

They had not only built the sidewalk, but also a beautiful house, furnished and all ready for him to live in. He visited his boyhood home at Georgetown and enjoyed talking with the old ladies and men that he had formerly known there, better than with more pretentious people. He even tried to make them a speech, something that he would not even attempt for Chicago or New York City. These people could not understand that he was a great man and he did not want them to try. He was best pleased to be his simple self, the country tanner's son, the farmer boy. In his sensible way he was a lover of simplicity and hard horse-sense, rather than of display or glorification.

What was said by Emilio Castellar of Lincoln would apply to Grant, "He was the humblest of the humble

before his own conscience; the greatest of the great before history."

In November, at the request of the President, he visited the South in order to ascertain the condition of public sentiment there, pending the adjustment for reconstruction of the states lately in rebellion against the United States.

With this in view he visited the principal cities of the South in plain citizen's dress, studying the people. He was so inconspicuous that he could observe without being observed.

When his presence was known all parties, Confederate and Federal ex-soldiers and citizens, thronged to see him. To all he listened patiently and gravely.

His conclusions were these: The thinking and sober men of the South accept the situation in good faith; and such was his report to the authorities at Washington.

This report placed him in opposition to the radicals of the North, like Charles Sumner, who were in favor of keeping the South under a territorial form of government for years. By such his report was stigmatized as a whitewashing report.

Shortly after this the President changed front and, from being radically in favor of being severe with the Southern people, put himself in the attitude of becoming the leader of a party composed of the reconstructed South and the peace Democrats of the North.

Grant stood between the extreme men of both sides, holding that on the one hand dangerous concessions should not be made to the South nor on the other

needless severity shown towards them. His habit of clear thinking amid the most exciting conditions eminently fitted him to be a mediator between these extremes.

Grant did not believe it wise to give votes to all the negroes who were so lately enfranchised. He considered it dangerous. But when Congress decided to the contrary, he believed in the enforcement of the law.

The President made a speech-making tour, taking Grant and Farragut with him to attract the people. In his speeches President Johnson constantly tried to make it appear that Grant and Farragut were both in favor of his policies.

Grant was silent and impassive and only occasionally responded to the call for "Grant! Grant! Grant!" with a few words.

The real difference between Grant's views and those of President Johnson was that the latter was in favor of a policy which would have put the government into the hands of the South and of their Northern sympathizers; while Grant held to a firm but just and generous treatment of the South, by those who had conducted the war and who had restored the Union.

A bitter struggle between the President and Congress soon began, which finally culminated in an attempt to impeach the President of crimes and misdemeanors. Wendell Phillips said in a speech in Chicago, "Our President is a traitor; he is laboring to save the South from the consequences of defeat."

This was the extreme Northern view, but not without some truth.

It was not to be expected that Grant's moderate, generous views would suit the radical men of either side.

Military districts, under command of United States officers not below the rank of brigadier-generals, were now created by Congress throughout the South. Over these Grant was placed in command, with absolute authority over the states lately in rebellion. No one, not even the extreme Southern men, ever claimed that he was in this position ever guilty of injustice. Grant was, however, convinced that the President was capable of dangerous and unwise acts. He wrote to Sheridan, who was in command of one of the military districts in the South, "I very much fear we are fast approaching the time when the President will want to declare Congress itself illegal, unconstitutional, and revolutionary. Commanders in Southern states will have to take great care to see, if a crisis does come, that no armed headway can be made against the Union." In all his orders to military commanders he instructed them that it was their duty to preserve peace and not to take part in political differences.

In order to enforce his policy, the President removed the Secretary of War, Edwin M. Stanton, and appointed General Grant Secretary of War *ad interim*.

Grant wrote remonstrating against Stanton's removal, but his letter was not made public. The President also sent an order removing Sheridan from the

command of the Fifth Military District. Grant loved Sheridan and trusted him, and could not tamely see him removed from a position for which he was, in his opinion, so eminently qualified. He remonstrated against his removal, but without avail. On being informed, January 14th, that the Senate had not concurred in the removal of Edwin M. Stanton as Secretary of War, Grant at once sent notice to the President, saying, "My function as Secretary of War *ad interim* ceased at the moment of receiving the within notice."

As a result, there was an issue between General Grant and the President. A controversy followed which vindicated General Grant in the opinion of all loyal men.

The attempted impeachment of President Johnson failed by the narrow majority of one vote.

Throughout these altercations with the President, Grant had conducted himself so wisely and temperately that when, two days after the acquittal of Andrew Johnson, the Republican party met in convention at Chicago, he was their unanimous choice for President.

He accepted the nomination, saying, "If chosen to fill the high office for which you have selected me, I will give to its duties the same energy, the same spirit, and the same will that I have given to the performance of all duties which have devolved upon me heretofore. Whether I shall be able to perform those duties to your entire satisfaction time will determine. You have truly said in the course of your address, that I

shall have no policy to enforce against the will of the people." He closed his letter with the famous words: "Let us have peace."

In his more formal letter of acceptance he said: "A purely administrative officer should always be left free to execute the will of the people."

The Democratic party, whose platform represented the Southern sentiment as thoroughly as did that on which Grant stood the sentiment of the Union, nominated Horatio Seymour of New York as President and General Frank P. Blair as Vice-President.

In the political contest that followed all the bitter scandals that could be invented against Grant flew as thick as bullets had in his campaigns during the war for the Union, with the same result, — Grant came out unscathed.

Grant would take no part in the campaign for his own election. He said very simply, "If the people wish to make me President they will do so," and then went to his home in Galena.

He was elected by an overwhelming majority and was made eighteenth President of the United States in 1868. He was fully aware, before accepting the nomination, that he was making a great personal sacrifice. He was resigning his splendid life position as lieutenant-general of the army, with its congenial and accustomed work and great emoluments, a place in which he was the idol of the people as well as of the army, for a four-years' term, or at most eight years, in a new and troubled field in which he might fail of success, where he would be open to unsparing criti-

cism, and after which he would be simply a private citizen for the rest of his life. Nowhere in his career did General Grant show a higher patriotism than in accepting the nomination to the Presidency.

CHAPTER XXIX

GRANT AS PRESIDENT

THE war did not begin with the first gun fired or end with the last one. You know there was trouble as far back as the framing of the Constitution over the matter of slavery, and that trouble came year after year, just as did the question of state rights; and the war debt is not paid yet, nor are all the questions growing out of the war settled. While the actual carrying on of war calls for generalship, the causes and results call rather for statesmanship. Even before Lee's surrender questions arose as to the manner in which the seceded states should come back to their place in the Union, and what should be done with the freedmen.

The death of Lincoln took away the wisest brain and the strongest hand for dealing with the questions growing out of the war, and his successor, President Johnson, had neither been wise nor strong enough to meet these questions as they arose. The freedmen, having been made full citizens with the right to vote, were too ignorant to use new rights and fell into the hands of Northern men, many of them dishonest adventurers, who had removed to the South and were called "Carpet-baggers." At the same time Southern men had lost their political rights, so that the whole

government of the Southern States was in the hands of negroes and carpet-baggers. This made it very galling to Southern men, who terrorized the negroes and filled the South with violence and disorder.

Then, the whole country was unsettled by the war; the immense war debt must be provided for and the currency settled; England must be called to account for allowing Confederate cruisers to be fitted out in her ports to prey upon American commerce. The country sorely felt the great need of a strong, wise man at the head of the government.

In this crisis General Grant seemed to be the fittest man to be put at the head of affairs. To be sure he had no experience as a statesman, and this proved a very serious handicap: but he understood the people both North and South; he was a man of spotless honor and honesty, firm as a rock and yet kindly and charitable; a man of unusual common sense and not to be turned aside from a course he believed to be right. Besides, he was admired as a military man, and the American people are wont to choose Presidents among military heroes.

And so it was that General Ulysses Grant, the tanner's son, was made President of the United States. On the east side of the Capitol building in Washington a huge platform had been erected for the ceremony of the inauguration of Grant to the office of President of the United States. In front of it was gathered a vast throng of people to witness the inauguration.

Dressed in a plain black suit, preceded by the dig-



GENERAL GRANT AND HIS FAMILY.

nified judges of the Supreme Court, Grant walked forward on the stage to take the oath of office, which was administered to him by Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase of the Supreme Court in these words, "I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States and will to the best of my ability preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States."

His inauguration address, which followed the taking of the oath of office, was plain, common sense prose, without a touch of sensationalism. Among other things he said, in substance, "All laws will be faithfully executed whether they meet with my approval or not. I shall have a policy to recommend, but none to enforce against the will of the people. The best way to secure the repeal of bad laws is their execution." He announced his foreign policy to be, to deal as justly with nations as the laws require individuals to deal with each other. Of his treatment of the Indians he said, "I will favor any course towards them which tends to their civilization and ultimate citizenship."

He closed his short inaugural address with these characteristic words, "I would ask patient forbearance, one towards another, throughout the land, and a determined effort on the part of every citizen towards cementing a happy Union, and ask the prayers of the nation to Almighty God in behalf of this consummation."

An incident occurred during its delivery which was very affecting to the audience, the most of whom

could not hear a word of his address. His little daughter Nelly, getting tired of sitting by herself, walked to her father's side and stood there as if supporting with her innocence the purity of her father's intentions. The contrast between her frail, childish form and the stern soldier of many battles was strangely affecting.

This address was well received, North and South. No one could pretend that they did not understand its meaning, and nearly everybody, especially "the plain people," believed that Grant meant everything he said. Some of the newspapers declared that it read like the bulletin of a great general; it was natural that it should.

After the inauguration, the crowd lingered hoping there would be a reception. Grant did not hold one, for he was averse to the "show business," as he called it.

An incident occurred during his first night's possession of the White House, which illustrated his simplicity and freedom from the military spirit. After retiring he heard the tramp of soldiers and the crash of ordering arms. He ran downstairs to see what it meant, and found that it was a night guard, and that it had been stationed there every night, for some time, to protect the President. Grant ordered the officer to take his men to their quarters, saying he could take care of himself; then when they had departed, he locked his door and went to bed. Not a soldier was on guard at the White House after that during Grant's term of office.

In selecting his Cabinet, President Grant showed

both the strength of his character and the limitations of his experience. It had been customary to choose for these places great political leaders, but Grant knew little about politicians, and what he knew made him distrustful of them; so he chose his Cabinet just as he would have chosen a military staff, from his friends whom he knew and trusted; and these he expected would accept their appointments and obey orders just as soldiers would. He did not even consider it necessary to consult the men themselves, much less the politicians at large, and some of them got their first intimation of their appointment from the newspapers.

This military proceeding not only gave the President an inharmonious and weak Cabinet, but it made powerful enemies among the politicians and raised a cry of favoritism and militarism among the people. It must be admitted that Grant was not so keen a judge of men in civil life as in the army, and more than once he was saved from being drawn into the plots of unscrupulous men only by his own personal honesty and good sense. It was natural that he should sometimes make mistakes in the conduct of political affairs; but he was too honest and intelligent to make any very great mistakes.

The same qualities that made him a great general made him a great President. If we judge Grant by what he accomplished as President, he was a great statesman. He vetoed the inflation bill, which was a triumph over financial demagogues; he secured the Treaty of Washington, which settled irritating points of dispute between Great Britain and the United

States that were likely to involve them in war, such as the unsettled boundaries between Washington territory and British Columbia, the rights of United States fishing vessels in the bays of British America, but above all the prominent question, whether Great Britain had not violated her obligations under the laws of nations by allowing the *Alabama* and other vessels to be fitted out in her ports to prey upon American commerce. There had been a strong sentiment in favor of war with England, but by this treaty these questions were adjusted peacefully by being referred to a tribunal made up from men of disinterested nations. They decided that Great Britain had been negligent in fulfilling her obligations and assessed damages at \$15,000,000, which was promptly paid. Thus by wise arbitration disputed points were settled and possible war averted.

His Indian policy, by which the management of their affairs was transferred from the old agents to agents recommended by religious societies in whom the Indians had confidence, and the coöperation with these agents by the officers of the regular United States Army stationed with or near them, was another triumph of his far-seeing sagacity.

In firmness and fairness in dealing with great questions he showed his high capacity and integrity. He took no one into his confidence, not even his wife; that was his military habit, and was to be expected. His estimate of men was generally correct, but he preferred those whom he knew and who were his friends to strangers.

In spite of the evident honesty of his purpose he was soon bitterly attacked, and disappointed office-seekers set up a howl. He had not consulted the politicians in forming his Cabinet. He had appointed Washburn, the Representative from Galena, to be his Secretary of State, and A. T. Stewart, a great New York merchant, to be Secretary of the Treasury. He thought that a man who had succeeded so well with his own financial affairs was likely to succeed with the finances of the nation. But Mr. Stewart was not eligible for the place, legally, while conducting his own business, so George S. Boutwell was made Secretary of the Treasury. Washburn was made Minister to France and gave up the position to which he was first assigned, and ex-Governor Hamilton Fish was made his Secretary of State.

Grant listened to what others said, but would not discuss his appointments before making them, and this did not suit the politicians. He distrusted and disliked, possibly without reason, mere politicians who were intent on pushing their way to positions of honor.

He was accused of giving his friends office, and charged with making the White House a military headquarters. In point of fact there were but two military officers in the White House besides his own son, Colonel Fred D. Grant, and these served the President without any pay except their army pay.

His attachments through life were very strong; to the last he believed in those with whom he had formed ties of friendship, and it was not strange that he gave appointments to them in preference to those

who were recommended by politicians for political reasons. One of his strongest characteristics was that of sticking to friends when, as he termed it, they were "under fire."

It was brought against him that his methods of rule were military, but did not the times need a man of that character in the Presidential chair? The South, though defeated on the battle-field, yet hoped to recover by political methods, or violence, that which it had lost. With the purpose of keeping the blacks of the South from the ballot box, there was organized a secret society known as the Ku Klux Klan. It was shown by an investigating committee appointed to ascertain the facts, that many murders were committed by this Klan, and that they hesitated at nothing that might restore them to the power they had lost. They whipped, murdered, and tortured as part of their policy.

Grant held them in check with a strong but merciful hand. He determined to stop murder and intimidation of black men, and did it. He executed all laws faithfully and fairly, even when he did not like them; for he did not feel that it was his place to question their wisdom or qualify their rigor. When he vetoed a measure, it was to emphasize his individual views. He did not allow any member of his Cabinet to dictate what he should do or should not do.

During his term of office he spent the warm months at Long Branch, to get away from the unhealthy heat of the capital. Though much fault was found with him for so doing, yet almost every President has fol-

lowed a similar course since. He entered into the social pleasures at Long Branch to some extent, but he cared little for society affairs except as a gratification to Mrs. Grant. He could not dance and had no society small talk. He was deferential to women, but never courtly or gallant; but, better than that, he was simple and dignified.

A foreign newspaper man who visited him at the White House thus described him: "Like all great men, he is simplicity itself. I had heard a great deal of the gallant soldier, but I never felt more impressed. He talks little. If possible, he receives every one. I found this great man affable and just in his remarks, courteous in his demeanor, and the mode in which he shakes hands told me at once of his sincerity and honesty of purpose. None of his portraits do him justice. His head is larger than any of the portraits represent. His beard is fair, and there is a peculiar softness in his eyes. And in the few sentences with which he favored me I perceived a most robust common sense. I left the Executive Mansion convinced that the United States had an honest man at its head — a soldier with an iron resolution."

During his first term of office Grant began his humane reform policy towards the Indians, which has been continued ever since by his successors in office.

He urged the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States. He also recommended that general amnesty to those lately in rebellion be adopted. He also appointed a commission to study Santo Domingo, and report on the ad-

visability of annexing it. In this he met with violent opposition. Charles Sumner took especial offense at this action, charging Grant with corruption and unjust use of power. President Grant had the whole matter brought up again, recommending that these charges and the whole matter be investigated by a committee.

Among those he appointed on that committee was Mr. Andrew D. White of Cornell University, a friend of Charles Sumner.

As the committee was about to begin on the duty assigned to it, Grant said to Andrew D. White, "As President of the United States, I have no orders to give you. My duty as President ended with your nomination. As a man I have a right to give some instructions. It has been publicly charged that I am connected with transactions in the island of Santo Domingo looking to personal advantage. Now, as a man, I charge you strictly that if you find that I am, directly or indirectly, in the least degree connected with any such transaction in the island of Santo Domingo, drag me forth and expose me to the American people." It need hardly be said that the commissioners did not find anything to sustain Sumner's slander, and that their report exonerated and sustained the President as free from all blame. Sumner, however, kept up his bitter attacks, to which Grant made no reply to the last.

Disappointed office-seekers raked Grant's record. The Southern men and their sympathizers called the

peace the country enjoyed, a bayoneted peace. They called his government a personal government, and united with disappointed men to slander him. If anything, they were more bitter than they had been against Abraham Lincoln, whom they pelted with slander and bitter invectives to the very verge of the grave. Grant's only reply to their lies was, "I am willing to put my acts against their words."

Grant ended his first term with a decided gain in the good will of the country, North and South. He had shown the same foresight, mercy, firmness, and statesmanship in his great office that he did when he made such terms with Lee as allowed him and his soldiers to go to their homes and take up the avocations of peace.

General Longstreet was one of the Confederates who had accepted the situation after the surrender in good faith. Grant made him Surveyor of the Port of New Orleans. Longstreet, knowing that the appointment would bring reproach upon Grant, requested him to withdraw his name; but Grant, refusing to do so, stood by his friend of former years and the nomination was confirmed by Congress. He knew that Longstreet was a poor man and he took this method of showing his sympathy with men against whom he had fought. Mrs. George E. Pickett, wife of the Confederate officer who led the charge at Gettysburg, called with her husband on Grant while President. Grant had known Pickett at West Point and offered to appoint him Marshal for Virginia.

Pickett generously said, "You can't afford to do it." Grant said in reply, "I can afford to do anything I please that is right."

That remark was the keynote of his statesmanship during his first term as President.

At the close of his first term the Republican party again unanimously nominated him as President; and he was elected, in spite of bitter opposition, by a great majority.

In his second inaugural address he said, "My efforts in the future will be directed to the restoration of good feeling between the different sections of our common country, to the restoration of our currency, to the construction of cheap routes of transit throughout the land, to the maintenance of friendly relations with all our neighbors and with distant nations."

He closed by saying, "I look forward with the greatest anxiety to the day when I shall be relieved from responsibilities that, at times, are almost overwhelming, and from which I have scarcely had a respite since the firing upon Fort Sumter. I did not ask for place or position. . . . I performed a conscientious duty, without asking promotion or command, and without a vengeful feeling toward any section or individual. Notwithstanding this, throughout the war, and from my candidacy for my present office in 1868, I have been the subject of abuse and slander scarcely ever equaled in political history, which to-day I feel I can afford to disregard, in view of your verdict, which I gratefully accept as my vindication."

In this manly way was his long, patient silence

broken in answer to his bitter and malicious assailants, whose names history will not remember except to blame.

He consistently advocated the resumption of specie payment, and it was resumed during his administration; and for this high credit should be given him above all other men.

It was during his second term of office that he vetoed the inflation currency bill which proposed to reissue fifty millions of greenbacks which had been retired. His veto prepared the way for specie resumption and defended the faith of the government.

He was evidently amused at criticisms of his silence at times when ordinary men would have been provoked to talk. General J. B. Cox in his interesting "Military Reminiscences" says, "One day during his Presidency he came into the room where the Cabinet was assembling, laughing to himself. 'I have just read,' said he, 'one of the best anecdotes I ever met. It was that John Adams, after he had been President, was one day taking a party out to dinner at his home in Quincy, when one of his guests noticed a portrait over his door, and said, "You have a fine portrait of Washington, Mr. Adams!" "Yes," was the reply, "and the old wooden-head made his fortune by keeping his mouth shut,"' and Grant laughed again with uncommon enjoyment. Grant's telling the story seemed to me more amusing than the original. He showed no consciousness that it could have any application to himself."

The Southern problem was still a very difficult one.

There were riots in the streets of New Orleans. There was war between the two factions composed, on the one hand, of the "White Democracy" of the South, and the "carpet-bag" element from the North which united with the negro voters. Kellogg had been elected Governor by the latter element and had been recognized and sustained by Grant; for, as he claimed, it was not his part to pass upon the legality of enactments, and he had no choice but to sustain him. At the same time he saw that the Southerners had cause for complaint, and had troubles of their own. To them he said, "Treat the negro as a citizen and a voter . . . and politics will be divided, not on the color line, but on principle. Henceforth *there will be no child's play; the laws will be executed!*" That settled it. The malcontents gave up the fight. They knew that Grant meant what he said and they took his advice.

In 1875 abuse of Grant had died away. He had shown consistency, strength, and justice; and the great good he had done overbalanced small errors of judgment. But, in the midst of the calm, there burst a storm.

Great frauds were discovered in the revenue department, and some of the officers of his appointment having been guilty of great dishonesty, attempts were made to connect Grant with these frauds. A friend wrote to Grant stating the insinuations that were being made against him. Grant at once sent this letter to the Secretary of the Treasury with this strong endorsement: "I forward this for the information and

to the end that, if it throws any light upon new parties to summon as witnesses, they may be brought out. *Let no guilty man escape*, if it can be avoided. Be especially vigilant against all who insinuate that they have high influence to protect them."

At that time there was a Democratic majority in Congress, and among them over a hundred ex-Confederates, who, combining with Northern sympathizers and Grant's Republican enemies, tried to defame him. But the bitterest of his critics had to admit that there was not one word of evidence against Grant, and were obliged, after hiring detectives and lawyers, to declare, "We do not believe the President has been in the slightest degree party to these frauds." On the contrary, he meant every word he said in his famous edict, "Let no guilty man escape."

Such a vindication from one's enemies is seldom vouchsafed to any man. It was the best defense of his impregnable integrity.

There was set on foot an attempt to nominate him as President for a third term, but this he would not allow.

None would have been more willing than himself to admit that, called to a difficult position without experience, he had made serious mistakes. Dishonesty was rampant after the great war, but Grant was incorruptible. On the whole in his administration of his great office he was wise and great.

His last days as President were those that called for a firm hand. The Democrats claimed that they had elected Samuel J. Tilden as President of the United

States, while the Republicans claimed that they had elected Rutherford B. Hayes by a majority of one vote. There was much excitement, and bad feeling, which seemed likely to breed serious trouble. An electoral bill to settle peaceably the differences between the contestants was passed by Congress, and Grant signed it. He kept a firm hand on the department, not to carry out his own will, but to seat the man declared elected President. It is possible he thus saved the country from bloodshed, if not rebellion. His whole attitude was so just to all parties, that all reasonable men of both sides commended it.

Although by no means without fault, he was undoubtedly the best man for President in those difficult times. In small matters he had erred, no doubt; but his keen insight and unerring instinct found the right party. Against the schemes of self-seeking men and unthinking clamor he stood like a rock in mid-ocean, swept by the waves — but immovable. As was said by Andrew D. White, he was one of the noblest, purest, and most capable men who ever sat in the Presidential chair.

CHAPTER XXX

A VISIT TO FOREIGN LANDS

AFTER sixteen years of strenuous work and anxiety since his entrance into the army after the firing upon Fort Sumter in 1861, to the close of his two terms of office as President, Grant was once more a citizen. Notwithstanding the strain he had so long been under, he was as light-hearted as a boy let loose from school for a vacation. But his energies had been so severely taxed by his arduous public service that he felt the need of rest and recreation.

At the close of his two terms he was still as poor as when first made President. About all the money and property he possessed had been given him by friends and admirers. He now sold off some of his stock and other property, and this with the ready money he had on hand amounted to about twenty thousand dollars. With this amount he determined to go abroad for a vacation and to see foreign lands. Ever since he was a boy he had had a desire to travel to see things for himself.

The length of the trip, as he himself said, was to be measured by the money he had on hand: he would go as far as his money would take him.

After he left the office of President, there was a strong reaction of sentiment in his favor and, with

few exceptions, the storm of slander and bitter criticism ceased. He was the recipient of many courtesies and of enthusiastic public receptions. The display of good feeling on every side so impressed him that he said, with glad surprise, "Why, it is just as it was immediately after the war." He was as grateful for this change of sentiment as for his freedom from the cares of office.

His preparation for his trip was soon made. The government placed the *Indiana*, a United States vessel, at his disposal for as long as he wished to use it.

Many receptions and ovations were given him before his departure, and the people of Philadelphia gave him a glorious "send off" when he left that port, about the 15th of May.

He proved to be as little affected by the storms at sea as he had been by storms of war, and enjoyed his trip. The stern lines written on his face by care and responsibility began to soften even before he reached Liverpool, where he arrived after eleven days at sea.

As he approached Queenstown a steamer from Cork brought on board a party to invite him to visit Ireland. Though he did not visit that country at the time, he promised to do so in the future.

Upon his arrival in Liverpool he found a vast throng of people gathered to welcome him. The city was decorated with flags, and great and enthusiastic desire to see the great American general whose fame had spread all over the world was shown by all classes. Thousands of English people pressed forward to greet him, even before he left the Custom House. There

were merchants, men of the middle classes, and working people, on all of whom his career from a tanner's clerk to general and President seemed to have made a deep impression.

He was formally presented with the freedom of the city by the mayor, and the people vied with each other in showing him attentions and honors. His reception here was one of the greatest surprises of his life.

His journey to London was a series of ovations, all the more wonderful because so evidently a spontaneous outburst of popular enthusiasm for the great soldier and ex-President. His journey was more like the progress of some royal personage than that of a private citizen.

At Manchester he was the guest of the city, and was lodged in the town hall, an honor never before paid to any one. Feeling obliged to reply to the speeches made to him, it surprised the people at home that he was able to make such apt speeches and good ones. He received these honors with great modesty, and in a speech acknowledging them said, "I know this is intended more for my country than for myself." His reception by the "plain people" of England was a revelation to the nobility and gentry, who seemed at first to stand aloof in London. The great heart of the English working-people and of the middle classes went out towards the republican ex-President and general, and the upper classes had to follow in their lead; for, in a smaller measure, the people rule in England as they do in this country.

The modest man, in plain, simple dress and with

plain, simple manners, made a profound impression on the English people. No doubt they felt that this man of common ancestry with themselves had vindicated English as well as American manhood.

As no steps had been taken by any one to make his visit an official one, all these honors were entirely unexpected by Grant, and naturally surprised him.

In London he was at first received by the American Minister, Mr. Pierpont, and by a large number of people of the middle class. Though he was introduced to the Prince of Wales at the races, the newspapers at first made only a small item of his arrival; but the interest constantly grew, and from items the newspapers began to give more extended notices of him, until columns were devoted to comments and descriptions. Many receptions were given him, at which he met notable men of all classes. Among these were men and women of fashion, of a different character and class than he had ever before met, and with formalities to which he was unaccustomed; but everywhere he carried himself with such simple dignity as to excite the favorable comments of all. Among the assemblage of fashion Grant no doubt appeared rustic, for he never passed as a man of social culture.

The freedom of the city of London was presented to him with imposing ceremony. There was a great banquet, Grant sitting at the right hand of the Lord Mayor. The latter in his address referred to Grant's great achievements as President and general, and said, "You must bear with us, General, if we make much of

an ex-President visiting the home of his fathers," and then presented him with the right hand of fellowship as a London citizen.

Grant expressed his surprise at his reception, and disclaimed the honor as intended for him, but for his country. "I have never felt," he said, "any fondness for war, and have never advocated it except as a means of peace." Later in the day, in response to the Lord Mayor in proposing his health, he said, "I am not aware that I ever fought two battles on the same day and in the same place, and that I should be called upon to make two speeches on the same day under the same roof, is beyond my understanding. What I do understand is that I am much indebted to you for the compliment you have paid me."

He dined with the Duke of Wellington, son of the great victor of Waterloo, and with the Prince of Wales, who later became King Edward VII of England. The workingmen of London presented him with an address which touched him deeply, to which he said in reply, after referring to the many receptions that had been given him, "There is no reception I am prouder of than this one. . . ." There was such a ring of sincerity in voice and manner as he said this as to carry conviction of its truth and sincerity. This speech won him the hearts of the common people of England, for they felt that he had been one of them and understood and was in full sympathy with them. The workingmen of England flocked to see this man of brawn who unaided by influence had risen from a

clerk to be general and President, not by reason of birth, but by merit alone, and they recognized him as a prince among men.

His receptions and honors meant that he was something more than an ex-President and general; it was a tribute to a great personage of history whose fame would increase with time.

At home the very newspapers that had reviled and bespattered him with insulting epithets, now filled columns with accounts of his sayings and of the honors paid him in England.

At Leamington he addressed the International Arbitration Union, saying that he had always been an advocate of the principles they represented and would be glad to see the millions of men in arms who were supported by the industry of nations, returned to industrial pursuits, thus becoming self-supporting and taking from labor the tax now levied for their support.

The Newcastle *Chronicle* pictured him as "looking as much like a Tyne skipper as possible; open-browed, firm-faced, blunt, bluff, and honest and unassuming; everybody at once settled in his own mind that the general would do."

His reception in Paris was not as enthusiastic as in London on account of his firm policy regarding the French in Mexico; and his congratulations to the German government at the close of the Franco-Prussian War were not relished or well understood by Frenchmen. He was received by Gambetta and by President McMahon. Grant considered the former one of the great men he had met in Europe. McMahon wanted

to show Grant his armies; but this compliment was declined on the ground that he did not care for military reviews or any reminders of war.

In January he visited Egypt and took a trip up the Nile.

In July he went to Berlin, where he was received by Bayard Taylor, then Minister to Germany from the United States. In Germany he was most interested in the common people and their pursuits, though it is a military nation and soldiers were seen on every side. While there he was presented to Bismarck, who expressed much surprise to see so young a man. In course of their conversation Bismarck referred to the regrettable fact that Grant had to fight his own countrymen. Grant replied that it had to be done and when slavery fired on the flag it had to be destroyed, and that in so doing there could be no compromise.

The meeting between these two great men was very cordial and Bismarck seemed as glad to meet Grant as was Grant to see Bismarck.

Grant visited Denmark, Norway, and Sweden and spent the 4th of July at Hamburg, where he made a speech, and in reply to the remark that he had saved the Union said, "What saved the Union was the coming forward of the young men of the nation."

He visited St. Petersburg and was cordially received by the Emperor Alexander. He returned to England and from there went to Ireland, where he met with an enthusiastic Irish welcome, especially in Dublin, where the freedom of the city was presented him in an elaborate casket of carved bog wood. The city

went wild over the great soldier ; and in a speech in reply to an address of welcome, Grant made mention of the fact that he had had the honor of representing more Irishmen and their descendants than did the Queen of England.

He visited China, and admired Hong Kong as a well-kept and beautiful city. His reception by the civil and military authorities was the most cordial and enthusiastic ever given to any foreigner of any rank. Grant attributed this to the fact that the United States was the only government that recognized China's right to control her own affairs.

He made friends with the great viceroy, Li Hung Chang, whom he regarded as one of the four great statesmen of the world ; ranking him with Bismarck, Gambetta, and Beaconsfield.

Of all the countries visited by Grant, he found Japan, next to England, the most interesting. His reception there was as cordial and enthusiastic as it had been in England, and he pronounced the country as a whole very beautiful and the people industrious, frugal, and intelligent.

But he was becoming tired of receptions by royal personages ; for, after all, he was more interested in the common people than in royalty and nobility ; their farming implements interested him more than pictures or statuary or fine buildings. A great bridge or any useful article appealed to him more than did the fine arts.

He was getting homesick and wanted to see his native land again, for Grant was a home lover and a

lover of his own land, to which he had given the best years of his life.

He really had no home and so must establish one after his return; where, he did not know.

When he had completed his tour of the world he was, in many ways, the greatest traveler that ever lived. He had met a greater variety of people, from kings, emperors, scholars, and statesmen to peasants, merchants, and artisans, than any other man that ever lived. His friends at home believed that he was better equipped by his travels to be President than any other living man. There was no doubt this was true. His observations in many lands and his intercourse with many classes had broadened his mind and was educative in a direction required by a great ruler of men.

His friends and admirers desired him to take part in an effort to make him again President of the United States, but these plans he would not assist. "If the people want me for President again they will elect me," was his reply to those who entertained those designs which he did not contemplate for himself.

On the 3d of September, 1879, he embarked on the steamship *City of Tokio* at Yokohama, and arrived at San Francisco on the 20th. Here he was met by a wonderful demonstration. A steamer, with General McDowell and an invitation party on board, met Grant and his party down the harbor, the mayor greeting him on the wharf with a speech of welcome.

Some of those that welcomed him had known him twenty-five years before, when almost broken and

friendless, he had left that city after his resignation from the army. Could anything be invented more improbable than that the poor man who had left these shores in 1854 should return as a great general and a great President after being honored abroad as no American ever had been before? Could any invention of romance equal such a home-coming?

The reception was one of the most elaborate and grand ever witnessed in that city; but, above all, it was the most heartfelt.

He visited Vancouver, Oregon, where he had been stationed as a lieutenant in 1853, and there made an address in response to the welcome of its people. He visited the principal towns in the state and was everywhere received with enthusiasm.

His journey from there to Chicago was one continuous ovation. It was noted with surprise that he could now make a good speech, which he explained by saying that while abroad he *had to make speeches*, and it would seem uncivil after making speeches to foreigners to refuse to do so at home.

He talked without reserve on all subjects except the possibility of his running for President again. He spoke of Galena as his future home and thought he would be contented there. When he was in Japan, he said, "I went into the mountains and remained for several days almost alone, and enjoyed it." On his arrival at Galena he was greeted with an ovation, and the people were pleased to see that, after all his travels abroad and his receptions by kings and rulers in all

lands, he was still the same simple, unpretentious man as when a clerk in his father's leather store.

After a season of quiet and rest in Galena he went to Chicago to attend the reunion of the Army of the Cumberland, of the Army of the Tennessee, and a Camp Fire of the Grand Army of the Republic.

He received here a soldierly welcome as heartfelt and as warm as he ever received in his life.

He visited New Orleans and Vicksburg, at which latter place he said he was glad to come in at the front door instead of by the back way. At both places he received a hearty welcome from Confederate as well as from Union soldiers and citizens.

His name was formally presented as a candidate for President at the Republican Convention. The attitude of Grant, when asked if he would allow his name to be used as a candidate, as President, was expressed when he said: "I owe so much to the Union men of the country that if they think my chances are better for election than that of any other candidate, I cannot decline if the nomination is tendered without seeking on my part." From the first 302 ballots were cast for him, and never over 313. During the contest word came, "The Sherman men say that they will support you if you will promise to put Sherman in the Cabinet." Instantly Grant replied, though this support would have given him the nomination, "I will not make any bargain in order to secure the nomination for President of the United States."

When the convention at last nominated James A.

Garfield, Grant said, as he brushed the ashes from his cigar, "He is a good man; I am glad of it!" And there is no doubt that he meant what he said.

He aided Garfield's election as President by making campaign speeches, something he had not done for himself or any other man, and it was believed that Garfield's great majority was largely due to Grant's power and influence.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE TRAGEDY IN WALL STREET

GENERAL SHERMAN, who understood Grant and his wishes better than most men, said in a letter written previous to the meeting of the Republican Convention, "Grant does not want to be President again. He wants employment; he wants to make money."

His family urged him to go to New York and, in compliance with their wishes, he bought a house on East Sixty-sixth Street as a permanent residence.

His position as the most illustrious of American citizens required him to live in better style than most men; and yet he had not the means of doing so unless he could earn money. His family, after he became general and President, took on expensive ways of living and Grant, though very simple in his own habits, wanted to gratify all their wishes. Inordinate love of his family was one of his prominent traits. Now Grant was a mere child in business. He had no business training and the expedients and crafty ways of Wall Street were not his ways.

His son, U. S. Grant, Jr., had, during his father's trip around the world, become associated in business with Ferdinand Ward, a mere boy in years, but who was thought to be a young Napoleon of finance. General Grant became friendly with Ward and, finally,

became a silent or special partner in the brokerage business of Grant & Ward. Mr. James D. Fish, president of the Marine Bank, was also a special partner in the firm.

Grant borrowed \$50,000 of his friend, Commodore C. K. Garrison, and later put into the firm \$50,000 more, belonging to his wife, which, all together, gave him an equal share in the business with the other partners.

Ward was the financial agent and manager of the firm, had full control of its money, and made all of its investments.

The firm at once felt the influence of General Grant's name and entered upon a most flourishing business career. It was quoted in *Bradstreet's* as first-class, and its credit was undoubted. Though the general had no detailed knowledge of the business and asked for none, its character was regarded as clean and secure. He had confidence in his son and Ward, and the latter, having full control of the money and investments of the firm, did as he pleased.

Ward and young Grant became directors in the Marine Bank, of which Mr. Fish was president, and the firm of Grant & Ward usually kept a large balance in that bank, as did also the Erie Railroad and the city of New York.

Though Ward lived well, he had no bad habits to awaken any suspicions of irregularities, and he had the reputation of being a great financier. In less than three years the firm that had begun on a capital of \$400,000 was rated at fifteen millions.

But Ward, without the knowledge of the Grants, was handling gigantic outside enterprises, of which they knew nothing, as there was a separate account kept of them. Although Grant & Ward was paying large dividends to investors, it was afterwards believed that the money for this was taken from the principal, or borrowed.

General Grant was, meanwhile, enjoying his apparent business prosperity, living well, visiting and receiving friends, and giving liberally. He took especial pleasure in being generous to his army comrades, conferring favors upon ex-Confederate acquaintances, even those whom he knew but slightly. General J. B. Gordon, the famous Confederate leader, for example, came to New York to put the property of a Southern coal company on the market. This appealed to Grant's generous nature, and his firm invested in it without much investigation, to the profit of General Gordon and its own loss.

At his home he had the gifts that were made to him while abroad,—many of them priceless. But if, while showing them, any guest expressed particular admiration for an article, General Grant would insist on his acceptance of it as a gift. When his wife protested against this generosity, and would say, "If you give away these gifts, you will have none of them left for yourself," he would reply, laughingly, "There's enough to last me a lifetime." Some of these were very valuable, and his giving them away so freely illustrates his generosity and his innocence of business. He enjoyed driving his horses, speeding them, as he called

it, and took pleasure in his quiet way in playing social games of cards with General Sheridan and other old army acquaintances.

Grant had an income from a trust fund that had been given him by his friends and admirers, besides the money he was getting from the firm of Grant & Ward; so why should he not enjoy life and be generous?

But underneath this calm of seeming prosperity there lurked disaster and ruin, which came upon him as suddenly as a bolt of lightning from an unclouded sky.

A few days previous to the coming of this disaster the general had been hurt by falling on the ice, and was obliged to use crutches. He was in the habit of visiting the counting-room of Grant & Ward daily. One fateful morning, when he had hobbled into the office, he saw something in the face of his son and others present that made him inquire, "How is it?"

Young Grant, to whom the tidings of disaster had already come like an earthquake, excitedly replied, "The Marine Bank has closed its doors and Grant & Ward are bankrupt."

The general stood an instant and then, without a word, went painfully to his own office.

It was the beginning of the end. It was, in reality, his death blow! He was found sitting with his hands clutching his chair, his face twitching with every evidence of agony of mind. The thing that appeared to hurt him most was that Ward had been using his

name to obtain government contracts. This, though not improper in itself, seemed to him ignominious for an ex-President of the United States. He said, "I have made it the rule of my life to trust a man long after other people gave him up; but I don't see how I can ever trust any human being again!"

Instead of being worth millions, as the books of the firm seemed to show, the Grants found themselves without a dollar to meet the immediate expenses of the household, while debts pressed upon them for adjustment or payment.

Only a few days before the failure, the general had borrowed, at Ward's request, \$150,000 of William K. Vanderbilt to bolster the credit of the Marine Bank. As the books of Ward & Grant showed that there was \$666,000 of the firm's money on deposit in that bank, young Grant had drawn a check payable to Vanderbilt for the loan.

The bank having failed, this check was not good, and Fish claimed that the firm had already overdrawn its account. A representative of Vanderbilt, wishing to be secured on the loan, called on General Grant, who said, "That's right; it was a personal loan, and shall be paid." He at once deeded to Vanderbilt his farm near St. Louis, a house in Philadelphia, and other property, besides conveying to him the souvenirs of his visit abroad, gold caskets, swords, and other valuable gifts given him by cities and sovereigns. (In his desire to make good his personal debt, he spared none of them.)

His family were now in straits to meet their per-

sonal expenses. In this emergency Mrs. Grant sold her Washington house, and the general his horses and carriages. Claims came to light of which they were not aware. Those who had lost money, or claimed to have lost it, clamored to be secured by the Grants because they had invested on account of the reputation of General Grant. The harpies and selfish cliques of Wall Street tried to drag Grant's name into its gutters, while some newspapers criticized him for his connection with the firm. To their shame, many put the worst possible construction upon the affair, even insinuating that Grant had gained money by Ward's failure and swindling methods. These insinuations, having no foundation in truth, embittered his last days.

Ward, on his part, was manly enough to confess, during his trial, that the Grants knew nothing about his dishonest outside speculations.

Fish, the president of the Marine Bank, in order to shield himself, claimed to have been a victim of the Grants; but the courts tried them, and sent both Fish and Ward to Sing Sing prison.

Grant was a victim of overconfidence in the men of Wall Street, like those who are still ruining so many who trust them.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE LAST BATTLE

THE failure of Grant & Ward, the resulting attacks on Grant's reputation by designing men who wished to clear their own skirts at his expense, together with the malicious or thoughtless insinuations of newsmongers, were in reality, as previously said, Grant's death blow. He was sixty years of age, without a profession, without business, and apparently without ability to conduct business or make money, and he was now too old to learn. There seemed nothing left for the brave old soldier who had given so many years of life to his country but to step down and out from active life — and die. His vitality was impaired by his troubles, humiliations, and reverses, and the life of care and anxiety which his great public work had imposed. The tragedy of Wall Street was the beginning of the end, yet it was his nature to fight on tenaciously to the last.

He never went back to Wall Street again; for he was hurt to the heart by the treachery of pretended friends there in whom he had so implicitly trusted.

At this time the *Century* magazine was publishing a series of articles on the Civil War written by Union and Confederate soldiers. He had been invited to contribute to this series, but had declined. They now

repeated their request, with their usual liberal offer of compensation, and Grant accepted; he was glad of the work, for it gave him something to live on and something to think of outside of his troubles. An article for the magazine on Vicksburg followed his paper on Shiloh and was received with so much favor that publishers induced him, by liberal offers, to write his *Memoirs*.

As he had become interested in the work, he began at once to write. He wrote clearly and rapidly, and but little editing was required after his manuscripts had left his hands. He was thus engaged, from five to six hours a day, when he began to feel pain in swallowing solid food. The pain was not great at first, but continually increased. Finally an outward swelling of the throat gave warning of a serious malady. He consulted a specialist, but went back to his work, in which he had now become thoroughly interested. It was a relief for him to live in the past and forget the present and its woes; it was a comfort and solace, as well as a promise of competency for himself, his wife and family.

Gradually the pain of swallowing increased until it became impossible for him to take solid food, and he grew weaker and weaker. To add to his distress the creditors of Grant & Ward brought suit and tried to attach for debt the souvenirs that he had turned over to secure William K. Vanderbilt for the personal loan made him. He sent word to Vanderbilt to sell all the property he held, including the priceless gifts received from all over the world. Vanderbilt offered

to turn over these gifts in trust to Mrs. Grant, but the general declined this offer, and these souvenirs from kings, cities, and friends were given by Vanderbilt to the government, and are now in the museum at Washington.

Old friends and comrades dropped in to see him occasionally, and were always welcome, but his great solace was in the book he was writing, for it carried him into the past and helped him to bear the pains of the present and the forebodings of the future.

A bill had been introduced in Congress to restore him to his former rank and pay, but met with opposition and failed to pass. This hurt him.

In February the first intelligence of Grant's condition reached the public. He was already at that time so reduced as to be but a shadow of his former self. He had lost nearly fifty pounds in weight since the Wall Street tragedy. How much he was suffering no one knew, for he suppressed outward exhibitions lest they cause anxiety to his wife and family, and so fought his battles of pain alone. No doubt that this indomitable soul, even then, saw the end approaching and was determined to complete his last task, and deserve the title his wife had given him of "Victor" till the last.

When he had finished the first volume of his book he was confined to his room, and worked but little, though his great brain was full of thoughts of his past career.

In March Congress passed the bill restoring him to his former rank and pay. The intelligence reached

him when, to use his own expression, he was "a very sick man." Though he uttered no word of pleasure, no doubt this expression of the nation's confidence cheered him not a little.

In March the final verdict of the doctors came, like a threatening cloud of doom, "Grant has cancer of the throat."

When this terrible verdict was made public, a tide of sympathy set towards their heroic soldier from the great heart of the American people.

He could no longer take solid food, and it was with the greatest pain that he could swallow even liquids. He was pathetically patient and docile and obedient to his doctors and nurse, and would say to the doctors, "You command here!" With that self-repression which was the wonder of his doctor and attendants, he kept his forebodings and pain from his wife.

He could not sleep without opiates, but resisted taking them lest he should lose control of his mind and will.

His power to suppress outward symptoms of the agony that racked him excited the wonder of his doctor. "He is the most suppressive man I ever knew," said Doctor Shrady.

His testimony was needed in the trial of Fish, the president of the Marine Bank, and he gave it, although it was with the greatest pain that he could speak. He bore witness that he had no knowledge of the firm's having been interested in government contracts, and that he had warned Ward that anything of that nature must end his connection with the firm of Grant &

Ward. It was dying testimony and carried conviction that no one could doubt.

About the 5th of April he was thought to be dying; his pastor administered baptism, believing that his last hour had come. His family in agony of grief gathered around his bed. The doctor gave him hypodermic injections of brandy and he revived, saying, "*I want to finish my book!*"

As though the will that was back of that desire had given him an extension of life, he began to get better to a marvelous degree. There was a sloughing of the diseased tissue, and a wonderful improvement and increased freedom from pain.

At one time when he was not expected to live, he was told that a large crowd of people was before his house anxiously waiting to learn his condition. The doctor said, "Tell me what you wish to say and I will give it to them in my bulletin."

Feebly and hesitatingly Grant summoned his words: "Tell them I am very much touched and grateful for the sympathy and interest manifested in me by friends, and by those who have not hitherto been regarded as friends."

His marvelous gains in strength continued, and it began to look as though the doctors had been mistaken in diagnosing his case. The writer remembers how the newspapers ridiculed the doctors, and wrote in a tone of injury as though they had expended too much useless sympathy over General Grant's sickness.

Grant began to take increased pleasure in his work again, but saying, "It is my life; every day, every

hour, is a week of agony." In spite of pain and the agony with which this writing was done, his great brain worked with clearness and strength, and there was at times a clear insight into the future in his words that made them prophetic. Almost the last paragraph of his Memoirs pictures prophetically a new era of peace and harmony between North and South, which we at this day have been blessed to see dawn upon the nation that he loved.

He had been dictating chapters of his book to a stenographer for some time, but soon the vocal cords were paralyzed by the approach of disease so that he could no longer speak, even in a whisper. Then he wrote, slowly but lucidly, until he at last had finished his book, for which the almighty power seemed to have been lent him to finish. His patriotism is illustrated by the fact that in the midst of the gathering death agony, the very last message in his book is a hope of a continuance of the good feeling already inaugurated between North and South.

"I am," he said, "easier when at work," and so he continued to put a few finishing touches here and there to it.

Once, when interested or malicious persons declared that he was not writing the book, but that it was being written for him, he summoned strength to write to his publishers a denial of the lie. But though he was holding with his indomitable will the enemy, death, at arm's length, as he had the foe on so many a battle-field, yet the enemy was still there.

In May he began to fail rapidly, and as the heat

was intense, Mr. John Drexel offered the use of his cottage at Mt. McGregor for the use of the general.

He now, more than others, realized that the end was near; that he was like one of old going upon a mountain to die. This was shown by two letters he wrote upon his arrival at Mt. McGregor; one to his doctor and one to his family, in which he had made memoranda of the things he wanted done after his death.

He had finished his book, and was waiting to go. With all his pain and depression he retained his good nature and sense of humor, writing jokingly to his attendants and doctor.

In July there came to the cottage a company of Mexican journalists who desired to pay their respects to a friend of their country. His face expressed interest and pleasure, and he wrote a reply to their words of sympathy and respect, which show how clear and strong his mind was, even at the verge of the grave.

His old classmate and friend, Simon Buckner, who had surrendered Fort Donelson to him, came to see him, to assure him of the sympathy of many ex-Confederates in his sickness and pain. To him he wrote this message, "I have witnessed since my illness just what I have wished to see since the war: harmony and good will between the sections. . . . I believe myself, that the war was worth all that it cost us, fearful as it was. Since it was over, I have visited every state in Europe, and a number in the East. I know as I did not know before the value of our institutions." Buckner, after the interview with the dying

hero, passed with tear-dimmed eyes out from the house. But the words Grant had written to his friend went forth, North and South, as a last message of the love and conciliation which he had begun at Appomattox Court House.

Shortly after this he wrote, slowly and painfully, on his tablet, "I think it doubtful if I last much longer than the end of the month."

On the 22nd of July, at his request, he was laid upon his bed for the first time for many weary weeks. With a sigh of relief he stretched himself out, and soon after fell into a deep sleep. It was his last. The great and simple soldier had passed from storms of life to everlasting peace.

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When the intelligence of the death of their great soldier was flashed over the land, the heart of the people was profoundly stirred. In every village and city of the North memorial exercises, in which all parties joined, were held commemorative of his great deeds and faithful services to the nation. A general spirit of mourning for their loved chief prevailed.

His funeral was grand in pomp and pageantry beyond anything, except that of Lincoln, ever seen in this country; but the most significant and expressive part of all was that Union and Confederate soldiers joined in heartfelt mourning at his bier; Joseph Johnston and Simon Buckner marched side by side with William T. Sherman and Philip Sheridan — the comrades who fought under him and the former enemies who fought against him — to his grave. All that

gratitude, affection, and honor could give were lavished on the dead chieftain.

By his desire he was buried in New York City, on the banks of the Hudson and among the people who had been generous and kind to him in his misfortunes. Over his mortal remains there has been erected by those who loved him the most imposing memorial tomb upon this continent. Here the Grand Army of the Republic keep faithful and reverent vigils over the remains of their great comrade and commander, whose tomb is fittingly inscribed with his fervent desire for the nation he so faithfully served: "LET US HAVE PEACE."

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The lessons of General Grant's life appeal to American boys with peculiar force. He had the average opportunities of American youth. We see him starting out in life without wealth or influence or those showy qualities that attract them. He won his way in times of national storm by deeds, not words. In every position, from colonel of a regiment to lieutenant-general commanding the greatest armies ever known, he proved his ability for still higher places. He did not seek for place; the places sought for him as an imperative need. His work, well done, carried him upward and onward until he reached the heights of usefulness and fame. If, during his most trying periods of work, he was hampered by slander or misunderstanding or falsehoods, he did not reply in words, but patiently put his work as his only answer and vindication against words.

He achieved success, not merely because his plans were good and his mind clear in their execution, but because, back of these qualities, he had faith; faith in his cause, faith that right would ultimately prevail, and faith in success, of which General Sherman said, "I can liken it to nothing but a Christian's faith in his Saviour." It was this unwavering faith which, united to firmness that knew no yielding, and courage that knew no fear, and fidelity of patriotism that knew no faltering, that gave him persistency, tenacity,—doggedness if you will,—that was at last crowned with victory.

Another great element that helped him to success was his simplicity. He illustrated the saying above all other men, that great men, like great thoughts, are always the simplest. He was utterly without pretense; and was it not this quality that saved him jealousies among his comrades in arms, and made them love him?

Another great quality, of the negative sort, was his reticence. Silence, when great affairs were pending and words could do no good and might bring harm, and where weaker men might talk or explain, was a quality not to be underrated. It was said of him that at times his silence was harder for his assailants to bear than the most vehement speech.

The motto on the coat of arms of his family in England and Scotland, "STANDFAST" or "STEADFAST," illustrates his sterling character. To boys and girls who read this book there comes this lesson: It is not great learning, show, or pretense that brings

success in a great crisis, but great elements of character that make for reliability, and steadfastness and purity of purpose, and that patriotism which is a more potent force in the affairs of a nation than thronging armies or frowning battleships.

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